THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ANACREONTIC.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason:
For hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny;
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—
Days usher'd by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
And been bow'd to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently pass'd,
Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
Still, fill to the Future! and join in our chime,
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
Shout, in hopes of a kindlier dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

THE SCHOOL FOR HORSE-PLAY.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

Ils se disaient èn face des choses insultantes, qu'ils croyaient des traits d'esprit.
VOLTAIRE: BALBOUC.

I HAVE lately had the good fortune to be admitted as a member of one of the pleasantest societies in London. This society is called "The School for Horse-play;" the number of its members is limited to twenty, and it holds its meetings, which are weekly, on the Monday night, at the sign of the Hog and Hop-sack in Chancery-lane. The School for Horse-play, when it was first instituted, met on the Saturday; but as that evening was found to be inconvenient to more than one of its most agreeable and efficient members, amongst whom were Dapper, a copying-clerk in an attorney's office in the neighbourhood, and Roughshod, head shopman to Balls, the pawnbroker, who were occupied in their several callings later on that than on any other; it was, in order to accommodate them, subsequently changed to Monday.

Now, let it not, from the name of our society, be inferred that we are a set of practical jokers in the commonly received sense of that term: that our wit consists in drawing one's neighbour's chair from beneath him as he is about to sit down; or in blacking his nose should he chance to fall asleep; or in treading heavily upon his toes every now and then, as if by accident, and each time gravely asking his pardon: all these, and the like expedients for exciting merriment, we disdain; and if amongst us recourse is ever had to them, it is occasionally by our

Butts, who are incapable of anything better. No; *our* horse-play is of a rather more intellectual character: it is chiefly of the kind meant by Dryden, when he speaks of "horse-play raillery;" and is so accurately described by Voltaire in the short sentence which I have quoted from him, that one might almost believe that he wrote it prophetically of our "School for Horse-play."

The School for Horse-play is divided into two classes; namely, the Wits, and the Butts. The number of the latter class is variable, as, upon his first admission, every member is placed therein, and therein is he retained until, by his proficiency in bandying impertinences, he shall have proved himself qualified to take rank along with the Wits. When he is considered to have merited this enviable distinction, he is led by the Vice-president, to the President, who invests him with his rank of Wit by throwing across his shoulder, scarf-wise, a coarse jack-towel, which is intended as emblematic of the style of our pleasantries.

But since it is an unavoidable rule of the society that there shall always be at least two Butts of the number; and as it might by possibility happen that some happy genius, endowed with a more than ordinary share of hardy impertinence, might achieve his admission amongst the Wits at his very first introduction, and escape from the other class altogether, the society would be in danger of expiring from the want of those indispensable adjuncts. Now to guard against such a calamity, it is wisely provided that there shall be two standing Butts, Butts in perpetuity; and these at present are a couple of dull, senseless old fellows, who, in unconscious stupidity, submit without resistance to the attacks of their wittier and more highly-gifted companions.

From what I have said, it will at once be understood that our amusement consists in an interchange between the Wits of rudenesses, gross impertinences, and remarks and expressions all more or less calculated to inflict pain—in proportion to which, indeed, is always the degree of laughter produced: in the play-off of the Wits upon the helpless imbecility of the two established Butts; and occasionally in setting those dull rogues one against the other. In short, the verbal pleasantries we are in the habit of reciprocating, are precisely of that character which, in what is mawkishly termed well-bred society, would subject the utterer to the punishment usually awarded for a breach of good manners and decorum, according to its degree.

But as no general description can convey to the mind of any one who has not enjoyed the advantage of passing an evening in our company a satisfactory idea of the tone or the style of our pleasantries; I will give an example or two, both of the sharp encounter of our Wits, and of the entertainment, which with such admirable ingenuity, they contrive to elicit even from the very dulness and stupidity of the Butts. All this, however, will be the better understood, and the more truly appreciated, if I first state of what materials our "School" is composed.

Our two members most conspicuous for that species of wit and humour requisite for the formation of a perfect horse-player are those I have already named—Dapper and Roughshod; and so nearly are their excellences balanced, that it would be difficult indeed to decide to which of them ought to be awarded the palm of superiority. But if I, a new and humble member of the school, might venture to deter

mine between them, I should give my voice in favour of the former; for, in the course of one evening, I have had the gratification of hearing him bestow upon all present so much larger a quantity of horse-play raillery than his eminent rival, as (anywhere but at the Hog and Hopsack) would justly entitle him to the distinction of having his nose tweaked by so much oftener than the other as one time in ten.

Of the rest of the members, most are, like myself, of the same calling as my illustrious friend Dapper, or are clerks of not the highest grade in certain of the public offices; excepting our Butts, Addlepate, and Dunderpate (the younger of whom is sixty-five), who are retired tradesmen living in chambers in Lyon's Inn, and Mr. Courtly, a young barrister of the Inner Temple. I am hardly justified, however, in numbering the last named as a member, for he made his first appearance among us at our last meeting, and took his final leave of us (I am happy to say) before the conclusion of the evening.

As upon the occasion of the admission of a new member our prime Wits, Roughshod and Dapper, exerted their powers to the utmost, I cannot do better, towards the fulfilment of my promise to give some notion of the tone and style of our pleasantries, than select from the abundance of their brilliant sallies a few choice specimens.

Mr. Courtly, a young gentleman highly educated; of considerable promise in his profession; and of manners refined, but without the slightest taint of formality, took his seat. Scarcely had he done so when he was thus addressed by our President, Dapper.

"I believe Mr.—Mr.— What's your name, pray, sir?"

"My name, sir, is Courtly," was the reply.

"I believe, Mr. Portly, you—" continued Dapper.

Here he was interrupted by Roughshod, the Vice, who said,—

"Why, Dappy, though I always knew you to be stupid, I had no notion you were deaf. The new member said distinctly enough his name is Sportly."

Hereupon, without allowing time to reply, Mr. Courtly's health was drunk by each member in succession, each addressing him by a different name, as Fortly, Mortly, Wortly, and so on. This joke, though worn threadbare by use in at least a dozen farces, told admirably, setting the whole table in a roar, to the confusion if not discomfort of the new member.

But what presently followed was in the very best style of Roughshod, who was admirably seconded by Dapper. Perceiving that Mr. Courtly had a slight cast in one of his eyes, the former said,—

"I think you spoke to me Mr. Snortly—at least I think I caught your *eye*."

Here the laugh was deservedly loud and long.

"Which eye do you mean?" said Dapper; "don't you perceive that Mr. Dortly has *two;* and they are not what *you* would call *duplicates*."

This double hit at Courtly and the Vice, produced a laugh longer and louder than the former.

"You'll find those eyes of yours very useful in your profession," said Dapper. "They will enable you to hold briefs on both sides of a cause, for you may have one eye looking to the interests of the plaintiff and the other to the defendant's."

I scarcely need say that this splendid effusion produced the desired effects: the Horse-players laughed immoderately, while the object of it appeared to be confused, as if not knowing exactly in what manner he ought to receive it. To me, who sat next to him, it was evident that he was in doubt concerning that point; for he took firm hold of a candlestick which stood before him, at the same time that he fixed his eyes steadily on the speaker, as if measuring the distance between them. Almost immediately, however, he relinquished his hold, sipped his negus, and drew his handkerchief across his lips. Then, turning to me, he inquired in a whisper,—

"Pray, sir, are insults of this nature frequent in this society? or are they tolerated only upon the occasion of the first appearance of a new member?"

"Insult, sir!" exclaimed I, with unfeigned astonishment at his ignorance: "insult! why, the interchange of insult is the mainspring of our pleasure. But then, the wit, sir," continued I, exultingly; "the wit—it is atoned for by its exquisite wit; and I can assure you that the pungent, the brilliant specimen you have just listened to, has never (to my knowledge, at least) been excelled even in *this* society."

"Indeed!?" in a tone compounded of exclamation and inquiry, said Mr. Courtly.

Dapper (who, I think, had observed the trifling incident of the candlestick), now directed his attention to the regular Butts, Dunderpate and Addlepate; or, as they are severally nicknamed, Wiseacre and Solomon—for, with us, every man is known by a nickname—I (for instance), who am tall and slender, being humorously called Shanky. Dapper's intention was to entertain us by "getting a rise out of them," as we express it, and admirably did he succeed in this.

"Solomon," said he, in a whisper to Dunderpate, "have a fling at old Wiseacre."

Flattered and encouraged by this invitation, Solomon turned to Addlepate, and, in a drawling voice, and a tone resembling that of a bad cracked trumpet (at the same time slapping him on the knee), cried,—

"Well, Wiseacre, and how are you by *this* time? Ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!"

But Wiseacre was not to be outdone by Solomon; for, returning him the slap on the knee, he said,—

"Well, and if you come to that, Solomon, and how are *you?* He! he! he! he!"

"Well done, on both sides," cried Dapper; "at him again, Wiseacre."

And at this, the pitiable drivellers repeated the very same words, accompanied by the very same action, ten times over, each repetition being welcomed by us with increasing shouts of laughter.

After this we were amused with a little lively sparring between our eminent leaders. The repartees (as might have been expected from two such combatants) were sharp, and briskly delivered.

"That's a smart waistcoat you have on," said Dapper to Roughshod.

"A little above the mark of an attorney's copying-clerk, with only two-and-twenty shillings a-week," said Roughshod.

"I couldn't think of vying with a pawnbroker's shopman, who has twenty-five," retorted Dapper; "especially with such opportunities of getting his finery at a cheap rate."

"I have no chance of getting any finery from you, in the way you mean," replied Roughshod; "for you know you never brought anything to us I could venture to lend you more than half-a-crown for."

And so they continued, increasing in wit (I know not whether I should be justified in adding—and bitterness), as each alluded to some point concerning the other, which might have been not altogether destitute of truth.

This ended, Dapper drew Roughshod away from the table, and offered to lay him a wager that he would make Addlepate repeat the words, "I wish you wouldn't move my glass," two-and-thirty times within the hour.

The wager was accepted, and all of us (with the exception of the poor helpless victim and his Butt-colleague) were quietly informed of it. Dapper resumed his seat, and drawing Addlepate's glass a little away from him, said,—

"And how are you by this time, Wiseacre?"

"I wish you wouldn't move my glass," said the victim.

"I don't," said the wit, again removing it.

"But you do," said the other, drawing it back again; "and I wish you wouldn't move my glass."

After a short interval, the experiment was repeated by Dapper, and was met, in precisely the same manner and with precisely the same words, by Addlepate. Suffice it to say that the wager was won easily in forty-nine minutes.

This excellent jest was received with loud laughter and great applause. For my own part, having witnessed its performance on the four previous evenings of my attendance at the "School" (that is to say, on every evening since I have had the honour of belonging to it), I must confess, that though it had not become positively tiresome, I was less charmed by it than upon the first two or three occasions; and, unless it be one of the standing and chartered jests of the society, I shall propose that its performance be limited to every second meeting, unless a new member chance to be present for the first time, in which case it will be indispensable to his perfect knowledge of the merits of the "School for Horse-play."

After this there occurred a brief silence, which was occupied by Dapper and Roughshod in exchanging winks and glances with each other. It was sufficiently intelligible that an entertaining attack upon the new member was the object.

"Mr.—Mr.— I beg pardon, but I really forget your name," said Roughshod, addressing Mr. Courtly.

"Courtly, sir," replied the latter.

"Courtly, with an o?" inquired the wit; at the same time, by sundry nods and winks, preparing the initiated for one of his brilliant sallies.

"Exactly so, sir," replied Courtly.

"Why, then," continued the illustrious Horse-player, "as we all in this society give nicknames to one another, we shall call you *Squint*ly, with an *eye*. Do you take?"

At this joke the applause was unbounded: even the poor Butts seemed to appreciate it, for they laughed louder than the rest of the company.

"Pray, gentlemen, am I *bonâ fide* a member of your 'School,' not having paid my admission-fee?" inquired Courtly.

Being answered in the negative, he asked what was the amount of the fee.

"Only ten shillings," briskly replied the attorney's clerk; "which is sixpence less than all the profits you seem likely ever to make by your profession—the fee for one half-guinea motion."

Mr. Courtly rose, drew forth his purse, and threw ten shillings down upon the table; observing with a grave look, that he considered the fee to be exorbitant—monstrous.

"You are now regularly admitted, though merely as a Butt," said Roughshod; "and as you will remain so till you have proved yourself worthy of promotion by saying as good a thing as the worst you have heard to-night, you may as well go to sleep for the next twelve-month at least."

This, of course, was greatly applauded.

Mr. Courtly, without heeding the interruption, in a quiet, gentlemanlike tone, continued,—

"And pray, gentlemen, what is the fee for being allowed to withdraw from your society?"

"Oh," replied Dapper, casting a knowing look at those around him, "we consider five enough for that."

"How!" exclaimed Courtly; "so much as ten for admission, and no more than five upon resignation! Allow me to say that, in my opinion, you do not fairly apportion your fees to the value of the privileges they confer; and allow me further, upon the occasion of this my retirement altogether from your company, to mark my sense, at least, of the superior value of the latter."

So saying, he threw a sovereign down upon the table, made his bow to the assembly and quitted the room.

As this occurred at about the usual time for our breaking up, but little was said concerning the conduct of Mr. Courtly. Roughshod and Dapper, indeed, agreed that he was a dull dog, a *Spooney*, and (as a well-mannered gentleman) too great a *Count* for us. Who introduced him, or by what mistake he got amongst us, no one present could tell. Yet though unsuited to our society, my own opinion of him, formed upon what little conversation I had with him, is, that in certain companies in which a style of amusement different from ours prevails, and in which, even if permitted, it probably would not be justly appreciated, he might pass off tolerably well. But certainly neither he, nor any one whose taste is likely to revolt at pursuing, or submitting to, pleasantries, till they degenerate into offensive personalities, should consider himself qualified to become a member of the SCHOOL FOR HORSE-PLAY.

P*.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. I.

1. A PANEGYRIC ON ALE.

ADDRESSED TO W. L. B.

Sir Nowl, the clerke, he preched loude,
And he preched longe and sore,
And whanne he hadde crinkled a yerde or soe,
The churle beganne to snore:
And whanne he hadde lulld botho olde and yonge
The clerke he beganne to fayle,
Whereat, the churle, he cried, with an aith,
"Now bring me a jacke of ale."

OLD BALLAD.

I HAVE a friend who loveth me,
And sendeth me Ale of Trinitie.
A very good fellow is my true friend,
With talents and virtues without end,
Filled with Learning's very best seed,
Ready to think (or drink, at need),—
In short, a very good fellow indeed:
But the best of all is, as it seems to me,
That he yieldeth the Ale of Trinitie.

Oh, Trinitie Ale is stout and good,
Whether in bottle it be or wood:
'Tis good at morning, 'tis good at night;
(Ye should drink whilst the liquor is bubbling bright:)
'Tis good for man, and woman, and child,
Being neither too strong, nor yet too mild:
It strengthens the body, it strengthens the mind,
And hitteth the toper's taste refined.

Once,—once, I believed that the famous Cam
Was a riddle, a cheat, an enormous Flam,
Vamp'd up by tutors of Hall and College,
(Who've a great deal of learning and little knowledge),
But *now*—I acknowledge, with tears of shame,
That the river it meriteth thrice its fame,
For of it,—though seemingly poor and pale,
Men manufacture THE MIGHTY ALE!

Alma Mater! Thou mother kind,
Who trainest the youthful human mind
(By circles, and squares, and classic stories),
Until it arrives at Earth's high glories,
Who,—who amongst all thy children, dare
With the bright Trinitie boys compare?
Mingling their ale with bookish learning,
They acquire by such means keen discerning,
And thus (in a circle arguing) steer
Between the extremes of books and beer.
Other men, somehow or other, pine
Whether they trust to Greek or wine.

Oh, in truth, it gladdens the heart to see
What may spring from the Ale of Trinitie,—
A scholar—a fellow—a rector blythe,
(Fit to take *any* amount of tithe)—
Perhaps a bishop—perhaps (by grace)
One may mount to the Archiepiscopal place,
And wield the crosier, an awful thing,
The envy of all, and—the parson's King!
O Jove, who would struggle with Learning pale,
That could beat down the world by the strength of Ale?
For *me*, I avow, could my thoughtless prime
Come back with the wisdom of mournful time,
I'd labour—I'd toil—by night and day,
(Mixing liquor and books away)
Till I conquer'd that high and proud degree
M.A. (Master of Ale) of Trinitie.

Ale! Ale! if properly understood—
Promoteth a brotherly neighbourhood.
Now, what can be better on winter night
When the fagot is blazing bright,
And your friend is perplex'd how to kill the time
With "Useful Knowledge" or idle rhyme,
To step in and say, "Neighbour, I think
Your Trinitie ale must be fit to drink?
Let's try it." He answers, "With all my soul;"
And in the capacious tumblers roll—
Hark,—to the music rich and rare!
Note,—how it stealeth the sting from Care!
Behold,—both Pride and Prudery bend,
And each man groweth a warmer friend.

I repeat it, that Ale,—if understood,
Promoteth a brotherly neighbourhood.
Why, sometime since, we were enemies all
In our small village,—the short, the tall;
The old, the young; the dull, the bright;
Churchman, Simeonite, Puseyite.
But *now*, we are knit into one firm band,
By Sir John Barleycorn's high command;
No more envy, no more strife,
But tipplers honest and friends for life.
It would do good both to your head and heart,
Could you see how each playeth his social part
In a bumper—a song—or a round of wit.
Jolly philosophers,—here we sit,
Ten reformed teetotalers, all
Pull'd up before Chief-Magistrate Hall,
Merely for moistening a dry lip,
And again before Justice Broderip;
Ten bold widowers, each forlorn
Until he had been at Highgate sworn;
Ten thick squires, with brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer;
Ten plurality Vicars (sent
By Heaven,—to take commutation rent);
Ten prebendaries; Canons ten;
(All very fat virtuous men):

And, last of us, *I*—who offer to thee
(I,—scribe of this choice society),
With grateful glee, porterage free,
These rhymes for thy dozens of Trinitie.

From my cellar in Trinity-lane,
This — day of —, 1841.

2. ON A SHIPWRECK.

O Sea! O stormy winds! Where hides the large
Iron-bound barque we gave ye late in charge,
Believing that ye ne'er could do us wrong,—
Trusting ye, as the weak must trust the strong?

Lost in the wide Atlantic! Not a speck
Remains,—a splinter of her mast or deck!
Death came, and none beheld; perhaps in sleep,
And whirled her with her hundreds, stark and dead,
Into the fathomless, abysmal deep!
No storms can touch her, nor the sounding lead
Bring up a fragment of their loosened hair;
But they must rest, 'midst secrets foul and fair,
Wilder than dreams, in the sea-caverns, fraught
With riches beyond count, until the world
Is bare of waters, or some star is hurled
Out of its orbit, and the Earth is—nought!

3. A CATALOGUE OF COMMONPLACES.

"What is Earth?" the poet saith.
It is a place of birth and death;
A school wherein the schoolmen teach,
And never practise as they preach;
Where Greek and Latin stamp the scholar;
Where Fame is reckoned by the dollar;
Where Scandal bold, and Inuendo
Taint all that women and e'en men do;
Where Lie the first is peerless reckoned,
Until thrust out by Lie the second:
Where Candour, Worth, and Thought are sleeping;
Where Cant is upwards, upwards creeping;
Where Age is drivelling; Youth pedantic;
Religion frozen, or else frantic;
Where great Palaver despot reigneth;
Where Wisdom to the moon complaineth;
Where folks who winds and waters measure,
And chattering *sçavans* take their pleasure,
And meet each year from hall and college,
Stunning the soul with scraps of knowledge;
Where Strength is right; where Truth is wrong;
Where Genius shrinks into a song;
Where struggling girlhood toils and dies;
Where Childhood pines; where Hunger cries,
And none respondeth to its call;
And yet—blue Heaven is over all!

C. L.

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

EXPERIENCE AND FORESIGHT.

"EXPERIENCE," says Coleridge, "is like the stern-lantern of a ship, which only shows the dangers we have passed;" but surely this light may be so thrown forward by *reflection* as to guard us against the perils that are coming. We can best read what *is* to be by perusing the book of what *has* been. Leibnitz tells us that "*le présent est gros de l'avenir*," and we may fairly conclude that the unborn child will bear the same resemblance to its parent, that an echo, as yet unheard, will bear to the sound by which it was produced. We may question Campbell's averment that "coming events cast their shadows before;" but there can be little doubt that past occurrences cast a gleam behind them, reverting enough to give us glimpses of those that are following them.

PURSUING BETTER THAN CATCHING.

THERE was sweetness even in the bitterness, mirth even in the curse that condemned man to labour for his bread; for exercise itself is health and very often happiness; but as art is man's nature, and civilization the intention of Providence, there must be a class to cultivate the intellectual soil, that our minds may eat the bread of thoughtful life. Constant occupation of some sort is indispensable to a healthy enjoyment of existence; stagnation is corruption—disease, misery.

Life has been well compared to a fox-chase; for the pleasure consists in chasing, not in overtaking your object; and when you have caught the fame, fortune, rank—whatever you were hunting—you have but the poor gratification of being in at the death of your own enjoyment—unless you start a fresh quarry. No matter how trivial this may be, it is better to do nothings than nothing: but it need not necessarily be frivolous, for after we have achieved the great objects of this world, we have a noble pursuit in preparing for the next. When the warriors in the days of chivalry became too old for their vocation, they exchanged the battle-axe for the bible, the rapier for the rosary, and took to counting off beads instead of cutting off heads. A wise man, in order that he may not exhaust his resources, will keep the attained beneath the attainable, and always leave himself something to anticipate, well knowing that to realize all your hopes is to leave yourself in a hopeless state.

"It is all over with me!" exclaimed Thorwaldsen, as he contemplated his sublime statue of Christ, "my genius is decaying, for I am satisfied with it."

It was the first time that the execution had reached the idea. The hand had overtaken the mind; and success in his pursuit had destroyed the pleasure that arises from the pursuit of success.

SYMPATHY.

"A FELLOW-feeling makes us wondrous kind," but feeling *with*, or even *for* others, often arises from feeling for ourselves; and the love of our neighbour is simply self-love at second-hand.

Swift has well exposed this selfish sympathy in the "Verses on his own Death."

> Yet should some neighbour feela pain
> Just in the parts where I complain,
> How many a message would he send,
> What hearty prayers that I should mend!
> Inquire what regimen I kept,
> What gave me ease, and how I slept,
> And more lament, when I was dead,
> Than all the snivellers round my bed.

In jocose illustration of the fellow-feeling that makes us so wondrous kind, the late James Smith, said,

"Since I once bit my own tongue at dinner, I have always chewed a neat's tongue with peculiar tenderness."

GRINNING GRAYBEARDS.

WE may admire a tear-drop on the cheek of youth and beauty, not less than a dew-drop on a rose; but a smirk upon the sickly and wrinkled features of old age displeases us as an incongruity. Its misplaced brightness is like the gloomy glitter of a coffin-plate: or rather may we compare it to those clocks which play a merry tune just before they strike the hour of midnight.

GRATITUDE.

EVINCING your gratitude, when strictly analyzed, is only taking your revenge for a favour—cancelling by retaliating a benefit. Sinbad the sailor, was not more gratified when he shook the old man from his shoulders, than is every proud man when he can relieve himself from the humiliating burden of an obligation. It has been said that small favours strengthen, while great ones weaken friendship: the reason is obvious; we can repay the former, but must often remain in debt for the latter, and no man likes to meet his creditor oftener than he can help.

Of this truth Cardinal Mazarine was so well convinced, that he used to confer his favours with the worst possible grace, in order to wave his claim to any gratitude. A perfect equality is perhaps the best security for a perfect friendship.

Helvetius complained that he lost his old friends.

"Yet they were under great obligations to you," said Baron D'Holbach; "while I, who have never done anything for mine, continue to live with them the same as ever."

SPEECH NOT ALWAYS SPEAKING.

When Metastasio places the following words in the mouth of a woman distracted with grief—

Ah! non son io che parle,
E il barbaro dolore,
Che ini divide il core,
Che delirar mi fâ—

may he not have been prompted by the speech of Hamlet's mother, when she attributes his reproaches not to himself, but his madness, and is admonished in reply,

Mother! for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

Sill more happily was the same thought illustrated by a poor turnpike-girl in Scotland, of whom the late Charles Matthews loved to make honourable mention. He and his postchaise companion had paid at the gate on their way to dine with a friend, and as it was past midnight when they again reached it on their return, the girl demanded the toll for another day. Deeming this an imposition, the companion, who had been sacrificing somewhat too liberally at the shrine of Bacchus, visited the claimant with a shower of opprobrious terms, uttered in so loud a key that they awakened the mother, who protruded her nightcapped head from a little window above the door, exclaiming,

"Maggie, dear! for what is the gentleman abusing ye?"

To which the girl replied with an arch smile, "It's no the gentleman that's speaking now, mither; it's the wine!"

MONARCHIES AND REPUBLICS.

Montesquieu, in his "Spirit of Laws," maintains that virtue is the principle of a republican government, and honour that of a monarchy; a position which Voltaire has taken some pains to refute.

The author of the "Pastor Fido," an habitual resident in courts, thus speaks of them:

L' ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pietà vestita,
Creseir col danno eprecipizio d' altrui,
E far a se de l' altrui biasmo onore,
Son' le virtu di questa gente infida.

And the Regent Duke of Orleans, who was well qualified to form an opinion on the subject, said of one of the gentlemen of his suite, "C'est un parfait courtisan; 'il n'a ni humeur ni honneur"—(He is a perfect courtier—all compliance and no honour).

So that the disparaging pictures of courts are not always drawn, as some one has flippantly asserted, by those who never saw them.

"Do you ever play cards?" inquired George III. of Horne Tooke.

"Please your Majesty," was the reply (a reply, however, not very likely to be pleasing to majesty), "I am so little acquainted, even with the court cards, as not to know a king from a knave."

La Fayette's recipe for a perfect government was a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions; which Girardin compared to Gulliver environed and pinioned by the Lilliputians, who forgot when they had tied the giant's hands, that they could not make any further use of him.

"What is the *juste milieu*, as to the division of political power?" demanded a French deputy.

"*Ecoutez—le voici*," replied his friend. "The *côté droit* maintain that twice four are ten; the *côté gauche* affirm that they are six; the *juste milieu*, of which I am proud to call myself a member, hit upon the exact truth, and pronounce that twice four are nine."

At the present moment there seems to be a rage for republics, but the example of those that have been recently established, is not much more conclusive as to their efficacy, than was the answer of the Irishman when asked whether he could drive.

"To be sure I can. Wasn't it I that overturned your honour in the ditch last year?"

Pope, perhaps, was nearest the truth when he asserted that, "Whate'er is best administered is best."

NOVELS AND HISTORY.

Fielding thus defined the difference between a novel and a real history: In the former everything is true but the names and dates; in the latter, nothing is true but the names and dates. History is, in fact, a romance believed; a romance is a history not believed: and yet we may be equally wrong in thus giving or withholding our faith; for Niebuhr has shown that we have been deceived, even as to many of the names and dates of Roman history; while no one has yet disproved a single tittle of "Gulliver's Travels."

THE LAWLESSNESS OF LAW.

It is a blessed thing to live under the protection of justice, and doubly blessed is he who enjoys that privilege in England; for he must at the same time be living under the protection of another blind deity, ycleped Fortune. The monks were content with crying "No penny, no paternoster;" but we have barristers nowadays who will not take a brief without two or three thousand pounds; so that if you have not a long purse, you must put your law upon short commons. There is, however, "a soul of goodness in things evil," for this outrageous cost exempts the poor from all the torments of litigation, while it often brings the rich down to their own level.

What a pleasant mockery is that clause of Magna Charta, "to none will we sell, to none will we deny justice;" when it is both sold and denied. In that all-ingulfing Sorbonian bog, that Augean stable of abuse—I beg its pardon—I mean that den of Cacus, wherein there are

nulla vestigia retrorsum—the Court of Chancery. There are at this moment between forty and fifty millions of money, part of which has been thus impounded for a quarter of a century or more; while three-fourths of the whole will probably find its way into the pockets of those legal gentlemen who will tell you without a blush, that in happy England justice can neither be sold nor delayed!

When I become King of Barataria, I will compel all decisions to be prompt and final. Thus shall I have an equal chance of doing justice in the first instance, while an unjust sentence will only injure one of the parties; whereas delay and cost are an injustice and probable ruin to both parties. No upper courts—no chancery, no appeal to the lords in my well-governed island; for what is the use of new trials, when you cannot escape from the all-pervading influence and exactions of the law?

The Persian merchant recorded by Saadi, was too wise to fall into this error. Complaining heavily of some unjust sentence in the lower court he was told by the judge that he might go to the cadi.

"But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff.

"Then you may go to the grand vizier."

"But his secretary is your cousin."

"Then you may go to the sultan."

"But his favourite sultana is your niece."

"Well then, you may go to the devil."

"But your father died last week!"

H.

SONNET.

THE LOVER APPEALS TO NATURE.

Ye winds, that waft upon your gentle wings
The mingling voices of ten thousand throats,
When sweet Aurora golden radiance flings
On earth's fair bosom, over which she floats
From the young east triumphant, like a Queen
That rises early from her virgin bed,
To meet her lover in their marriage morn;
Ye pearly drops, that spangle on the sheen
Of the green wood and flowers, and softly spread
Your milkier gems around the blooming thorn;
Ye streams that murmur in your pebbly bed,
Ye hills that echo to the huntsman's horn,
Your healing balm, in pity, round me shed,
And screen me from yon maiden's pride and scorn!

ENGLISH RETROGRESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Up one-pair backwards."

"*Back her!*" shouted the Captain, from the paddle-box of the Lively to the cabin-boy on the deck, who repeated the command to the engineer in the hold—and the paddles being reversed to order, the packet, with a retrograde motion, began to approach the pier, to which she was soon secured by a hawser. Her passage across the Channel had been a rough one: but as all passages come to an end at last, she had arrived in a French harbour and smooth water.

There is this advantage in a stormy voyage by sea, that it makes one land on a foreign soil as cordially as if it were native; and accordingly with the most perfect satisfaction, I found myself standing, high and dry in that seaport, the name of which Queen Mary of England, surnamed the Bloody, declared would be found engraven on her heart—the earliest instance, by the by, of lithography. For my own part, my heart was also deeply interested in the locality, which, to an Englishman is classical ground, and associated with literary fictions as well as historical facts. Not to name a certain slender figure of a Traveller in black, with a clerical wig and hat, my mind's eye was filled with the familiar phantoms of personages, almost as real to me as the place itself; and the very scenery in which they had played their parts, was shortly to be before me. With the help of a Calais touter, I had found my way to the wrong Hotel, the master of which stood bowing to me, as only a Frenchman can bow, and congratulating me—or rather all France—if not all Europe—on my safe arrival. In compliment to my nation, he pretended to use our native language, but of course it was a strange jargon—for it seems to be the pleasure of "our Sweet Enemy France"—as Sir Philip Sidney called her—since she cannot break our ranks, or our banks, or our hearts, winds, or spirits, to break our English. But my head and heart were too full of Monsieur Dessein, the Mendicant Monk, the Désobligeant, the Remise, the Fair Fleming, and the Snuff-Box to notice or resent the liberties that were taken with our insular tongue.

"And now, Monsieur," said I, after bandying civilities which employed us to the top of the first flight of stairs—"and now, Monsieur, be pleased to show me the chamber which was occupied by the Author of the 'Sentimental Journey.'"

"La journée?"

"Yes, the apartment of our Tristram Shandy."

"L'appartement—triste—"

"Exactly: the room where he had that memorable interview with the Monk of the Franciscan order."

"Order?—ah!—oui—yes—you shall order, sare, what you will please—"

"All in good time, Monsieur,—but I must first see the room that was tenanted by our immortal Sterne."

"Sterne!" ejaculated my host—"eh?—Sterne?—Diable l'emporte!—it is de oder Hotel. Mon Dieu! c'est une drôle de chose—but de English pepels when dey come to Calais, dey always come *Sterne foremost!*"

GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES;

OR,

THE PROCTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. IV.

In Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, and near to that stronghold of lawyers called Staples Inn, stands a huge mass of buildings called the Master's Offices. It is built in an unassuming style, and many a man from its appearance would pass it by as a place of no importance. He might, perhaps, take it for an overgrown banking-house, or an insurance-office of extraordinary dimensions. Those whose business has led them within its walls know the importance of it, to their cost—or rather by their *costs*.

Herein many a poor victim to the delays of Chancery has taken his last oath "before the Master." From its portals many a ruined suitor has rushed to hide his miseries—the results of "hope deferred"—beneath the turbid waters of the Thames, or paced silently and mournfully back to his wretched garret, to put an end to an existence which the troubled mind and wasted body rendered irksome and unbearable.

Thence, too, occasionally might have been seen to issue the joyful steps of the successful suitor, careless of the cost and trouble to which he has been put by some envious relative, to establish a claim to thousands of pounds—to broad acres and fertile lands, bequeathed to him by some near and dear relative. He has triumphed, and the joys of victory are his. All the delays, the irritating opposition, the fearful expenses, are forgotten—he has gained his suit. For the moment he is a happy man—he has not yet received his solicitor's bill.

On arriving at the passage which opens on the top of a flight of six or seven stone steps, you see on your left hand a door, which tells you in large black letters that it gives you access, if you wish it, to "The Public Office."

Within, if you enter it, you will find a stout little gentleman, who stands with a small black-bound testament in his hand, ready to administer an oath, which runs thus—

"You swear that the contents of this your affidavit are true, so help you G—d, give me a shilling."

The former portion of this speech, which is repeated some sixty, seventy, or one hundred times a day while the Chancellor is sitting, is hurried over as rapidly as possible in order that the fat little man may have breath enough left to lay a proper emphasis on the latter part of it—the most important to himself, "Give me a shilling;" he sometimes adds, "and see that it is a *good* one." But that depends

on his supply of wind, and the reputable or disreputable appearance of the swearer.

A little further on, a pair of folding-doors open on the left hand and disclose a large entrance-hall, with a comfortable stove burning to warm the hearts and hands of those whose fears of failure render them chilly and uncomfortable. Beyond this hall is a long wide passage, with doors in its walls placed at certain distances; each indicating by a name above it that it closes the offices of one of those fortunate individuals—a Master in Chancery.

Into one of these, the first on the right hand, the chambers of "Master Snug," we will enter. The chambers comprise a *suite* of three apartments—not over *sweet*, as every room smokes and smells fusty—redolent of stale deeds and time-tinged parchments. The first or outer room is appropriated to the copying-clerk and his *sub*. The next to the Master's clerk, and the third and innermost room to the Master himself.

Our business, reader, is to be carried on in the outer room—the office of the copying-clerk.

Under a lofty, circular-topped window—a fine specimen of the *chiaro-scuro* from filth and smoke—are two desks, protected from invasion and the pressure from without, by a high screen of painted deal. At one of these sits the copying-clerk, Mr. Matthew Scrawler: *vis-à-vis*, and at the other desk lolls his *sub*, who is occupied, between the heats of copying some mysterious facts revealed by a deponent, in trying to wheedle a long, lank mass of hair on either side of his pale and unwholesome face, into a curl, such as he has seen worn by some fashionable in the West, whom he would fain make his model.

Matthew Scrawler was a pains-taking, industrious man, who had risen from a parish schoolboy in a country village to the dignity—for such he deemed it—of copying-clerk in a Master's office.

He had not been unpatronised in his early youth. Squiress Farmington, the most important personage in, and owner and Lady Bountiful of, the parish of Ashmoor, the place of his nativity, had observed and been pleased with the progress made by little Mat Scrawler in the parish school which she herself had founded and endowed.

She induced her husband to furnish her favourite and favoured pupil with a letter to his old friend and college chum, Mr. Snug, barrister-at-law, and M.P. for the borough of Lotsofbiere, who wanted a clerk to brush his clothes and clean his boots, "answer the door," and run of errands. No other work had Mr. Snug's clerk to perform, because Mr. Snug had no work to do himself, and consequently could not *employ* a deputy.

With five shillings and this important note in his pocket, little Matthew, at the age of fifteen, was placed in the space behind the London wagon, which passed through the village of Ashmoor once a week in its way to the great metropolis. Being only fifty-seven miles from London, the wagon did the distance in three days—if we include the greater portion of the nights belonging to those three days.

Matthew arrived in town with just sevenpence-halfpenny left out of Mrs. Farmington's gift of five shillings. He bought a tempting, an irresistible bun at a pastry-cook's in Holborn, as he passed along on his

way to Lincoln's Inn, and knocked somewhat timorously—gingerly, as he termed it, at the chambers of Mr. Snug.

That gentleman was fortunately within, getting up a speech which the prime minister had suggested on the "shameful practice of grumbling at taxation."

Mr. Snug had been staunch to his party, and he had had hints given him of suitable rewards to be bestowed upon him for his services. He determined to deserve those rewards, and to get up this his most important speech in a most praiseworthy and perfect manner.

He was haranguing his book-case, which he "made believe" was the assembled senate, in loud and energetic tones, rendered more forcible by an accompaniment of the favourite action called "the pump-handle movement," just as Matthew Scrawler gave the timid rap, which I have noticed, at his outer door. He dropped the arm which was working the imaginary pump-handle, and let his little clerk in.

Snug was pleased with the boy—the boy was fascinated with Snug. He was kind and condescending, and gave but little trouble, kind words, and what appeared to the boy an enormous salary, seven shillings a week. But in addition to this, Matthew had a warm room to sit in and a snug bed to sleep upon. Matthew was a happy boy; in him were illustrated the good effects of a scriptural education—for Matthew, like other boys, was exposed to many temptations; but unlike most boys, was able to resist them. Idleness is the root of evil, so our copy-books tell us; and Matthew might have been very idle, and tasted—and perhaps eaten largely of—the root alluded to, had he not been taught to labour with his own hands. Though often tempted to join the little rogues who whistle cheerfully, and play at marbles, and pitch and toss everlastingly round the great pump in Lincoln's Inn, Matthew mustered resolution enough to resist so powerful a temptation.

An honest and worthy law-stationer, who lived nearly opposite to the pump—the fountain of joy to the idlers—had often seen Matthew's struggles, and by intuition—for he had once been a poor boy himself—understood the meaning of the wistful glances cast upon the taws and alleys, and the resolute closing of the mouth, which ensued as the little self-denier left them behind him, and retreated to his master's chambers.

He at last called the boy into his house, and having learnt his situation, offered to give him some work to do—namely, affidavits, bills of costs, and statements of facts to copy out, at one penny for every ninety words, figures being a bit of *fat* in "folio."

Matthew jumped, literally sprang off his feet at the offer, and soon proved himself to be one of the most industrious and efficient copiers that the law-stationer employed.

Little Matthew Scrawler worked on steadily and saved every shilling he earned, except what he remitted to his mother and father, until the time arrived when his master, Mr. Snug, was made a real "Master" in Chancery, as a reward for his unrelaxing support of his party, and his admirable and often-quoted speech on the "shameful practice of grumbling at taxation."

Then Matthew's years of toil and self-denial were rewarded. He

was made the copying-clerk under the Master in Chancery, and had a clerk under him. Then Matthew resolved to do a fearful deed, upon which he had long meditated. He made up his mind to commit—matrimony.

Previously, however, to the committal of this fearful deed, he hired and furnished a country-house on Clerkenwell-green. His offer of marriage being made to the daughter of a respectable watchmaker with a very large family, was not refused, either by the lady herself or the family.

The matter was wound up and set a-going at once. The hands of Matthew and his wife were united as the dial of Clerkenwell, which his father-in-law controlled, indicated half past eight, A.M.

About three weeks after this happy union, Matthew was surprised as he was writing out—or rather filling up—a warrant, ordering certain parties to appear at the Master's office in "pursuance of" its issue, to see the youngest son of his patroness Mrs. Farmington enter the office. He knew him at once; for though the boy, once his playmate and tormentor, had grown up into a fine handsome man—the features were unchanged, the expression was the same.

Charles Farmington greeted Matthew in a manner more than friendly. His heart was exuberant with joy. He had just got a commission in the army after serving as a volunteer, and was ordered out with the regiment to which he was attached, to serve in the Peninsula, where the "Hero of a Hundred Fights" was just commencing his glorious career against the French.

The tears ran down Matthew's cheeks as he explained to his lady-patroness's son how comfortably *he* was placed in life owing to her kindness; and he prayed—prayed earnestly and from the depth of his heart that some opportunity might occur to enable him to show his gratitude for all her favours.

"But," said he, despondingly, "how is it possible that I—though I am a copying clerk in a Master's office (this was spoken proudly) can ever find an opportunity of repaying the kindness of the opulent owners of Ashmoor Park?"

"My good Matthew," said Charles, "stranger things than that have come to pass. Now remember this—if ever I am in distress or want I shall remind you of your wish—I shall call on you to relieve my wants."

"G—d forbid that *you* should ever require *my* assistance," said Matthew; "but rely on this, that *if* you should need it, my *all* is at your service—it is your own."

Charles left his mother's *protégé*, after giving him a full and particular account of the state of things at Ashmoor. He embarked for Spain in a few days, and Matthew Scrawler almost forgot the compact into which he had so zealously entered—of giving up his *all* to the son of his patroness if he was called upon to do so.

Well, years went by; days, hours, and weeks flew rapidly, to our copying-clerk's notion. He was happy in himself—happy in his wife. Two little Scrawlers scrambled upon his knees when he returned home from office, and Mrs. Scrawler had no sooner deposited the children in their father's lap than she descended to the regions below, and sent up what her husband deemed a very nice comfortable dinner.

The only luxury that Matthew allowed himself, was a newspaper. He did not read it at the office—not because he had not time to do so, but because, as children reserve the plums of their pudding to eat last of all, he kept it as a great treat when he got home.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the first thing Matthew looked for was an account of the progress of our army in Spain, and that amongst the killed and wounded, he anxiously sought for, and dreaded to see, the name of Captain Charles Farmington. In finding this, however, he fortunately failed, but in several of the despatches he saw the name of his patroness's son mentioned, as having done his duty in a manner which called forth the public thanks of his commander. On such occasions Matthew would descend into his cellar, and bring up a pint of port wine. He filled a bumper for himself and another for his wife. With the tears coursing each other down his cheeks, he drank to the health, happiness, and prosperity of his young friend, and drained his glass to the very last drop.

The only news of his parents and his native village that Matthew had received since his sojourn in London, except the information communicated by the captain, was contained in a very short letter from the squire's butler, and a staid crabbed epistle, the deeply-studied effort of the parish schoolmaster; the latter being prompted by Matthew's parents, who, though unable to write themselves, were anxious to acknowledge *per alium* the receipts of their son's half-yearly remittances.

About the end of September, and just before the commencement of the long vacation—a period wisely set apart to enable lawyers to sweeten themselves by a dip in the ocean—Matthew on arriving at his office, found a letter bearing the Ashmoor post-mark, and the superscription of his friend, the squire's butler. As it was sealed with an unnecessary quantity of black wax, he opened it hastily, anticipating an announcement of the death of one of his aged parents. As quickly as he could decipher the hieroglyphics of Mr. Polisher, he read as follows:

"Der Mat,

"ime hapy to say That yure father And muther gits older And fibbler every day tho They is putty tolberl konsiderin. Missis Is out Of sort she do tak on So bout our master wo is ded and bein scrude down now in the libery By the under Taker the cureit Is with missis in his skarf And hat Band in the best parler and us survants has jest had Our diners to be reddy to go to the funrel. Master Eddard, the nu skire, has been a goin it up in Lunnun but i spose yu dont meat him a Bout as he cuts at hi kumpani—the urse is jest druv up so i must be of as i never kip kumpani watin and no more At presen from

"yures trewly,

"R. Polisher."

The receipt of this remarkably long letter from the concise Mr. Polisher, made Matthew resolve to put into execution a plan, of which he had been thinking for some years.

He had saved himself a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little bit of freehold ground on which the cottage in which he was born

stood, and to build a small house up n it, to which he might retire when years of prudence and economy should justify him in resigning his copying-clerkship. He intended that his aged parents should occupy it until that time should arrive, or as long as they should live.

As soon as the offices were closed, all but the Public Office in which one unfortunate Master was compelled to make his appearance daily during the vacation for the convenience of suitors, Matthew mentioned his intention of visiting Ashmoor to his faithful partner Mrs. Scrawler. She of course wished to accompany him, both because she dreaded this their first separation, and because she was anxious to see the pretty village which was honoured by being the birthplace of her worthy husband, and those parents to whom he showed his filial love by remitting them sufficient from his hard-earned salary, to enable them to live in ease and comfort. Matthew, however, hinted at the additional expense that would be incurred by her going down with him, and the danger of leaving the little ones behind them in the charge of their one servant. Mrs. Scrawler, like a wise and prudent woman, did not argue the matter, but at once consented to be left behind.

As he sat on the roof of the coach, which rattled along the road at a pretty fair pace—a little quicker than an "Act of Parliament trot"—Matthew was too busy with his own thoughts to be communicative to his fellow-passengers. Along this same road, a few years before, he had travelled as a poor boy seeking his fortune. The pace of the wagon—the slowest walk that horses could display—had rendered every object which was presented to his eyes an object of interest—food for observation.

It was not likely, therefore, that they should have been obliterated by the years that had passed and gone. There was the little road-side house, which offered, by its sign-board, "good entertainment for man and horse." There was the spot—the bench at the door, on which the wagoner had sat himself down, while his horses were being baited, to partake of his midday meal—a portion of which, scanty though it was, he had offered to the poor parish-boy placed under his charge.

A little further on was a large inn, at the door of which he had stopped, engaged in admiring the first carriage he had ever seen drawn by four horses, and driven by a person who, in his inexperienced eyes, appeared as much a gentleman as Squire Farmington himself. As they proceeded, he saw a pond, wherein he had bathed to quench the fever of expectation which seemed to burn in his veins. Every gate, every hedgerow did he recognise. There grew the beech-tree from whose branches he had gathered a full and delicious meal. There was the very ditch over which fell the luxuriant runners of the bramble which had supplied him with a dessert.

At the bottom of a steep hill the coachman pulled up to beg his passengers—the outsides—to ease his weary cattle by walking up the ascent. Matthew, with the rest, got down. He did not, however, join his fellow-passengers. He stopped behind, and as soon as they were a hundred yards or so in advance, he clambered over a gate near to which he had been standing.

In that very field, on his way up to town, he had breakfasted—breakfasted most luxuriously—on a huge turnip. By chance or fate, or

whatever the reader pleases, this same field was *now* planted with turnips. Matthew pulled one from the same spot as he had done on the former occasion, as nearly as he could remember it. He pared it with his knife, and put a fine large, snow-white slice of it into his mouth. He could not swallow it; a sensation of spasm—a feeling as it were of being choked arose in his throat—tears streamed from his eyes as every recurrence in that journey on which his all depended, was again presented to his mind. The tears were tears of joy, for he had been successful, but Matthew *could not eat the turnip*.

When he arrived at Ashmoor, and the coachman stopped at the village alehouse to set him down and hand him his small portmanteau, not one out of the crowd of idlers who stood round the door to see the London coach come in, and inspect the new arrival, could recognise in the respectable-looking gentleman who descended from the roof and gave the coachman a half-crown, the little charity-schoolboy—the object of Mrs. Farmington's bounty. None of them would have believed that the quiet suit of well-made black clothes covered the same limbs that they had last seen encased in yellow leathers and a green-badged coat—the livery of the Ashmoor parish-school.

Rejecting all offers of assistance, and taking his little portmanteau in his hand, Matthew, with at least fifty pairs of eyes following him, proceeded at a lingering pace—for he had many persons and places to recall to his mind—to the humble cottage where he himself was born, and where the authors of his being still dwelt. Though age had done his work upon them, and the chimney-nook and the sunny seat before the door were seldom quitted by them, they were still hale and hearty. They rose from their seats by the fire on seeing a gentleman enter their cottage, and Matthew stood still for a few moments, viewing with anxious eyes the changes which time had caused in their looks and forms.

"You'll be from the great house, doubtless, sir," said the poor old dame, anxious to know the object of the stranger's visit.

"Mother—father—do not you know me—me, your son Matthew?" said he, as he seized a hand of each.

"My son—my boy—my good kind child!" said both, as they threw themselves upon him and held him in a long embrace. Amidst sobs and tears of joy they showered down blessings on his head; and in these few minutes all the toil and trouble he had undergone—all the sacrifices he had made to enable him to render their old age happy and respected, were more than recompensed. Three happier beings were never assembled under the same roof, humble as that roof was.

The news of Matthew's arrival soon spread, and an exaggerated account of the respectability of his outer man, reached the park. Mr. Polisher immediately made his mistress acquainted with the fact of her *protegé's* arrival, and with her permission carried down two bottles of the very best wine in the cellars, in order to welcome the stranger to his home in the only manner which Mr. Polisher, as a butler, thought proper and correct.

Mrs. Farmington, who knew the slight accommodations which the cottage could afford the unexpected guest, considerately bade her butler invite him to sleep at the park. The offer was not refused, for the old people thought that the greatest honour that could be conferred on their

son—indeed on any human being—was the being a guest at Ashmoor park.

I need not describe the happy manner in which the evening was spent. The old man and woman sat gazing with admiring eyes at the improved appearance of their son. They listened eagerly to every word that fell from his lips, and asserted that his talk was quite equal to the talk of the grand folks who stayed at the park. Their cup of joy was full when Matthew, opening his little portmanteau, delivered to his mother a nice warm winter's gown and shawl, and to his father a thick great-coat—presents from their unknown daughter-in-law.

Mr. Polisher was at first rather grand, and disposed to act the patron to the man from whom he had last parted in the character of a parish schoolboy and a kitchen guest. Before, however, he had been in his company half an hour, he was surprised—and perhaps a little angry too—to find himself paying almost as much respect and deference to Matthew as he would have done to a real gentleman, under which category, in his opinion, a clerk to a *lawman* did not rank.

He was half inclined to show his power by putting his old friend into a servant's bed; but as he walked home, a better feeling found place in his breast—he tore out the demon jealousy from his heart, and showed the guest into one of the best rooms.

In the morning Matthew, who had risen early, walked many miles about Ashmoor, engaged in revisiting scenes that had but partially faded from his memory. His first visit was to the school—the foundation of his fortunes, and to the pedagogue, under whom he had received instructively some of those little painful suggestions that teachers deem it necessary to apply *en derrière*. The schoolmaster was delighted to see that the seeds which he had sown had produced such noble fruits. He said to every one whom he met, in a manner both proud and proper, and in the words once used by a greater man of a most exalted personage, "I taught the boy." It was a proud day for the master and the disciple.

Matthew having completed his rounds and renewed his acquaintance with all of his old friends who still survived, visited the churchyard to view the tombs of those whom death had called from this world of care. He then repaired to his parents' cottage, intending to take his early meal with them. There, however, he found Mr. Polisher, and a note from Mrs. Farmington, requesting him to favour her with his company at breakfast.

Matthew looked upon it in the nature of a royal invitation—a command—and he hesitated not to obey it. Mr. Polisher as he waited upon him at breakfast, felt a little—a very little—annoyed, but reconciled himself and his fellow-servants to the degradation, by assuring himself and them, "that he had always prophesied that Matthew Scrawler would turn out a gentleman, even when he had introduced him into the parlour in yellows and greens."

Mrs. Farmington was surprised to see the effect of mixing in decent society as displayed in the language and demeanour of her *protegé*, though she had expected to see a great change in him from the style of the letters which he had thought it his duty to write to her periodically to inform her of his success in life, and his gratitude to her who

had been the cause of it. She insensibly forgot the parish-boy in the mild and gentlemanly copying clerk, and found herself conversing with him as with an equal in rank. With the feeling of a true gentlewoman, as she was, she received the brief but heartfelt thanks of her visiter for the favours she had conferred upon him, and then turned the conversation upon other topics. She inquired after his wife and children—talked of his kindness to his parents—spoke of the good effect such an example of filial piety could not fail to have upon the rest of the villagers; and, when she saw that she had removed all feeling of distance between them, entered upon general topics.

After a lengthened chat, Matthew ventured to mention the principal object of his journey to Ashmoor—the purchase of the bit of land on which the cottage of his parents stood. It was just without the park palings, and not far from the village-church. The whole village belonged to the Farmington family, and it was their pride to talk of it as all their own. Mrs. Farmington, however, appreciating the motives from which Matthew wished to purchase this little half-acre, readily acceded to his wishes, but it was not in her power to do so without consulting her eldest son—as her husband had died intestate, and the estate was now the property of his heir.

She referred Matthew to her solicitor, who dwelt in the neighbouring town, and wrote off to her son by the post to request him to allow of the purchase as a favour to herself.

Matthew hurried over to the solicitor's, and was pleased to find that gentleman ready to treat with him for the sale, provided he could and would pay ready money for it. He had been authorized, he said, to raise rather a large sum, and to cut down timber to a pretty considerable extent. Matthew was sorry to hear of this, for coupling it with the information which he had received by letter from Mr. Polisher, he thought that Mr. Edward must have indeed been "going it in London."

While Matthew Scrawler is engaged in completing his purchase, and in pointing out to the village mason his plans for building his little house, I must beg of my reader to accompany me back to London to see how Mr. Edward Farmington, the heir to, and now possessor of, Ashmoor Park, is doing his best—and "bad is the best" to be robbed of his large inheritance.

Mr. Edward Farmington had been educated at a public school, and taken his degree at Cambridge; but he had not been brought up to any profession. He was heir to Ashmoor Park, and his only business was to act as a country gentleman and a county magistrate. He did not hunt, for he was timid; he did not shoot, for he was nervous and afraid of combustibles; he did not fish, for he dreaded damp shoes and boots. He was fond of sedentary employments. He played the flute a little. He was an adept in the mysteries of turning little bits of ivory and box-wood into cribbage-pegs, whist-scorers, seal-handles, and tobacco-stoppers. This was all very harmless and very innocent. The worst of all his attachments, as it proved, was a fondness for paintings and pictures, of which, from being able to "do" a landscape in water-colours, he fancied himself a great judge.

As Farmington Park afforded him but little scope for his picture-fancying, he, with his father's leave, took chambers in the Albany, and

devoted the greatest portion of his time to seeking out all the lumber-shops in London, in which he doubted not his knowledge of pictures would enable him to rout out some forgotten *chef-d'œuvre* of some great master, by the purchase of which he should realize a large sum, and establish himself in the eyes of his brother connoisseurs as an excellent judge of paintings.

Among the many who carried on a very profitable trade by palming off upon the unwary and uninitiated, well-dirtied copies of good pictures as originals, was a German Jew, one Herr Doem. This sharp-sighted observer of the rites of Moses, quickly discovered the softness and doability of Edward Farmington. He found that he would bleed freely, and like a leech, he determined to stick to him as long as he had any blood left in him.

Herr Doem's shop was situated in the narrow part of Drury-lane, not far from Wych-street, and at no great distance from the Strand. It was a small contracted building, a portion of what had been a nobleman's mansion. The lower rooms, three in number, had been thrown into one, to constitute what he, Herr Doem, called his "Bicture Gallery." The small window in the front intimated to passers by the nature of the trade carried on within. There were old pictures in old frames, old coins, pieces of armour, and arms of all kinds. There were specimens of the dress and ornaments of the inhabitants of the South Seas and other outlandish nations. Indian mats, javelins, and arrows were mixed up with Chinese josses, and ugly idols, the abominations of Pagan worshippers. Curious old snuff-boxes divided the attention with specimens of rare china, and the costly results of the labours of the workmen of Sèvres. Clocks of every age and every form—from the little gilded dials of the age of Louis XIV. to the huge ormolu productions of a later date, were ranged along the walls amidst knights in armour, double-handed swords, petronels, Turkish scymeters, Arab garments, and other things, describable and indescribable, which connoisseurs call objects of *vertu*.

Herr Doem, as to his personal appearance, was short and fat. He wore a dress of black serge, a very long grizzly beard, bushy whiskers, very dirty hands, and "a shocking bad hat"—napless, and of a shape like an inverted "article in general use," which one need not describe further. On the fingers of his very dirty hands he wore a most uncomfortable number of costly rings—perhaps the jewels with which they were set shone the brighter from the blackness of the hands on which they were worn. To say the truth, Herr Doem was a dirty fellow, and smelt as musty and as fusty as his own museum. It was an act of great injustice to make him pay a water-rate, for he neither drank of the *pure* (?) element, nor used it to cleanse his person. It is needless to say that he smoked and grimed his moustaches with snuff.

With this dirty specimen of a picture-dealer and cleaner, Mr. Edward Farmington became acquainted. The result of that acquaintance was, that his rooms in the Albany were soon filled with a collection of all manner of trash and trumpery, passed off upon him as undoubted originals. When the walls were covered with these original copies, the floors were filled with deal packing-cases marked "glass, with care, this side uppermost;" and every mantle and other shelf was loaded

with clocks, bronze figures, snuff-boxes, and the coins of every country and every age.

Herr Doem, as long as he got ready money for his articles, supplied them not only with readiness but alacrity. When Edward Farmington had no more ready money left, and talked of bills and post-obits, Herr Doem hesitated. He deemed it necessary to investigate the expectations of his victim, and to that intent he got a Jew friend, who travelled the country with Birmingham jewellery, to visit the village of Ashmoor, and ascertain "how matters stood."

His agent having reported favourably of the state of things at Ashmoor Park, Herr Doem kindly consented to continue his supplies of daubings and real antiques on the bills and post-obits of the heir to the estate.

Is it to be wondered at that Edward Farmington on his father's death found himself deeply involved! He was surprised and frightened at the immense amount of responsibility which he had incurred. He could not, however, stop. His collection was incomplete. In order to render it perfect, soon after the return of Matthew Scrawler to his home on Clerkenwell Green, he invited Herr Doem to visit him at Ashmoor Park, and superintend the hanging—not of Herr Doem, who richly deserved the fate—but of the pictures which he had furnished.

Mrs. Farmington was not a little surprised at the cart-loads of packing-cases which arrived day after day. Edward told her that he had, at a very small cost, possessed himself of the finest collection of the old masters then extant—a collection which would render him the object of envy to his fellow collectors, and from which he could, at any moment, realize an immense sum of money.

With Herr Doem, who kindly superintended the arrangement of his pictures and curiosities, Mrs. Farmington was disgusted. He was dirty and cunning; both his dirt and his cunningness were superficial and consequently easily seen. She expostulated with her son on the necessity of ridding the mansion of so disreputable a guest, but he, "good easy man," was so thoroughly under the thumb—the very dirty thumb—of his guest, that he was not only unwilling, but unable to get rid of him. The family solicitor did see through the character of Herr Doem and his doings. He, too, expostulated with his client, but finding his expostulations vain, shrugged his shoulders, and made his bills as long as he possibly could, taking care to pay himself out of the choppings and hewings of the trees which his employer ordered him to cut down and sell by public auction or private contract.

To ease his legal conscience of a weight of responsibility, he found it necessary to reveal to his employer's mother his opinion of what must necessarily be the result of the imprudent proceedings of her son. Mrs. Farmington was so horrified by the picture designed and executed by her lawyer, that she found it necessary to call in the aid of her doctor. The doctor was, one would be led to imagine, in a conspiracy with the lawyer. He did not hesitate to add to the alarm of his patient, but, as he felt her pulse, told her as a matter of chit-chat, that all the neighbourhood predicted the entire ruin of her son.

Mrs. Farmington might have been ill, or she might not have been ill, previous to this communication. After she had received it she certainly

was very ill, and to the doctor's surprise she died. He was very much annoyed, for he had not the slightest intention of losing so good a patient so soon. He was pounds out of pocket by it. He put down "medicines and attendances" at a double rate of charge to all his patients, but he considered himself to be a loser. Herr Doem attended the funeral, and was observed to grin and chuckle at the fine oaks in the avenue as he returned from the church, into which his difference of creed did not prevent him entering with his "*goot, kint batron.*"

Immediately after his mother's decease, the squire, as he was now called, disposed of his chambers in the Albany, and took up his residence entirely at the park. Instead of having Herr Doem as his only guest, he soon found himself surrounded by several others of the Jewish persuasion, all of them friends of his friend, and all of them equally skilled in procuring and furnishing specimens of painting, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*.

With the neighbouring families, Edward Farmington, from his dislike to rural sports, had never been on intimate terms. Many of them, however, annoyed at seeing a young man made the prey of a set of sharpers, called upon him and expressed their opinions of his London acquaintances in plain language. Edward showed them his collection of paintings and antiques, and because they did not value them as he did himself, he set them down as a set of rustic fools—samples of Beotian obscurity.

Farm after farm was mortgaged, if not sold. The Ashmoor coverts, —the favourite meets of the fox-hunters, were cut down and disposed of at per acre. The avenue—the finest in the county—was no longer an avenue. The stroke of the woodman's axe fell heavily on the ears of the villagers of Ashmoor, who had walked and made love under the cover of the wide-spreading branches, as it descended on the gnarled trunks of the magnificent trees that for ages had been the pride of the village. Herr Doem chuckled with delight as he nudged the elbow of one of his coadjutors, and told him "every dree was down but de *boblars*."

When the villagers of Ashmoor believed that the squire was ruined by the "Lunnuners," who were his constant and only guests, they were surprised to see a considerable number of north-countrymen arrive and inquire for lodgings, each of them being furnished with spades, mattocks, and other instruments peculiar to navigators and excavators. Their surprise was not lessened when they were informed that these unexpected visitants had been engaged to dig a canal to carry off coal which some one of the squire's guests had persuaded him would be found to exist on his estates, if he would but go to the expense of a few hundreds in boring for it.

Soon after the commencement of the canal another set of men made their *entrée* into the village of Ashmoor. Instead of spades and pick-axes, they brought with them some immense overgrown gimlets. These were the instruments that were to penetrate the upper crust of the earth, and bring to light the matter for supplying light and heat to the neighbourhood in the form of coal. An upright machine, called a triangle, was soon erected, and the immense auger set to work. Strata of loam, blue clay and black, chalk, sandstone, grit, and solid rock, were penetrated in succession. The suggesting geologist kept up the

spirits of the squire by telling him everything went on as he wished it, and that coal would eventually be found.

The squire got more nervous and agitated every day. He entertained serious thoughts of giving up the digging of the canal, and the searching for coal, for he found the expenses of labour which he had to provide for weekly a serious and almost insurmountable difficulty.

Herr Doem and his friends—the conspirators—were determined to revive his hopes of success and eventual prosperity. The borers were ordered to carry little bits of coal in their pockets, and when the squire visited the works, which he did daily, to drop a small bit in the hole, and bring it up in the auger. This was done successfully for three or four days, and the squire gave orders for pictures and statues with a liberality corresponding to his expected increase of fortune. One day he came so suddenly on the labourers, that one of them in his haste dropped by mistake a portion of his dinner—a piece of bread and cheese—into the hole instead of a piece of coal. When the auger came up and the squire anxiously examined its contents, he certainly was surprised to see that one stratum of his estate consisted of bread and cheese. He examined it minutely and tasted it. He could not doubt that it was bread and cheese of very good quality. He told the men that as he could find bread and cheese upon, or rather below the soil, he should not seek for coal, and that they might return to their respective homes.

The squire's eyes were opened. In a few days Herr Doem and his friends were dismissed. Edward Farmington retired to the continent. Ashmoor-park, and its "splendid collection of paintings, sculptures, ancient armour and *recherché* articles of *vertu*," were offered for sale. The principal purchaser was Herr Doem, who retired to his native village in Germany, having ruined his "batron," and made a very "nishe ding of him." He had played his cards so well that he rebought the articles he had sold at about "pounds for hundreds," and had converted the "dirty acres" into ready money, which had been remitted, as soon as converted, into Germany. Herr Doem was soon afterwards converted himself into Baron Doem, and is now, if he still lives, looked upon as a very respectable specimen of the nobility of that country.

All that remained to poor Edward Farmington after the sale of every thing, was some 150*l.* per annum. As it is not necessary that he should appear upon the stage again in this our little drama, it may be as well to state that he soon realized upon this little security, and expended the proceeds of the realization upon pictures which were not worth one quarter of the sum he gave for them. He brought them over to England, advertised them, and sold them.

The disappointment occasioned by the low sum they produced brought on an attack of brain fever, and he who had been master of lands and hereditaments, perished miserably in a small garret in "Boland"-street, Oxford-street, where he had been recommended to lodge by one of his former friends, an agent of Herr Doem.

Of these events Mr. Matthew Scrawler was informed by Mr. Polisher, who came quite unexpectedly into the copying clerk's office, dressed, not in the plain snuff-brown livery of the Farmingtons, his usual wear, but in a plain suit of mourning. He soon explained the cause of this metamorphosis, and added that from the proceeds of his

savings he had purchased the little village alehouse, and intended to convert it into a respectable hotel under the attractive title of the Farmington Arms, thus showing his gratitude and good taste at one and the same time.

Of Charles Farmington Matthew had heard nothing for some time. Mr. Polisher could only tell him that he was still in the Peninsula, "a fighting of the French;" but, soon after Mr. Polisher's return to Ashmoor, Matthew saw in one of the daily papers an account of the captain's marriage with the daughter of a brother officer. He communicated the interesting news to his wife and his two children, and drank health and prosperity to the newly-married couple in port wine, of which he felt justified on such a momentous occasion in tapping a *quart* bottle.

The tide of time rolled on. Rumours of victory after victory achieved by British arms and British hearts reached the shores of England. The crowning event, the triumph at Waterloo and the utter ruin of Napoleon, reached the ears of Matthew as he sat at his desk fondly eyeing the progress of his son, now his clerk, through the partition rails which divided their desks. He sought eagerly for a paper containing a list of the killed and wounded, and to the detriment of public business, and the annoyance of the solicitors and clerks, read it carefully through until he came to the name of Captain Charles Farmington, which was among the class of those severely but not mortally wounded. Matthew threw down his pen, locked his desk, and left the office to communicate the sad tidings at home. How he found his way to Clerkenwell he could not tell, for the tears trickled or rather flowed from his eyes so freely as to impede his sight.

He would gladly have gained further information on the subject of his friend's wounds, but he knew not where to apply for it. Thousands of our brave countrymen were dead, wounded, and dying. Amidst the general rejoicings in the victory gained, hundreds in their silent homes were weeping over the loss of fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, and friends. The general illumination was accompanied by an almost general mourning. There was scarcely a house in which "there was not one dead." It occurred to Matthew, at last, to write to Captain Farmington. He did so, and ascertaining that his regiment was with others in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he directed his letters thither.

After two months anxious suspense he received an answer from Mrs. Farmington thanking him for his kind inquiries, and informing him that though all danger was over, it would be necessary for her husband to remain for some months in Brussels, to recover from the effects of a gun-shot wound which had shattered the bone of the right thigh. The other wound, a severe sabre cut over the right eye, she added, was already healed, but had left a deep unseemly scar, which had sadly altered the captain's appearance. She apologised for not having answered his inquiries sooner upon the plea of illness and subsequent weakness. The sight of her husband's mutilated body, added to the intensity of her excitement while the battle raged, and reports of failure and defeat reached her ears, brought on premature labour. With great difficulty the lives of herself and her infant son were saved. She had only the services of compassionate females around her to depend upon—every surgeon was with the army, engaged with the wounded

and the dying. In a postscript, which seemed to be more studied and more carefully, and, as it were, more reluctantly written than the letter itself, was a request that if Mr. Scrawler could conveniently spare the loan of 50*l.* for a few months, he would do so, as it would be of great service, their expenses being very heavy and the captain having *now* nothing but his pay to rely upon.

Matthew was in his office when this letter arrived. He read it partly through, and then forcing his way, with tearful eyes, through the crowd of solicitors who were waiting for warrants, and other documents, he rushed into the master's private room, which happened to be vacant. There he read it carefully over. The scene it brought vividly before his eyes was melancholy in the extreme. He saw an ill-furnished room in a foreign land, devoid of all English comforts and even necessaries: the mutilated, disfigured body of the fine young officer, whom he had last seen in all the pride of manly beauty, lay stretched upon a couch, while the delicate person of the young wife and recent mother, with the weakly infant at her breast, reclined by his side, unable though wishing to render him those services which none but the hand of love can render effectually. In addition to these miseries, Matthew pictured to himself the want of proper attendants, proper food and medicines, the result of the want of means for procuring them. He was aroused from the reverie into which these sad thoughts had plunged him by the entrance of Master Snug, who kindly pardoned the intrusion of his clerk into his private apartment, when the cause of it was explained to him. He did more. He released his clerk from the duties of his office for the day, and begged him to draw upon his banker for the 50*l.*, if it were inconvenient for him to comply with his wounded friend's wishes, out of his own limited resources. Matthew availed himself of the leave of absence, but declined the offer of the loan with thanks and eyes beaming with gratitude for his patron's kindness. He hurried into the city, and shortly placed a bank post-bill for 100*l.* double the amount required, in the hands of the agent through whom he had been requested to remit it.

A few days brought an acknowledgment of its having been safely received. To say that this acknowledgment was couched in grateful terms would be but a weak description of it. The supply had arrived at a moment when their resources had nearly failed them, and when we know that a woman's heart conceived—a wife, a mother, indited the terms in which their thanks were to be conveyed to the kind and humble friend who had relieved their necessities, we cannot doubt for a moment that the kind and humble friend was more than satisfied that his kindness was appreciated.

Gratified and delighted as Matthew was at the reception of this letter from Mrs. Farmington, the short postscript attached to it gratified him still more. Is was a mere "thank you, my kind friend," in an almost illegible scrawl, but that was in the handwriting of his former playmate—the son of his patroness, Charles Farmington.

Matthew felt that he, the poor charity-boy—he who had worn the livery of the charity-school—who had travelled up to London on the bounty of a kind lady, had by patient industry, and a well-directed use of her judicious liberality been enabled to repay, in some degree, the kindnesses bestowed upon him in his youth. And Matthew felt a justifiable pride within his bosom.

THE SEA-LAWYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "HOMEWARD BOUND," &c.

Just before the Regency devolved upon the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., there seemed to be a sort of struggle going forward between that numerous body who lived by forgery in all its ramifications, and the commercial classes; and much ink and much blood were shed in the contest. Those who had to pay for the waste of a few drops of black fluid with young and healthy lives, might be deemed to be fighting at a great disadvantage, yet they fought on and swung by dozens, and the extermination of individuals only increased the magnitude of the band. Authority grew callous and angry, and placing Justice with her bared sword on the judgment-seat, ordered Mercy out of the court. The more certainly that convictions followed forgeries, did death ensue upon convictions.

At this time there lived a Jew salesman at Portsmouth in very flourishing circumstances. He had a handsome villa at a very romantic village on the road to Winchester. He banked with the principal banker in his own neighbourhood, and though he did not keep his carriage, it was the boast of himself and his family that he could if he chose. His place of business in Portsmouth was, however, of the meanest and most sordid description. The windows of his shop or warehouse were incrusted with the undisturbed dust of years, and consequently its exterior was remarkably, and we believe intentionally, obscure. A little degree of darkness proves very serviceable when one has to sell second-hand clothes "that wash bettersh than new."

Moses Myers dealt in everything that could and could not possibly be required by the seamen, his principal customers. All articles, from the most expensive sextant down to the cheapest tobacco-stopper, from the gold and jewelled watch to the pinchbeck ornaments for Poll of the Common-Hard, were to be found in his emporium. Slops and all manner of nautical habiliments, impeded his doorway and loaded his counters. Yes, Moses was the sailor's factotum. When Jack was alive, Moses would obligingly supply him with everything for a "considerashun;" when present, he loaded him with the most servile civility; when absent he sought to be his agent—when dead, his executor. Moses was also a great dabbler and dealer in powers of attorney, and mariners' wills. He throve accordingly. Sometimes a poor broken-down woman, in faded widow's weeds, would be seen hanging about his shop, her features pinched by famine, and even with despair. If admitted to an audience by Moses, everything seemed apparently fair and legal: there were seals, and parchment, and signatures, such as "Thomas Bowling," scrawled over an amazingly broad space, or "Thomas Bowling, his X," or anybody else's, all very duly witnessed. If all this attorneyed and imposing pomp and circumstance of parchment awed not the bereaved wife into acquiescence, and silenced not her clamours, the indignant and wronged virtue of Moses Myers assumed a very high tone, and she was handed over to the tender mercies of his eldest

son, Aaron Gent., one &c. &c., that is to say, a sharp-practice lawyer, who always drew up and generally witnessed all the wills and powers of attorney in favour of his respectable father.

But little was the sensation created in Portsmouth by these infrequent explosions. Moses knew how fatal they must prove to his reputation, so he was always careful to anticipate them when apprehended, and to hush them up when they actually occurred. He was an elderly, fat, well-shaven man, very plausible in his address, and had a great deal more of sea-slang than Jack himself. Did a blue-jacket pass his door, it was with him, "What cheer, messmate?" and if not a very seedy looking blue-jacket indeed, the hail was accompanied by an invitation to the said newly-invested messmate, "to bear up, come to an anchor, and freshen his hawse."

These were very captivating manners to a thirsty sailor, and over the grog he pronounced the inviter the least of a Jew of all the seed of the patriarchs. Strong grog, long credit, and plenty of soft soap down Jack's backbone, and Moses was pronounced a jewel of a Jew.

Myers, "like Japhet, the judge of Israel, had one daughter, and she was surpassing fair." But we will not speak of her just now, mingled up with forgeries, rum-and-water, and "old clo'." We will merely say that she was named Dinah.

We have before stated that Moses Myers begat Aaron, and we go on to state that Aaron, by the means of his indentures, and five hundred pounds premium, begat a very active and acute lawyer, in his own person, eminently qualified to spoil the Gentiles, and particularly those "who go down in ships on the mighty waters." Whilst he was completing his apprenticeship, the hero of our short story first got acquainted with the Hebrew family, and strangely enough the yarn of his life (shore-going folks would call it the *thread*) became inseparably intermingled with theirs.

Edmund Desborough was the son of a yeoman in good circumstances, could trace back his family for several generations, and who possessed no small share of that straightforward English independence which was called by his superiors insolence, and by his inferiors upstart pride. His son Edmund, in very early youth, so early that we blush to mention it, got entangled with a woman thrice his age, in what is foolishly called a love-affair. The woman had great capacity of oath, and the surrounding squires and magistrates were much amused at the idea of the boy-father, and some of them were basely gratified at this opportunity of mortifying Giles Desborough, for the said sturdy Giles rode better horseflesh than most of them, and would neither sell nor give away a favourite hound or hunter when any of his aristocratic neighbours condescended to require it.

In order to avoid all the talk and disgrace of this awkward affair, Giles resolved to send Edmund, who was nothing loath, to sea for a short trip up the Mediterranean with a friendly skipper. It proved to be an unfortunately long one. Edmund was pressed, and drafted from one man-of-war to another until he had visited most places on the face of the waters, and fought his country's battles in many of them. During this time old Giles broke his neck by riding an ill-broken horse at a fox-chase against the whippers-in of the pack, and the rector of the parish. Every one then discovered what an honest neighbour and

excellent companion he had lost. Edmund's elder and only brother inherited all Giles's estate and wealth. When, after ten years' absence, Edmund returned to his paternal home, instead of the fatted calf being killed to welcome him, he was only offered the cold shoulder of a man, and that man the only living relation he had on earth.

So Edmund took up his bundle, and literally "cut his stick," from the blackthorn hedge that bounded the property he once was taught he would equally possess with his brother. This was a trespass, certainly, but one that will surely be forgiven him, since he forgave his brother his avarice and his hardness of heart. Equally flush of money and indignation, the young sailor returned to Portsmouth. He had a long-service ticket of leave in his pocket, of which more than three weeks were unexpired, and with a sort of ferocious feeling of independence, one beautiful summer's eve, he found himself near the door of Moses Myers. The oily-visaged Hebrew was at his usual stand, and when Edmund approached him there was the accustomed wily smile on his countenance, accompanied by the usual "What cheer, messmate?"

"Very poor," said Edmund, surveying his accoster with a glance that displayed as much contempt as his extreme goodnature would admit of. "The ship has tumbled overboard, and the marines won't go in the boat to pick her up, so they've cut adrift the main hatchway, hoisted the pig ballast for a jury-jib spanker, and gone in chase."

"Ah, you're a vag! ash the quarter-mashter said to the dog-vane, can't you be still till I seesh how the vind blowsh," replied Moses to the seaman's banter. "A south-veshta vind in the bread-bag; ish't it so, my hearty?"

"Not a bit of it, Nabachasneazer. Do you hear how the rhino rattles?" said Edmund, slapping his trousers-pocket. "Ah, I see you do, for your mouth waters like a hungry dog's at the sight of a hog-pudding."

"Ah, my good friend," said Moses, rubbing his hands cheerfully, "you musht come in vid me and freshen your hawsh."

"But who stands cook? I'll be tinkered if I do," said Edmund.

"Vy, my good friend, I invitesh you as my guest. You shall tell me all about your cuttingsh-outs, and your fights in big ships, and your prize-money and so fortsh."

"Ah, prize-money! Heave a-head, old joker, or shall I take you in tow by the beard! Why, Moses, by the holy, what have you done with your beard? You shave too close, Moses."

And thus with rude and unmannered hustling did Edmund hurry the Jew through his shop into his back parlour, and then as they tumbled into the apartment together, suddenly the boisterous seaman remained motionless, as if struck into the figure-head of Silence. It was not the abrupt transition from the gloomy and close shop into a light and airy place, nor the comparative splendour of the room itself, nor the fragrance of the small but well-stocked garden into which the windows of that room opened, that thus, for more than a moment, paralyzed the honest sailor. When the short stupefaction of astonishment had passed off, he seemed to have changed his nature; he was no longer the rough devil-may-care tarpaulin. He assumed, or rather resumed, a courteous manliness, and with a grace that makes humility its greatest

pride, he bowed lowly, as if unexpectedly ushered into the presence of confessed majesty. The object was worthy of that quiet, yet intense adoration. It was the Jew's daughter, Dinah.

Yes! at that moment ten years of Edmund's life were rolled back, he was the rollicking tar no more, but the polished head scholar of the grammar-school, where he had associated with the high-born, and where, to satisfy paternal pride, he had been taught all those graces and accomplishments which dignify whilst they embellish society. He could then have spoken his long-neglected Latin, and the almost forgotten Greek trembled upon his tongue. He lifted his revering eyes from the beauty before him, and turning to her father, and with all the urbanity and much more than the sincerity of a lord in waiting, he assured the Jew that, "On no consideration would he intrude upon the young lady's privacy."

The tones and the grace of manner with which this was uttered—the words were so softly spoken, yet so distinctly enunciated, that Moses Myers was taken flat aback. He said so himself, and plainly asked Desborough "Vash he a shentleman vat wash come to masquerade?"

"No, Mr. Myers," said the sailor proudly, "I am not;" and then bowing respectfully to the lady, "and till this moment I never wished to be. I am nothing more than the captain of the foretop of his Majesty's ship the Trident."

But the Jew was incredulous even beyond the incredulity of his race, and continued to persecute Edmund by all manner of pertinent and impertinent questions, and at length came to this conclusion so very flattering to the whole body of naval officers—

"Well, mishter, if you're not a shentleman, you must be an offisher in dishguise."

And what was Dinah Myers? She was a beautiful, a solemn mystery. She had two existences; one, that of the everyday world—and her everyday world was a sordid and almost a base one—and another totally devoted to the lofty and vague aspirations of her people. She was well versed in Hebrew, and had plunged deeply into the ambitious writings of the Rabbi. She had a smattering, and a smattering only, of Christian accomplishments. She sang sweetly, knew a little of music, a little of drawing, a little of French, and a few words of Italian; but her dancing was inimitably superior to and totally unlike anything taught in the provincial schools to which she had access. She was tawdrily and somewhat slovenly dressed in the mornings—most richly and tastefully in the evenings, and then she wore a profusion of the most costly jewels, her fingers were enveloped in a blaze of diamonds, and above all she kept her hands scrupulously clean, a rare virtue in a Jewess.

And her person? It was majestic in loveliness, and her countenance was radiant with that profound and mystic beauty born of the East or of Paradise itself. There are but two or three like her in a whole Hebrew nation, of whom the rest of the daughters of Israel seem to have been spoiled to make wonders of perfection; and Dinah Myers was one of the most wonderful of these. She knew herself destined to be the bride of one of the youthful heads of her tribe; and that she might go worthily dowered to her future lord she disdained not any of the toils, and, we are compelled to say, some of the wiles, that might help to enrich her.

Her singular beauty was most attractive to her father's business, and though she would not drink in the presence of the Gentile mariner, she hesitated not to mix his grog, and with a gracious smile to present it to him with her own hand. She saw nothing degrading in all this, it was the trial through which she had to pass in order to achieve some glorious yet indefinite end. The notions of the Hebrews are not ours, nor is ours their morality. We understand them not, nor do they understand themselves further than that they are driven forward by a mighty and supernatural impulse. The modern may be expiating the crimes of the ancient race, or they may be the instruments of regeneration for all mankind.

As Dinah's father and Edmund entered the parlour, she had made up her business-smile half-cordial and half-satirical, and was just in the act of placing the day-book on the table near the case-bottle of rum, for she thought that there was another victim entangled in the net. She was as much astonished as the sailor. The very opposite to herself in the style of his beauty, he was nearly as perfect. The complexion fair to brilliancy, but rendered manly by sun-freckles; the ruddy colour, the broad shoulders, and the curling flaxen hair, all denoted his Saxon lineage. His smile was bewitchingly sweet; and then the sudden change in his deportment. Yes, Dinah was wonderfully struck—with love at first sight? Oh no, not a taint of it. The Jew slopseller's daughter would have then contemned an alliance with a Gentile prince. Her sentiments towards Desborough were respect, admiration, and wonder.

"Vell, Dinah, dearish," said Moses Myers, "you shall get the grogs for my friend, the sailor who vash no shentleman."

With a heightened colour, the lady replaced the day-book on the shelf, and then retired, but returned immediately, accompanied by one of the dirtiest of Christians, a female slavey of all-work, who, under her directions, removed the bottle of rum, and substituted for it red and white wine, with biscuits. It was a silent compliment to the sailor, and as such he felt it deeply.

"Ah! 'tish well, Dinah," said Myers, a little surprised, "mine goot friend may be the shentleman out for a lark after all—so I say 'tish vell."

"I tell you, Mr. Myers, I am no gentleman—I am no officer. Look, lady," continued Edmund, extending his hands to Dinah, "look at these rough and disfigured hands; condescend to touch these horny palms—revolting to the sight and ungrateful to the feeling—become so, in order that beauty like yours, madam, may sleep in peace and bloom in security."

Desborough's rough hands lingered on the velvetty palms, and the rosy and jewelled fingers of the Jewess, a moment longer than was necessary. It was quite long enough, however, to turn the whole current of the sailor's life. He trembled through all his limbs, and his features strangely quivered.

It was enough. He had cast his soul down before the beauty, and worshipped.

"He, this well-favoured youth is certainly not a gentleman, father, in your sense of the word. He may be something better," was Dinah's reply.

It is not our purpose now to dilate on the intimacy which henceforward took place between the sailor and the Jew's family. The foretopman loved the Jewess with a vehemence nearly approaching to insanity. She conducted herself delicately, respectfully, and at the same time coldly towards him. The father, on the contrary, whilst Edmund's money lasted, and it was a very considerable sum, warmly encouraged all his visits.

Edmund enjoyed an intense pleasure in visiting at Myers's country-mansion in plain clothes, and in enacting the private gentleman. Everything of course was purchased of the Jew; but of jewellery so acquired, none of it could the enamoured seaman force upon the young lady. The father, however, very kindly relieved him of it, promising to find the opportunity of prevailing on his daughter to accept it. Edmund Desborough was very grateful.

The money is all spent. The Jew looks cold, and the Jew's daughter sorrowful; and, for the first time, somewhat kind. Edmund's dream was not out; for knowing it was but a dream, he intended to dream on for the rest of his life. When he took his leave of the lady, she said to him,

"Edmund, we had better part for ever; I sorrow ever to have met you. I never thought to have said so much to a mere Christian."

Desborough had made rapid work of it. His heart was gone in a moment, and his pay and prize-money in less than three weeks. He deemed that he had spent his two hundred and fifty pounds gloriously. Under a feigned name he had been enacting the gentleman and the lover; in the latter character there was nothing feigned. His ship was still moored at Spithead, so he went on board to live on memory—flour flints, and salt junk.

For three years we must leave him to lay out on the weather yard-arm, to haul out the earing of the fore topsail; and then there ensued a tremendous fight with a line-of-battle ship, more than physically equal to his own ship, the Trident. The loss on each side was terrible. After the action had commenced it fell calm, the two ships lying alongside of each other, but at too great a distance for either mercifully to put an end to the slaughter by boarding. Every shot told, and the decks became perfect shambles. The English conquered, and Edmund did great and heroic service. His superior education and his general excellent deportment had previously won the approbation of his captain and officers, and after the engagement he was made a gentleman in rank, being promoted to the quarterdeck as master's-mate.

By some clerical error he was in the official account forwarded to the Admiralty returned among the killed. When this was gazetted, Aaron Myers, the son of Moses, had been two years turned out to prey upon the world, a full-fledged attorney, with strong, sharp, and large claws, and a corresponding beak.

Aaron was altogether an improvement upon Moses in his style of living. He sported a gig, and that sort of animal now known under the designation of a "tiger." Agencies multiplied, he must have been the most powerful of attorneys, if we may judge by the number of powers of attorney in his possesion, and he might have been held to be

almost the universal executor and residuary legatee of the foremast men in the navy, who were in the habit of visiting Portsmouth.

Although Aaron had never seen, he had heard much of the gentleman-sailor. When the gazetted intelligence of Edmund Desborough's death reached home, Moses and Aaron were closeted together for some hours in privacy. The superb Dinah sought also the solitude of her own chamber. She mourned the untimely fate of the gallant youth with an increased bitterness since she had recently seen the man to whom she was betrothed, the only son of a rich German Jew banker and capitalist. Then much, very much of her visionary fabric tottered into ruins.

Moses and Aaron found themselves on very safe ground, and as this ground was of their own creating, no wonder when they looked about it they found two properly-attested documents, signed and sealed by "the goot youth who wash so fond of Dinash," a will entirely in her favour, and a power-of-attorney in that of Moses Myers.

Moses, himself, had a little document of his own, a short, but a tremendously heavy bill against Edmund Desborough, for apocryphal necessaries furnished to him at imaginary times. This was a little too bad, as it was robbing his own daughter of wealth that she had no right to possess.

At all this, the few persons to whose knowledge it came, felt no surprise; for Edmund's romantic attachment to the Jewess was well known, as, so far from making a secret of it, he made it a subject of boast and glory.

After a due and decent time, Aaron Myers went up to London, and he was most agreeably surprised to find from the ship's agent that Desborough's share of prize-money was very great indeed. His pay also amounted to a considerable sum. All self-complacency and hilarity, he then hastened to the Navy-office, and there he was nearly struck dead by hearing the astounding news that Edmund Desborough *was living*—had not even been wounded—that the very next despatches from the captain of the Trident had corrected the mistake of the erroneous return.

Aaron's confusion excited the notice and the suspicions of the clerks. Rumours had got abroad, complaints of informalities among Jew attorneys at seaport towns had become too loud and too common, and Aaron himself was not in the best odour among the officials. So two of the principals were sent for, and he was very civilly told that Edmund Desborough would be written to concerning the power of the attorney, and in the mean time they felt it their duty to impound that document and the will also.

The Hebrew race are not remarkable either for physical or moral courage, except when under the influence of fanaticism. All the young lawyer's energies were prostrated. Alive only in his most horrible fears, he returned to Portsmouth, and the meeting between the father and son was horrible. They recriminated; they quarrelled; they seized each other by the throat. This violent struggle, and their vociferations, brought Dinah Myers to pacify them. They accused each other, and in a moment, she knew all. She wrung her hands with anguish, and then bowed down her head with shame.

The father was the first to grow calm. He consoled himself with

the reflection that he was safe, as he had neither forged nor uttered the unfortunate instruments. Prudence then whispered her counsels, and it was determined to hush up the matter and prepare for the next events.

Dinah advised her brother immediately to leave the country, for they were hanging three or four every week for the crime which he had committed. But the young man was paralyzed. He temporized and lingered, hoped and despaired, yet did nothing but increase his peril. One day, in utter despondence he would roam alone, with his head hanging over his breast, through the lonely fields and the unfrequented lanes: and the next, dressed in far more than even a Jewish idea of the blaze of fashion warranted, he would be seen driving in his gig through the principal streets of Portsmouth, with a strange and wild air of bravado.

He had friends on the watch; the news came that he had not a moment to lose—that there was but a few miles' distance between him and the Bow-street runners, and that the gates of the town were watched by civilians as well as by the military.

He divested his face of its exuberance of raven-black hair—hair of which he was so proud—dressed himself at all points like a seaman serving before the mast, and in an hour after was found dancing at one of the sailor's hops in a low public-house, and treating everybody.

That soon happened on which he had confidently calculated. With some more he was impressed, and conveyed on board the Theseus, which ship sailed next morning. He was now perfectly safe for a time. He had vanished from Portsmouth like a wreath of mist before the sun. The Bow-street officers were thrown out, and very much were these acute gentlemen astonished. It was believed that Aaron Myers had committed suicide by throwing himself into the sea, and that his body had been washed down channel by the tide.

We must now return to Edmund Desborough, whom we have last mentioned when he was promoted to the quarterdeck. It is not a pleasant thing to have to command your old messmates and companions. This was felt by Mr. Desborough as well as by his brother officers, so he was soon drafted on board the very Theseus which contained the sea-lawyer Aaron, which frigate touched at Rio Janeiro on her way to the East Indies.

Aaron had shipped a purser's name—it was John Smith of course. Most of the men in the navy who have made their escape from the civil powers, call themselves John Smith.

Now the new master's-mate, Mr. Desborough, knew nothing of John Smith, and the person of Aaron Myers he had never seen: but Aaron Myers, though he did not expect to see a gentleman and an officer in the person of Edmund Desborough, knew Edmund Desborough at once, from his name and from the ship which he had just left, to be the person whom he had so considerately saved the trouble of making his will; and he quailed exceedingly.

Neither the burly boatswain's-mates, nor the stern ship's-corporal, nor the taut first lieutenant, could make anything sailor-wise of the *soi-disant* John Smith. He gave law for everything, if told to jump and do anything quick, he would turn round and show cause against the motion. He would enter his plea against anything he did not like,

and was soon known throughout the ship as the "sea-lawyer." The captain used to complain that he could never flog him with any comfort, for at every stroke of his three or four dozen, he would urge a staying of proceedings, offer bail, or claim his right to traverse until the next sessions. The getting out of him anything like a seaman's duty, or even a lubber's labour was out of the question. He shammed fits, and thus escaped being sent aloft—and it was just as easy to make a cat put her paw in cold water, as to get him to handle the tar-bucket, or make him dirty his long bony fingers.

The king had a very bad bargain in John Smith. The fellow's work and services did not pay for the cats and rope's-ends worn out upon his back, and yet nothing could stop his tongue. His gift of the gab was a perpetual annoyance to all who came near him: in fact, he was a general nuisance—yet he was always chattering like a monkey, and like a monkey, "he got more kicks than halfpence."

A volume would not contain the droll anecdotes to which the "sea-lawyer's" proceedings gave rise. When his shipmates were in a good humour, he was the butt with which they were most pleased to make merry; when ill-tempered the article to be cuffed and kicked—he afforded them a much better vent for the spleen than the most orthodox fit of swearing.

Aaron, whenever he came near Mr. Desborough, did not fail to eye the man who held his life in his hands, with awe and terrible fright; and yet he was always seeking occasion to gaze upon him. It was a fascination to the poor Jew.

Edmund Desborough, in his turn, began to notice the man who was perpetually stealing at him awe-struck looks. He soon found some resemblance between the sallow and haggard "sea-lawyer" and his resplendent lady-love. There were the same heroic cast of countenance, but shockingly debased—the same black, large, and lustrous eyes. And there was, too, something in his speech—a very faint echo—that reminded him of the mellow harmony of his Oriental beauty. And then the poor Jew looked ill, and wofully unhappy, and thus the generous Desborough was imperceptibly drawn towards him, and he noticed him kindly, and interfered for him, and put him to lighter work: and, at last, began in a manner to protect him.

Aaron was so much encouraged by the generous conduct of the handsome master's-mate, that he had resolved to confide to him everything, and begging for his life, to throw himself on his mercy; but his cowardice spoilt all. Before he could find the opportunity to make his confession, the Theseus fell in with a French frigate, and a well-contested action ensued, during which Aaron Myers fled howling from his gun, and hid himself in the ship's copper—where the poltroon, who knew it not, was quite as much exposed to the enemy's shot as in any other part of the vessel.

This was too much to be overlooked. The captain had determined to bring him to a court-martial—and had he done so, the "sea-lawyer" would most certainly have been hung at the yard-arm, or have died under the punishment of being flogged through the fleet. Of course he was put in irons, and allowed to communicate with no one.

Indeed, for some days, he excited but little attention, all hands being fully employed repairing damages, and in refitting the prize.

When the Theseus neared the port, his agony became frantic; and at length he came to the resolution of flinging himself on the mercy and the influence of the man whom he had so deeply injured. He wrote a letter to Mr. Desborough, which was given to him by the sentry, in which he besought him to intercede for his life for the sake of his sister.

But the lost Jew could not understand any sentiment that was purely disinterested and generous. He thus reasoned with himself:

"If I tell him that I have endeavoured to rob him of his money, and that I have forged his name, his heart will be hardened against me, and I shall never be forgiven."

When Edmund received the culprit's letter, all his love—love?—it was something more—it was his mental existence and identity, at once impelled him to seek the captain, and to intercede as he would have done to his God, for mercy for the unfortunate Jew.

Many reasons made his commanding-officer not disinclined to favour his suit. He was a humane man, in good humour with himself and all the world on account of his recent victory; and he was exceedingly averse to tarnish that victory by trying one of his own men for cowardice, and in some way loading his conscience with an execution. At all times, a court-martial that most probably may end in death, is a very unpleasant occurrence. Cowardice is certainly a fault that justice ought hardly to punish at all; for it is as involuntary a defect as if a man were born lame, and yet stern expediency must always demand for it the forfeit of a life; for were it passed over with impunity, but few who have nothing to fight for would fight at all, and thus the defence of nations and communities be left in a most precarious state.

"Let the dastard Jew escape," replied the captain to Desborough's pathetic appeal. "Mind, Mr. Desborough! we are upon honour. You may contrive it with the surgeon."

It was contrived, and the night after the ship had dropped her anchor, there was no prisoner in irons on the half-deck. They said that, being released to go to the doctor's, he had jumped through the main-deck port-hole, and thus Aaron Myers a second time escaped by the means of the report of having drowned himself. His disappearance excited neither sensation nor remark beyond a passing word, that, for once the sea-lawyer had done well, and that everybody was glad to be rid of him.

For this late action Desborough received an acting order as lieutenant. In the mean time it must not be forgotten that a letter of inquiry from the Navy Board was pursuing him from ship to ship nearly all over the world. It never found him however.

Aaron Myers, after undergoing hardships and privations that it never could be supposed he could have borne and survived, disfigured by accident, and so altered by sufferings and climate, that neither his father nor sister could have recognised him, at length found his way to Portsmouth, and a retreat in the paternal home.

According to our notions of justice in the present day, he had already more than expiated the crime which he had committed. The former spruce attorney was now employed as a menial in his father's house, and was compelled, at due intervals, to exchange the blue-bag

of the attorney for the dirty, dingy sack, which contained those particular "old clo'," which were to be made appear "much better ash new."

Bad as was our Hebrew, he had the grace to tell his father and sister in what manner he had been indebted for his life to Edmund Desborough. Moses did not seem much struck with the extent of the obligation done to him personally, but contented himself with saying, "'Twas a good shentleman sailor, and a well-favoured youth."

On Dinah, who made no remark on the subject, the effect was great and permanent. For some time, to use a not very orthodox expression, her mind had gradually become, to a great degree, unjudaized. Her moral views had changed, her enthusiasm had abated, and she ceased to dream of one day being as a princess in the lands of the East. As her thoughts deserted these glowing prospects, they reverted with much force to the handsome gentleman sailor. She confessed to herself that, had he been an Israelite, just such a man she would have selected for her husband.

The scene is again in the Jew's pleasant back-parlour. Ragged, jaded, and decrepit, though so young, Aaron has flung his bag of abominations on the floor; Dinah has tendered him wine, which with his hand he has even resentfully put back.

"It is not wine I want. Money, money, money. Father, blessed father! out of your immense wealth give me but ten thousand pounds, and let me depart from this accursed country, where my life is not safe, even for an hour. Plead for me, Dinah. Only ten thousand pounds. Good father, think how much of it I have assisted you to get."

"Ten thoushand!—you vash vait, Aaron, till I diech."

"'Tis I who will die—swing—hang. Do you hear that, father? Let it be five then. By the Almighty whose people we are, spare me but five!"

"No, I have views and occashuns—you shall vait, my good son. Ve shall all go to Sharmany next year; and vhen Dinah is married, ve shall all be shentlemens. I must give great doweries vid Dinah. Carry the pag a littlesh vile more, and keep the patch more over vun eye."

"Only one thousand, father, for the sake of my departed mother!"

"No, not vun hundred, nor vun fifty."

And then Dinah went on her knees, and begged to sacrifice all her hopes, all her portion, to favour the escape of her wretched brother; and in the midst of her most pathetic entreaties, the door opened, and in the full uniform of a lieutenant, improved in manly beauty, Edmund Desborough entered. Aaron in a moment flung himself in a corner of the room, and covered himself with dirty clothes, and the old rags which he had just collected. The father at first knew not the young officer, but Dinah—her heart recognised him immediately. With all her stateliness, she turned very pale, nor could she repress her tears.

"My old friend—my beautiful companion," said Edmund, shaking the father's hand heartily and leaving it, and then seizing that of Dinah, which he did not so readily relinquish. "Here I am, a gentleman at

last. I have just landed—I have not a quarter of an hour to spare—I am away up to London to the Navy-office. I have just received a very strange letter from the big-wigs—something about some rascals having forged my will and power of attorney. I'll see you again the moment I return."

He had thus proceeded, when his attention was caught by a low groan, from where he could not discover, and then Moses Myers turned pale as death, his knees knocked together, and he sank half lifeless into a chair. His surprise at all this was nothing to that which completely overcame him when Dinah, the proud and reserved Dinah, starting up, flung herself into his arms, and shrieked out,

"Edmund! dear Edmund! for the love of our common God, go not!"

For the first time in his life the young officer held in his arms that wonderful combination of beauties, of which, only to dream, had been his most ecstatic bliss. He was not at all eager to terminate this unexpected rapture, when there was another demand on his amazement. The heap of "old clo'" became agitated, and the mountain of rags produced not a mouse, but Aaron Myers, who crawled on the floor to Edmund, and fawningly embraced his feet.

"Oh! I understand it all," said the lieutenant. "Here's my old shipmate who went into the coppers. Really Mr. Myers—really Dinah, you overpower me quite with your gratitude. Do you think, Miss Myers, whilst I had life, I would have suffered your brother to have been hung—"

"Blessed words!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "most blessed words! Swear to me—swear—give me your honour as a gentleman and as an officer, that you will always hold to this resolution?"

"Most certainly, beautiful Dinah! Cowardice, dear Dinah!"—

"Oh, no, no, no—it is not that!"

The lady was still hanging upon the sailor's shoulder, his arm fondly encircling her waist, when two London runners forced their way into the room, and seizing Aaron, exclaimed, "This is our prisoner!" The patch over one of Aaron's eyes had slipped off, and the abject wretch, by his craven deportment, fully testified a consciousness of guilt. None of the family asked with what crime he was charged. To Edmund's inquiry, the only answer received was, that the Jew was arrested by the orders of government, and that he must be taken to London immediately.

Moses Myers, when his son had been removed, was totally powerless from consternation. He continued, with his hands clasped between his knees, swaying himself to and fro in his chair, and moaning,

"Why didn't poor Aaron take the monish? His bad father would not let him. Poor dear Aaron!"

Dinah's agitation had been so excessive, that Desborough had placed her upon the sofa, and seating himself beside her, began an awkward attempt at consolation. At length, slipping from his upholding arm, she again sank on her knees before him, and in the attitude of prayer, she exclaimed with an irresistible intensity of pathos,

"This is my place—from here I move not till you have given me your promise that you will do all you can to save my miserable bro-

ther! He has owed his life to you once—once more spare him! My generous friend! I cannot tell you his crime—it looks so black, and against you! Save his life, and, in saving it, preserve the remnant of his days to that miserable, gray-haired old man. And my life, dear Edmund!—it is—my heart tells me—it is of some value to you! Oh! spare it!"

He stopped and kissed her high and clear forehead, and then exclaimed,

"A dreadful meeting this, my loved one! These tortures have torn aside all the veils of pride, and the little innocent casuistries by which we trust to save our self-esteem, and avoid the miseries of the rejected. You know, Dinah, that I loved you from the first moment that I saw you—hopelessly it is true, but most faithfully for these six years, is also most sacredly true, or why am I here? You do well not to tell me your brother's crime. I will save him if I can. No sacrifice, that I can make, shall be spared. Dishonour only—I—I—even for you, most beautiful—and I believe most noble—cannot dishonour myself! Tell me not his crime—let me not have that between me and the image of yourself. Farewell! my beloved! Look to your poor father. Farewell!"

"Edmund Desborough," said she, "had I not been assured that, when you know all, henceforward you would avoid me as much as you now seek my society, I would not have suffered you to have spoken of love. Know this, Edmund, I esteem, I reverence, I value you beyond all human beings—beyond my own existence—beyond all my kindred. But a disgraced Jewish maiden dare not think of love. This is a sister's kiss. Again, farewell! and may the Lord of Hosts now and for ever bless you!"

"We shall see, we shall see!" said Desborough, with a strange sense of happiness in his heart, notwithstanding all the misery which he had just witnessed.

Our friends will easily understand the business that the Navy-office had with the young lieutenant. He could not help smiling when he found his own will properly drawn, signed, and attested in favour of the resplendent Jewess. Of course, he was obstinate not to prosecute or move in the matter. The higher powers interfered. Just then the crusade against forgery was at its height, and the frauds against ignorant seamen might well seem to justify any severity, for never before were they so numerous or so gross. To all remonstrances from powerful quarters, Desborough had only to reply that he was averse to the shedding of blood from humane and religious principles, and that the forged instruments would have only worked out his own intentions (for above all things, he wished to make the Jewess his heiress), and that he would readily have given his power of attorney to her father, had he been asked for it.

This contumacy was visited by the Lords of the Admiralty, by striking Edmund Desborough off the list of lieutenants—and very properly—and so Aaron was discharged from custody.

Aaron went to Portsmouth a new man. Again a bunch of seals of the size of a cauliflower dangled from his fob, rings glittered on his fingers, and jewellery of the most capacious description shone upon him

wherever jewellery could be placed; and there was much rejoicing at the slopseller's at Portsmouth. Aaron wore very unblushingly the airs of an innocent and injured man. All the account that he deigned to give of his liberation was, that he had been much wronged, as there was not a tittle of evidence against him. Very little indeed was said of the man who had twice saved his life. The world at length said, that Aaron could not have been guilty, "For see, he has again set up his gig."

So Edmund Desborough was once more penniless. He staid in town nearly three months, endeavouring to make interest for the restoration of his commission. The only reply to all intercession was "Prosecute." The public voice was not with him. He had now to cast about for the means of supporting his existence. He resolved, at least, to see Dinah Myers before he selected his next course of life, and was not a little curious to discover in what manner she and her family would treat him.

In rather shabby plain clothes he arrived one wet and muddy day at the slopseller's door, at which was then standing Aaron's fancy gig. As Edmund was about to cross the threshold, the dashing Jew sprang into his vehicle, smiled triumphantly, kissed his hand graciously to the wayworn traveller, then, with a knowing touch with his whip on the flank of his high-bred horse, he caused him to rear and plunge, so that he splashed Edmund from head to foot with mud; at which he again smiled, and then squaring his elbows, he drove off rapidly.

Dinah and her father were at the doorway. At the appearance of the ex-lieutenant, the father looked nervous and shy, and the daughter, taking the hand of Edmund, and respectfully kissing it, led him into the old back-parlour, weeping as if her heart was breaking. She seated him in the chair of honour, and before he could utter one word, she thus addressed Moses Myers:

"Now father, arouse yourself. For once shake off this torpor, or never more awake to the beautiful sensibilities of life—to the love and tenderness of your daughter. Hear the truth—appreciate, love it. and you, Edmund Desborough, I conjure—I implore you explain to us this very moment all that has been done, and all that you have done; and, at what sacrifice, in order to save the life and reputation of one so dear to this wretched family—and God forgive him!—of one so ungrateful. Alas! Edmund, you have suffered much—you look ill—your raiment is worn, and you no longer appear in uniform. Indeed, you are distressingly thin. Speak! Say all!"

And Edmund Desborough, with his eyes fixed on the exalted beauty, simply discovered everything.

Then Dinah, with her radiant eyes flashing forth indignant fires, arose, and going to her father, gently shook him, saying,

"Moses Myers, have you heard? Have you understood? This glorious youth has beggared himself—has thrown away all his hopes in his profession, to save you and me from ignominy—your only son from the hangman! All your immense fortune is too—oh! wretchedly too small to repay this soul-deep debt. What say you, my dear father!—quick—quick—is not all that we have his? Are you not his bondsman, and I his unworthy servant?"

To all this energy of appeal the old man answered, stupidly,

"I'll consult Aaron about it. You are too violent, Dinah. As far as one hundred pounds—or even one hundred and fifty—"

Here a direful shriek interrupted the calculating Jew. "Dinah, you are so violent—and the expenses of his journey to and from town—nothing more, no, no, no."

All this was uttered in his usual slipshod English.

"Edmund," said Dinah, "I see visibly the finger of the Divinity directing me. I obey. Take me, and take all that is mine. I have much independent property. Let me leave this dwelling, and as we go out let us shake the dust from off the soles of our feet. There must be a curse upon it. Lead me forth to my maiden aunt, Rachel. She is well stricken in years, and loveth me much. Edmund Desborough, henceforward I will say unto you, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.'"

Some ten years after we find Edmund Desborough possessed of one of the largest and most beautiful estates in one of the middle counties of England, and of the handsomest wife, supposed to be a foreigner. There is domesticated with them a very happy but imbecile old man, the father of the lady, which old man often affords his merry and lovely grandchildren much amusement by sticking upon his head three or four hats, one upon the other, and crying for the hour together "Old clo'!"

ON A NATIVE SINGER.

(AFTER HEARING MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.)

As sweet as the Bird that by calm Bendemeer,
Pours such rich modulations of tone—
As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear—
Still her Voice has a charm of its own.

For lo! like the skylark, when after its song
It drops down to its nest from above,
She reminds us her home and her music belong
To the very same soil that we love.

T. Hood.

PHINEAS QUIDDY; OR, SHEER INDUSTRY.

By John Poole, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

Chap. XVII.

A HAUNTED HOUSE—"THERE NEEDS NO GHOST:" SHAKSPEARE—AN ARRIVAL.

About the time when our hero was employed in the manner noticed at the conclusion of the last chapter, Mc Squills received from Sweenie an alarming account of the state of poor Janet. She had all along borne her sufferings, not with patience only, but with cheerfulness. The removal from her bed to her sofa in the morning, and back to her bed at night, was always effected with difficulty, and generally with pain to her; yet never did an angry or a peevish expression escape from her lips.

For several weeks past she had been unable to endure even this slight removal, and had constantly remained on the sofa, lying on her right side so as to prevent any pressure on her injured limb. At her elbow was a small table whereon lay the Bible which had belonged to Mrs. Sanderson—the spectacles, Janet, with mingled feelings of piety and affection, still retained in the very place where the old woman had left them—and it was in reading that throughout the day, and in conversing with the family, or listening with deep interest to Sweenie's stories (which were mostly of the marvellous) in the evening, that she passed her time.

In short (as Sweenie wrote to our doctor) it seemed now to be nothing but her beautiful temper that kept her alive. For Janet herself, she felt that she could not live long, but expressed no fear of dying. On the contrary, she thought it was merciful to her to be taken from the world before she should "do any more harm in it"—she, poor girl, who never, either in deed, word, or thought, had harmed created thing!—and all she seemed to regret was, that she should never again see the good doctor (for as such she always spoke of Mc Squills), who when she lost her benefactress had been as a father to her.

"But that is hopeless," she would say; "I cannot expect that he should leave his business, and come all this way to see a poor girl like me."

In this she was mistaken.

It is remarkable that throughout her illness the name of Quiddy she never mentioned.

The doctor was deeply grieved at this account of Janet's condition, for he entertained a sincere regard for her. After some reflection, he resolved to go and judge for himself of her case. We cannot with truth say that this motive alone would have induced him to undertake so long, and, for him, so expensive a journey; but, co-operating as it

did with another, he scarcely hesitated about the matter. He immediately wrote to Sweenie, that having some business to transact at Aberdeen he would take that opportunity of seeing Janet, and that a day or two after the arrival of his letter, his visit might be expected.

It happened that in that city he possessed a house which, for several years past, had been a source of very considerable annoyance to him; for, though an excellent house, he could neither let it upon any terms, however moderate, for which he might offer it, nor sell it, except by such a sacrifice of its value as he deemed it imprudent to make. Sweenie himself, indeed, was amongst the number of those who had declined to inhabit it.

Many years ago, when about to take unto himself a wife, and, in consequence, like the Alderman, he was busy "untin' an 'ouse," this was offered to him at a third of the rent which he was paying for his present very inferior residence; but, after one terrible visit to it, he declared, with horror depicted on his countenance, that no temptation on earth would ever induce him "to put his head into the accursed house again."

The circumstances which had occasioned this mysterious aversion he would sometimes be prevailed on, though never without reluctance, to relate; and *his* narrative exactly corroborated the story told by some few others who had ventured as he had done. He will presently be prevailed on to relate them once again.

Janet, it will readily be believed, was delighted at the promised visit of Dr. Mc Squills.

"And how considerate of him!" said she: "to lessen the weight of my obligation to him for his kindness and trouble, he pretends to have business here."

"He *has* business here, Janet, and I suspect what it is," said Sweenie; adding, after a pause, and in a grave and impressive tone—"That house, that *awful house* belongs to him."

"Would to Heaven the house were burnt!" exclaimed his wife.

"It won't burn—fire won't burn it," said he, in the same impressive tone as before. "When, eleven years ago, two houses, one on one side of it, and one on the other, were both reduced to ashes by one and the same fire, that accursed house escaped uninjured.* *He* that prompted the fearful deed protects it."

And as he uttered the emphasised word, with his finger he significantly pointed downwards.

"What house—and what about it?" inquired Janet.

"Have you never observed it?" asked Sweenie. "That large house standing alone in Broad-street, and looking right down Queen-street."

"I have," replied Janet; "and good reason have I to remember it, for it was just in front of it that I met with my accident."

"There again!" said Sweenie; "I said at the time to my wife, that there was a curse upon the very spot."

Janet continued:

"It is an old house, very dirty, with its lower shutters always closed, and the frames and glass of the upper windows broken. And now,"

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* A similar curious fact is recorded as having happened at the great fire at Ratcliffe, which occurred on the 13th of July, 1794.

(added she, after a moment's pause)—"and, now, I recollect observing that two windows on the third floor, were always closed also."

"That was the room—it was *there*," said Sweenie, in a hollow voice.

"There?—what?" exclaimed Janet, startled by the manner of the speaker.

"In that room the foul deed was committed—*murder*," answered Sweenie.

Janet shuddered. After a few moments of silence, she inquired—

"And was the murderer discovered?"

"He, the only one that was suspected of the deed, was tried for it, but, upon the clearest evidence in his favour, acquitted. He shortly afterwards went from Aberdeen to London, where for a few years he lived in good repute, and died at last on a bed. Yet *he* was the murderer!"

"How was that discovered?" inquired Janet.

"It is known—*I* know it," was the somewhat evasive reply.

"But how—how?" eagerly cried Janet.

Sweenie made no direct reply, but, as if from a feeling of repugnance to approach the point, said—

"Shortly after the murderer had quitted this place, he sent directions for the sale of that house (for it was his), and it was purchased by a relative of Doctor Mc Squills, to whom that relative, at his death, bequeathed it. But it is a profitless incumbrance—an awful possession—a curse hangs upon it."

"Tell me—tell me," cried Janet, who was powerfully excited.

Sweenie hesitated; and then, with an involuntary but momentary shudder, whilst his countenance betrayed that the utterance of the words cost him a disagreeable effort, he said, in a tone of solemnity—

"Janet—*that house* is HAUNTED."

Janet was startled by the word, but presently she smiled and gently shook her head, as if with incredulity.

Mrs. Sweenie, who had noticed the gesture, said, in a manner so serious as to remove all doubt from Janet's mind—

"Janet, my dear child, do not doubt what he tells you. It is true—fearfully true. It is too awful a subject to jest with. What he has said, *he knows to be true*, and Sergeant Wilkie, who was with him, is still alive to vouch for it."

Then turning to her husband she said—

"And now, as you have told her so much, you may as well tell her all. You have excited her curiosity, and I'm sure she will be restless unless you do."

"No, not to-night," said he, "it is too late. The dreadful tale is not long, but you know, Moggie" (addressing his wife), "I don't like telling it late in the evening."

"To-morrow, then," said Janet.

"Perhaps," said Sweenie.

"No—you must promise," said Janet.

"Well," said he, with some hesitation, "well—I promise."

"That's enough," said Janet; "when you promise, I know you will keep your word."

"Though he has often told what he has promised to relate to you," said Mrs. Sweenie, when her husband had left the room, "he is always affected by the recollection of it, as you have seen but now. *And no wonder*, Janet."

On the following evening, Sweenie and his wife having taken their seats, as they had latterly been in the habit of doing, by the fireside in Janet's room, for the purpose of keeping her company (she being unable to come down to them), Janet reminded Sweenie of his promise.

By a variety of excuses he endeavoured to evade it; and when, after all, urged by Janet's earnest entreaties he consented to fulfil it, it was with evident reluctance that he did so. And with slow and deliberate utterance, which added to the impressiveness of his narration, thus, at length, he began:—

"It is now, as nearly as can be, nineteen years ago, when—"

He suddenly stopped, and turning pale at the recollection, said to his wife—

"Moggie—Moggie—it is exactly nineteen years this blessed night! No—don't let us talk of it *on the very night*—we will let it be for to-morrow—or the next."

"No," said Mrs. Sweenie; "this is not the night; it was on the twenty-*first* of the month."

"Well," said he, "and is not this the twenty-first?"

"No, this is the twenty-second: it was yesterday."

"You are right," said he (considering the point for a moment, and reassured by the correction), "you are right—it is past."

Contrary to their economical habit, he placed a second candle upon the table, and having thrown upon the fire a large log, whose sparkling and crackling aided also to enliven the room, which, being wainscoted with a dark-coloured wood, was gloomy, though small, he resumed:—

"Well;—I had lately set up in business for myself, and was soon to be married to Moggie. In the same house where I rented a shop, I occupied a bedroom. This, though well enough for a bachelor, was not exactly a lodging to bring a wife to; so we resolved to take a house, and let out so much of it as we might not require for our own purposes. I had, for some time past, been looking about, but without finding anything to suit me, when—it was yesterday exactly nineteen years ago, and never shall I forget the day—I chanced to look in upon Jemmy Anderson, the clothier in the Green,* who afterwards went to settle in Glasgow. I was telling him of my want of success in my search, when just at that time, in came Robin Wilkie, a sergeant in the —th, which had been a good while quartered in the town, so that Wilkie, being a good fellow, had grown into friendly terms with many of the townsfolks—me among the rest. Between jest and earnest Wilkie said,

"'Why, there's the haunted house; it is a very good one, and you can get that cheap enough.'

"I was young and stout-hearted, and, to say the truth, believed but little of the story; though, before those two windows had been closed up, by order of the Town-Council, scores, Janet, ay scores who had had the courage to look up (but they never dared to look a second time)

* A street in Aberdeen so called.

had seen at those windows—for it appeared nightly, as surely as the night came, and as the clock of St. Paul's Chapel struck two—the very hour, mind, at which *I know* the murder was committed—there appeared— But I will not anticipate—I will relate in due course what that appearance was, and once to tell it will be often enough.

"Well;—I said to Wilkie that, having no faith in the story, and, besides, standing in no fear of the dead, if I could get the house a bargain, and it should be suitable in other respects, I would just as soon live in that as in another; and prepared to go at once and inspect it. From this I was strongly dissuaded by Anderson, who was one of those that had *seen*; but as, at any rate, there was nothing to apprehend by daylight, it being but just one o'clock, thither I resolved to go, and Wilkie went with me.

"On our way we called upon old Dapple—Dapple was a nickname they gave him, because the little hair he had was of all manner of colours, but his real name was Rennie—who had the letting of the house, and he, taking the key with him, accompanied us.

"We visited every room, leaving *that room* till the last. When we came to it, Rennie, who being naturally anxious to secure a tenant, had assured us that there was not the slightest foundation for the awful reports concerning it, nevertheless declined to enter, broad daylight as it was; so Wilkie and I went in without him. It was a bedroom; but, as I shall presently have fitter occasion for describing it, I shall now only say that the floor was bare, except that on one part, near the bed, there lay a piece of old carpet. Upon removing that, large stains of blood were distinctly visible."

Here he was interrupted by Janet, who inquired—"Who was the person murdered, and by what means?"

"Suffice it to say," replied the narrator, "the victim was his own niece. She was young (scarcely eighteen) and was said to be beautiful: the temptation to the crime was a large property, between which and her destroyer she unhappily stood."

"And by what means did he commit the deed?" asked Janet.

"Janet," said Sweenie, "the fact that the atrocious deed *was* committed, is sufficient for you to know: for I doubt whether the revolting details of crimes of this nature are altogether fit to meet a woman's ear. But to go on with my story.

"We mentioned to Rennie what we had discovered. He would have persuaded us that they were natural stains in the wood, but they were not so. He then said he would have those boards removed and replaced by new ones, if I would hire the house. He offered it at so very low a rent that I was at the point of closing the bargain, when Wilkie prevented me, saying,

"'Don't buy a pig in a poke, man,'—those were his words. 'The house is well enough, but then, the *material point*—and that can only be settled in the dead of night. Now, I tell you what, Andrew; I think that you with a good stout cudgel in your hand and Nowce at your side'—Nowce was the name of a large Newfoundland dog of mine, as courageous and as strong as a lion. Poor fellow!"

Here Sweenie shook his head and sighed.

"Well; 'you with a good stout cudgel in your hand, and Nowce at

your side, and I,' Wilkie went on to say, 'I, with a brace of pistols loaded with slugs in my belt, will be a match for the fiercest ghost in all Scotland; and for any *man* who may be trying his tricks upon us, we'll spoil his sport for the future. Now, make it worth my while, I'll get leave of my captain, and watch with you to-night.'

"I asked him what he meant, and he proposed that I should provide a good supper, a quart of whiskey and pipes; 'and that,' said he, 'would fortify us to outface any visiter, no matter of what kind, that might break in upon us.'

"As I said before, I was at that time young, stout, and fearless, so I readily assented to his proposal—Rennie undertaking to furnish lights, together with a fire and plenty of wood to keep it blazing."

"Would that you had told me of your intention," said Mrs. Sweenie, looking up from the needlework upon which she was employed: "you never should have set foot across that threshold!"

"Would that I had!" said he; "but I mentioned it to nobody, nor did the sergeant—both suspecting, that if we made any confidants, some trick might be tried to alarm us. At ten o'clock, carrying with me a basket containing provision for a comfortable supper, and with Nowce trotting at my side, I called for Wilkie, as it had been arranged between us.

"Upon reaching the house, where we expected to find Rennie waiting for us, according to promise, we perceived it to be in total darkness; for although *those windows* were not fastened up on the outside, as they have ever since been, the inner shutters were closed. We knocked several times, and receiving no answer, proceeded to Rennie's. He was at home, and excused himself for not having been at the place to receive us, by saying that he had suddenly been taken ill; but, the truth was, he was afraid to go there at night; for, upon asking him whether we should find the room made comfortable for us, it came out that he had gone there just before dark along with two men, whom he had sent up (for, as before, he would not venture into the room himself), with wood to make a fire, and who had hurried away as soon as they had done so. He told us we should find a kettle and a large jar of water, and everything we could wish for; and, giving a lantern and the key to Wilkie (for I had to carry the basket, which was rather heavy), he wished us good night; and looking at us, with just such a look, as I have often thought since, as if he never expected again to see us alive, said to me, he had no doubt we should come to a settlement about the house on the morrow.

"Having let ourselves in, our first care was to bolt and bar the street-door, so as to secure ourselves against any attack from without. We were going upstairs, when we missed the dog; so we had to unbar the door again. We found him outside, and with something between a whine and a growl, looking upwards at the windows. As he would not come in at my call, I was obliged to drag him in by the collar—in short, to drag him all the way upstairs, step by step, he continuing to whine all the time. Wilkie followed with the basket and lantern, for Nowce would not have allowed anybody but me to do with him as I had done. When we came to that room—"

"Then you forgot to fasten the street-door again?" said Janet, inquiringly.

"No," said Sweenie; "before proceeding upstairs, we took good care to secure it as before.—Well; the room-door was open, and dismal enough did that room look, for the two candles on the table had not been lit, and the fire was nearly out; so the first thing we did was to light the candles, and throw on fresh logs; and by help of an old pair of bellows which Rennie's men had left there, we soon got up a blazing fire. After taking each of us a pull at the whiskey, we looked about us. It was a large square room which, as well as everything in it, was in a dirty condition, for, till that day, it had not been opened for many years. A large fourpost bedstead stood in one corner; the hangings, the mattresses, and everything else had been removed—in short, there was nothing but the bare bedstead. The only furniture was a table, a few old-fashioned, high-backed, leathern chairs, and a large heavy chest of drawers which stood near the door and opposite to the windows. The room was wainscoted from the ceiling to the floor, like this we are in, only the panels were handsomely carved—at least, so far as we could make out the pattern for the dust and dirt that had accumulated in it. The fireplace was high and wide and deep, and the mantelpiece was carved with heads and flowers. There were no curtains to the windows, and the shutters were closed. But what made the room look most dismal of all was the ceiling, which was almost as black as ink. We locked the room-door, and—"

"But where was the dog?" inquired Janet; "did he remain outside?"

"I was just going to mention him," said Sweenie.

"To my mind," said his wife, "the conduct of that poor dog has always appeared the most mysterious part of the whole affair."

Sweenie continued:—

"We locked the room-door, and shoved the heavy chest of drawers close up against it, so that no one could possibly come in that way. We then walked round the room, carefully feeling the panels, so as to satisfy ourselves there was no opening in the walls. All this time Nowce followed me about, keeping so close to me as absolutely to touch my leg, and whining all the time. Thinking there might be a trap in the flooring, we next tried that all over—all but where the old piece of carpet lay, and, somehow, neither of us had courage to move *that*. As we approached it, indeed, Nowce howled fearfully. Wilkie and I just looked at one another, but neither of us spoke. Wilkie then went to one of the windows, and opened the shutters; I followed; and the air that came upon us through the broken panes was not unpleasant. The night was pitch dark; the chimes of St. Paul's Chapel had just struck the quarter-past eleven, and as we looked down the long street which was opposite, there was something melancholy—to us, at least—in seeing the lights in the different windows extinguished, one after another, till none remained, except, here and there, one in the chamber of some solitary student. Fearful of attracting the attention of any passenger towards the house, we closed the window, and sat down to supper, fully resolved to make ourselves comfortable—Wilkie taking his seat at one side of the table (which we had drawn close to the fire) with his face *opposite* the bedstead—mind that, Janet—beside which lay *that piece of carpet;* while I placed myself at the other, con-

sequently with my back towards those objects. The dog lay down at my feet, but he was restless.

"'It is clear there are no openings of any kind in the room except the door,' said I, 'and that we have secured.'

"'I am afraid of no *man*,' said Wilkie, drawing his pistols from his belt, and, after examining the primings, placing them upon the table and close to his elbow—'I am afraid of no *man*—and for the rest—' And as he spoke these last words he smiled.

"We set-to with hearty good-will upon the provisions I had brought. I placed some meat before my dog, and it struck both Wilkie and myself as remarkable, that, though he had not been fed since early in the day, he would not eat, but that he would drink as often as water was given to him. He had all along lain at my feet with his head towards the piece of carpet, and, as time advanced, his uneasiness increased, and every now and then he uttered a low moan.

"The clock struck one. I took the kettle from the hearth and mixed for myself a third glass of whiskey-and-water, and desired Wilkie to do the same.

"'Andrew,' said he, 'I'm an old soldier: this third glass will be just enough to keep us warm and comfortable; but, after it, we must take no more. Though I expect no visit from a ghost, we *may* have work to do with something more substantial; so let us keep our heads cool and our hands steady for the occasion. Any other time you'll find Robin Wilkie your man for treble the quantity.'

"We had been talking about Moggie, for the sergeant knew of our intended marriage, and that was the only subject I could talk about at that time, and the minutes passed rapidly on. The chimes struck the first quarter-past one—the second quarter—the third!! when, at the very first stroke of that bell, Nowce sprang, with one sudden and single bound, from my feet to that carpet, and dragging it from the fatal spot, gave a howl so long and so melancholy, that for the moment we were like transfixed by it. Soon recovering ourselves, we rushed, each with a pistol in hand, to where the dog stood, thinking that his quick ear had discovered some noise which had escaped our attention, and that some opening was *there*. We examined the boards with the greatest care, but they were all fixed and immovable. We replaced the carpet, for what was beneath it was not a pleasant sight to look upon, and returned to our seats *as before*. Nowce slowly followed me, and again placed himself at my feet. He trembled violently, as if shaken by an ague; moaned, and, looking me piteously in the face, his head suddenly fell. Poor fellow! There he lay, senseless and immovable!

"Neither Wilkie nor I spoke a word. Each sat, silently grasping his pistol, awaiting the next stroke of the clock. Every second *now* till the *appointed hour* appeared to us an age. My eyes were all this time bent downwards upon poor Nowce. The first chime sounded for TWO!

"Now, mark me! It is not for me to speak of my own courage, but I may say that Wilkie was a brave man, for such had he shown himself in many a hard-fought field. I have said that the first chime sounded for the hour of TWO!"

The voice of the narrator faltered as he proceeded :—

"Wilkie, in a voice that sounded to me unlike his own, suddenly exclaimed, 'Andrew!'—I looked up at his face—large drops of sweat rolled like rain from his brow—his eyes were glaring upon *that spot*:—I needn't have turned to look; the expression of his countenance would have been enough, plainly telling, as it did, how fearful was that which he was gazing upon. I slowly turned my head, and (O ye powers! let me forget it!) I there beheld—"

His voice was choked with emotion—he gasped for utterance. His wife, though she had often heard the dreadful tale, at this point of it threw down her work, and hid her face in her hands; while Janet, intensely interested, with outstretched head, and eyes riveted to those of the speaker, listened with breathless attention.

The narrator, making a strong effort, at length proceeded—

"I turned my head—towards—the fatal spot—and there BEHELD———"

He was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the street-door: in one minute the welcome voice of Mc Squills was heard in the passage below, and in another, the worthy doctor was in the room. We need scarcely say, that in her delight at the arrival of her friend, Janet forgot everything about the house and its awful history; so we, like herself, remain in ignorance of the termination of the adventure.

The first salutations over, the anxious doctor proceeded at once to satisfy himself, as well by inspection, as by inquiry, touching the true condition of Janet. After a few consolatory expressions to her, he desired to know when supper would be ready; for, as we have seen upon a former occasion, he was not unmindful of his creature-comforts. The meal soon made its appearance; and Mc Squills, by his frequent attacks upon the good things which, with true Scottish hospitality, were plentifully spread before him, proved that his journey had done no injury to his appetite. Whiskey-toddy, and chat upon various subjects with his entertainers, and with Janet concerning former times in London, carried them on to a later hour than was consistent with the habits of any one of the party; and when, at length, they retired for the night, no allusion had been made to either one of two disagreeable subjects—Mr. Quiddy, or THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

*** The exact similarity of the conclusion (if so it may be called) of this story to that of one which appeared in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, induces the author to state that the former was written many months ago.

CHAP. XVIII.

JANET DIES—HER VARIOUS (DIS)QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE CHARACTER OF A HEROINE ENUMERATED—DOCTOR MC SQUILLS, P.P.C.—HIS PARTING WISHES TO QUIDDY.

THAT night Janet slept longer and better than she had done for a considerable time past, and in the morning awoke refreshed. It was well that it was so, for it enabled her to take part in a long, but necessary, conversation, in private, with the doctor, which it might otherwise have been beyond her strength to endure. When, at its termination, Mrs. Sweenie went into the room, she was startled at the expression of

their countenances, each so different from the other's, that it was hard to conceive that the same topic had engaged the two parties; for while Janet's exhibited cheerfulness almost amounting to joy, the doctor's was clouded with grief. The text would have been sufficiently intelligible to the good woman, without the following little commentary from Janet, who, holding out her hand to her, said, with a smile so sweet as to impart a kind of beauty to a face which we never have classed among the beautiful—

"Well, Mrs. Sweenie, I have but a few hours longer to be with you. God's will be done! and may He bless you and yours for all your kindness to me."

There was no expression of regret at relinquishing life thus early, for she felt none. That which lends to life its dearest charm, love, the life of life, had been suddenly and rudely extinguished in her bosom, and the flame was never to be revived. We may here repeat what we have said before, that in affairs of the heart there is no accounting for taste: but so it was.

The truth is, that Mc Squills finding Janet's case to be utterly hopeless, and drawing more rapidly to a termination than even the letter which induced his visit had led him to expect, thought it right to tell her so. This he did with great feeling and tenderness. She received the announcement with resignation equal to the composure with which as we have seen, she presently afterwards communicated it to Mrs. Sweenie. There were but two circumstances, doubts about which oppressed her mind:—Might she direct the disposal of Mrs. Sanderson's property (for she never really considered it as her own) as she thought she *ought* to do? and, if so, would her will be strictly fulfilled when she was no more. The doctor solemnly assured her that she might rest satisfied upon both points.

"Then I am *quite* happy *now*," said she. "Raise my head a little, if you please, sir, and take the paper which you will find under the pillow."

Mc Squills did as she desired, and drew from beneath her pillow a paper in the form of a letter, sealed, and addressed to himself.

"And what is this letter to me about, my dear child?" inquired he.

"It isn't a letter," replied she; "that's my *will*, if you please, sir. I made it as soon after my accident as I was able to write; but, be sure you don't open it till it is all over with me."

As she proceeded at once to inform him of the principal contents of the document, this restriction must have been dictated by her natural good taste and delicacy: she had made a trifling bequest (accompanied with an earnest expression of kindness and gratitude) to himself.

Feeling at this moment no inclination to excite a smile at the expense of poor Janet's style and orthography, we shall suppress the "will"—(which was, in fact and in form, a *letter* addressed to Mc Squills, beginning with "Honerd Sir," and concluding with an assurance that she should for ever remain his dutiful and grateful servant)—merely observing that it was drawn up with an intrepid contempt of legal forms and technicalities, and in terms which would have perplexed the attorney's-office-drilled mind of Mr. Grubb, by their very clearness and simplicity.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Mc Squills; "leave it all to him! I'm clean amazed!"

"All, sir," replied she; "all except those few pounds to buy some trifling remembrances of me for my friends here, and their children, who have all been very kind to me; and—and one other trifle to another friend. It has always been my intention to do so, if I found I might, and if I should die before him."

"What!" again exclaimed he; "notwithstanding his treatment of you, my guid lassie?"

At this allusion Janet closed her eyes, and for some minutes remained silent, while a slight tremulous motion was observable about her mouth. At length she spoke again.

"It is for that very reason, sir. But for *that*, *he* would have had the property, not I: I'm *sure* he would. I have always looked upon myself as having stood in the way of his good fortune, and have been sorry for it—very; but I did not do so purposely—I couldn't help it."

"And can it be possible!" said the doctor; "can it be possible that you still—"

Ere he could utter the words "love him," he was interrupted by Janet who, snatching his hand, said, with an upturned look, and in a tone of solemn earnestness—

"What I have done, I have done from a feeling of justice—strict justice; nothing more—nothing more—nothing more, on the word of a dying girl. But say no more about it. I never spoke upon this subject to any living creature before, except Mrs. Sanderson—and even to her, little—seldom: I have now done with it, as I shall soon have done with everything else in this world—for ever."

Exhausted by the effort which this conversation had cost her, she soon fell into a light slumber. Mc Squills remained at her side, watching her as she slept, and, ever and anon, drawing the back of his huge hand across his eyes, and muttering, "Puir lassie!—puir lassie!"

From this time she became gradually more and more enfeebled, but, happily, she was entirely free from pain. She was perfectly calm and would occasionally speak, though rarely but when spoken to. Sometimes she would say, in a scarcely audible tone, "How happy I feel!" while a faint and momentary smile would disturb (if it may be so said) the fixed serenity of her countenance. The good Mc Squills was seldom away from her, although his aid could now avail her nothing.

On the third day, towards noon, she grew restless and uneasy, for she had not slept during the whole of the preceding night. Mc Squills was in the room with her. Janet beckoned him towards her and motioned to him to bend his ear to her lips, for she could not speak loud enough to make herself otherwise heard. He did so.

"Doctor," she said, or rather whispered, "I think I could sleep if you would take my hand—and sit by me—and watch me while I sleep. I *wish* you would. But don't let go my hand."

He did as she desired. She was presently asleep and slept peacefully for about an hour. Suddenly she opened her eyes as if awaking from a dream of a by-gone event, and murmured, "It need not have been so, Phineas—but it is all your own fault."

In a moment she was asleep again; and thus did she remain for two hours more.

All this time Mc Squills continued to hold her hand in his; and although cramped and in pain from sitting so long in the same position, the good-natured doctor abstained from making the slightest change in it from the fear of disturbing her by so doing. At half-past three precisely she once more opened her eyes—then slowly closed them again, and turned her head a little upon her pillow—so little, indeed, as to be scarcely perceptible—and died.

It was some time ere Mc Squills relinquished his hold of her hand. At length he did so; rose; bent his head over the poor girl, and pressed his lips to her forehead, which was already icy cold.

Mrs. Sweenie having come at his summons, he silently pointed to the couch on which lay Janet; and without uttering a word, his head resting on his bosom, he slowly and mournfully quitted the room.

Rest thee, Janet Gray!

We have not pretended to present this poor girl as a heroine, in the old and hackneyed, yet (oddly enough at the same time) *Novel* sense of the term. She was unfitted by many circumstances to sustain so interesting a position: her character was not an incongruous compound of incompatible qualities; she was not addicted to hysterics, even upon the *slightest* provocation; nor to fainting-fits; nor to torrents of tears which, in their Niagarian copiousness and impetuosity threaten to exhaust, and leave for ever desiccated, the very springs of grief. Again: she never knelt in silent prayer to implore forgiveness for a penitent "floricide" who had too late bethought her of the sin of ruthlessly wrenching a rose-bud from its parent stem; she never wearied with apostrophes that beautiful and very patient sufferer, the silvery and resplendent orb of night; nor was she subject to those afflicting eruptions of oratory by which (if applied to that purpose) a spinster Cicero might haply command the tears, if not the twopences, of the black-man-cipatresses of Clapham and Hackney. No—she was a simple, truthful, direct, kind-hearted, affectionate girl—nothing more; and, for her person!—to deal gently with it, her portrait, though done by the best milliner-painter of the day, would certainly not have been allowed a place in the forthcoming number of the "Monstrosities of Beauty." To complete her disqualifications, if more be wanting, she died, not of a broken heart, but from the consequences of a broken limb. But, such as thou wert—once more—Rest thee, Janet Gray!

Mc Squills's own immediate business in Aberdeen was the disposal of *the house*. Standing in the way of some projected improvements, a much larger sum was offered to him for its removal than he could procure for it as a habitation. With this proposal he gladly closed, and the building (greatly to the comfort of the neighbourhood, and more particularly to Sweenie's, who made a vow never again to speak of it, or of the awful circumstances connected with it) was doomed to instant demolition. With the product of the sale in his pocket, the doctor looked upon himself as a rich man; and having followed poor Janet to her grave, he returned to London, resolving to relinquish his profession, and pass the rest of his life in ease and comfort.

We left Mr. Quiddy busied in the search of a house: we find him, at the time of the doctor's return to London, preparing to remove into

one suitable to his purpose, in Mark-lane, Fenchurch-street. The situation was neither pretty nor pleasant: it would not have attracted the attention of a Capability Brown, a Nash, or a Decimus Burton; but as Quiddy contemplated it with an eye directed rather to the main chance than the picturesque, we must not quarrel with him for his choice. It was spacious; its rooms were well adapted both for the stowage and display of the heterogeneous commodities which were constantly coming into his possession, by what means we have seen; and, besides a counting-house, it afforded apartments sufficiently commodious for his own dwelling. We have before alluded to his intention to abandon his paltry commerce in the nasty, or, as it is termed by the more imaginative, the "fragrant" weed, and undividedly to devote his energies to his more profitable operations; so, accordingly, he disposed of his little plantation at Hackney, and his snuff and tobacco in Cow-lane,—all, all, even to those master-productions of the combined arts of sculpture and painting, the black-boy, and the Highlander.

We are all by this time sufficiently well acquainted with the character of Mr. Quiddy to render it unnecessary to repeat what he did say, or to describe what he did *not* feel, when the recent event at Aberdeen was communicated to him: as a good-humoured friend of ours, to whom we have once already alluded, would in his Frenchified English express it, "That goes without to say" (*cela va sans dire.*) For the same reason we shall abstain from troubling ourselves with what he said, or with what he really felt when he was made acquainted with the fortunate result to himself of that event:—it added certain hundreds to the previous acquirements of his "sheer industry," and that point was the all-absorbing one with our hero.

Of all the disagreeable operations which in the course of his long professional career the worthy Mc Squills had been called upon either to perform or to witness, the most harrowing to his own feelings, the most repugnant to his kindly nature, was the payment of the legacy to "Meester Queedy." His own last words to the legatee, when he had fulfilled his executorial duty, will best speak to that point. Having received Quiddy's signature to the discharge, which he (the doctor) had taken care to have drawn up in rigid legal form, he looked him full in the face, and putting the document into his pocket said,

"There.—And noo, Meester Queedy, I hae but just this to say to ye. Three circumstances are wanting to mak' this office in the least a pleasure to me:—Old Nick for a banker; the siller in his hands; and I sending you with a cheque upon him for the payment o't. And so, good —and so *be dom'd to ye*, Meester—Queedy."

In pursuance of his resolution to retire from his profession, Mc Squills sold to his assistant his furniture, fixtures and glass bottles, together with what is called the "goodwill" of his business—in the case of a retiring attorney it would, we presume, be the *ill-will* to be disposed of. Of his stock of drugs he made him a present. This was a munificent gift: for though intrinsically not worth five pounds, it might, when converted by the aid of the nearest pump into physic, be fairly estimated at a hundred. This done—

"Dr. Mc Squills, *P. P. C.*"

Let us shake hands with the worthy doctor at parting.

* * * * * *

Now vanish Mr. Quiddy, tobacconist, of Cow-lane, Shoreditch, and

reappear as Phineas Quiddy, merchant (and, of course, Esquire) of Mark-lane, Fenchurch-street

Chap. XIX.

A short chapter which, treating with profound philosophy of the character and consequences of the Quiddeian system of trade, invites the reader's earnest attention.

Three years have elapsed, and behold our "Merchant" at the age of thirty, possessed of just so many thousands of pounds.

We will not hypercritically inquire whether Mr. Quiddy was justified by the nature of his dealings in assuming the style of "merchant:" whether that term in its true, old-English, honest, honourable, and let us add, dignified sense, could be fairly applied to him; whether, indeed, it was not degraded by such application. But how, otherwise, could he be properly described? He was not a silk-mercer, and nothing more; he was not a leather-seller, and nothing more; nor a laceman merely, nor a linendraper, nor a hosier, nor an India-warehouseman, nor a Coventry-warehouseman, nor a Nottingham warehouseman, nor simply a dealer in hats, or gloves, or shoes, or—in short, he was not one, but Legion; and to have described himself by all the various and multifarious branches of his business would have been troublesome and inconvenient. Some comprehensive term, therefore, that would embrace all, or most of, the branches of his business was requisite. We could have suggested one, and that perhaps the true one—*haberdasher;* but applied to a man already of thirty thousand pounds, and with the prospect clear before him of multiplying those by ten, it would have been, to say the least of it, *ungenteel.* Well; except in so far as it regards the integrity of the English language, and the injury done to it by a habit of calling things by wrong names, it does not much signify: so, since merchant he styled himself, why, merchant let him be.

"The great man in Mark-lane," as Mr. Quiddy was now commonly called by the small tradesmen in his neighbourhood, had, ever since his arrival there, been to them a subject both of wonder and alarm. Though their profits had not been large, they, for the greater part, had hitherto contrived to maintain themselves and their families respectably and in comfort; but small as were their gains, they now found that, in their several ways, not only were they undersold by Quiddy, but that in many cases he charged less for his wares than they must have cost the manufacturer.

Now, the tie that binds the purchaser to the shopkeeper is seldom of so refined or disinterested a kind as to induce the former to pay him a shilling for a commodity if he can purchase it of any other for the twentieth part of a farthing less; and the power of that tie, small as it is, diminishes in proportion as the advantages offered by that other increase. The consequence of this pitiable, but common, infirmity was, that gradually the oldest and best customers of those small tradesmen abandoned their shops for the *Emporium* of Quiddy, leaving them and Ruin to stare each other in the face. Still they went on wondering how it was that the great man could continue so materially to undersell them (knowing how small were their own profits) and yet manage to keep, as they expressed it, his head above water.

"Wonder," says Johnson, "is the effect of novelty upon ignorance;" nor was it till they were enlightened by a practical illustration of the causes of that startling phenomenon that their wonder ceased. This explanation, sooner or later, the greater number of them received.

Our profound and extensive acquaintance with mankind has led us to the discovery of what we consider to be a fixed and immutable principle in human nature; and since we do not recollect it to have been ever before publicly propounded, and in set form, by any other philosopher, dead or alive, our vanity may be excusable if we claim some credit for its originality. It is nothing less than this: No man likes to be ruined, and would not be if he could help it. Now, operated on by this principle, those minor tradesmen when they saw ruin approaching, took measures to avert it. Those measures were of greater or of less wisdom according to the quantity of that material which they severally possessed; but, generally with them, temporizing—fighting against time—was the rule of conduct.

Venturing a bold comparison, we will say that an English man of business is, individually, *at the least*, as tender of his credit as the Americans, as a nation, show themselves to be of theirs; and he will sacrifice all, to the very last, in order to maintain it. When, therefore, either through his own mismanagement, or owing to adverse circumstances, he finds himself in difficulties, he will struggle on in the hope, however slender of overcoming them, rather than expose his condition to the world—and every one has a little world of his own—till, in the end, bad has become worse. Whether this be the wise course of proceeding is therefore more than doubtful; but it is almost invariably the case with an embarrassed man, of any rank or class, and more especially if he be also an honourable and a sensitive man, that he will continne the secret and soul-depressing struggle, hoping, and still hoping that something, however unlikely to occur in the common course of things, may present itself in his individual case to extricate him. After all, in a country essentially commercial like England, where credit is the mainspring of commerce; where the very life-blood of credit is punctuality of payment; and where failure in this latter respect involves loss of credit, and probable ruin; it is not much a matter of astonishment that men in business should sometimes have recourse to expedients and contrivances (questionable though they be) to prolong that credit upon which little short of their existence depends—for, as we have before said, no man likes to be ruined.

It has been recommended to those who find Time heavy on hand, to imp his wings with a promissory note, for which they foresee a very reasonable chance of their being unprovided at the expiration of its term: by this means the progress of the old gentleman is said to be accelerated amazingly. And so was it found to be by our small tradesmen. Ere the establishment of the all-grasping, all-devouring Quiddy in their neighbourhood had, by diminishing their business, reduced their gains, they could look forward unflinchingly to pay-day: *since* that untoward event, the two, three, or six months' date of their "promise to pay" seemed to be contracted to a span; and Time, instead of approaching as heretofore, at a sober, gentlemanlike pace, appeared to hurry towards them with a fifty-lamplighter power of speed. The period was a season of terror to them—of anxious days and sleepless

nights. Still were they doggedly bent upon not being ruined—if they could help it: so, to meet their approaching and pressing engagements, and thereby uphold their credit a little and a little longer, in the delusive hope that "things would take a favourable turn," they were compelled to sell their commodities, in sufficient quantities, for considerably less than it had cost to produce them; and Quiddy was always a sure and ready-money purchaser. And thus, one by one, were they enlightened by a practical solution of the great Quiddian riddle which had for so long a time baffled their conjectures: and thus did Quiddy, the Monster-Haberdasher of *his* day, swallow up all the small fry of haberdashery that came within his reach.

Now it is entirely away from our intention to amuse ourselves, and at the same time stupify the reader, by perpetrating a treatise on a branch of political economy; but we will ask one question:—

"Is the Quiddeian system of trade as it has here been explained—or, to speak out and speak truly, *exposed*—a wholesome system?"

Answer—by a Quiddeian:—

"Certainly it is. For although it is ruining and gradually sweeping away a large and respectable class of people, the industrious and contented shopkeepers of small capital, it serves to aggrandize and bloat with wealth, eight, ten, or a dozen, of us meritorious Quiddys: *ergo*, the system is a wholesome system."

"But one more question:—Does not the system *occasionally* offer facilities to frauds upon the manufac—?"

"Hush! I have told you that the system is beneficial to the Quiddys, and that answer ought to satisfy any reasonable inquirer."

"We are satisfied."

We think it not inexpedient in this place to recal attention to the words which occur just at the opening of our first chapter:—

"*Nothing* is a term sufficiently intelligible: were it otherwise, there be thousands who could explain it, with Johnsonian precision, by simply turning their pockets inside out. But we apprehend that *Sheer Industry* is not of so definite a signification, and that (at least in the cases we have mentioned) it must mean industry—and something more. As to what that something more may be, we may perhaps be somewhat enlightened by using the career of Phineas Quiddy as our lexicon."

To this end we have hitherto traced with some minuteness the progress of our hero, and in the same manner explained the means whereby he had converted *his* nothing into thirty good, substantial thousands of pounds. Having shown how the scrubby, selfish, low-minded, and low-principled shopboy had accomplished this wondrous transmutation, we might here take our leave of him: for since it is (to say the least of it) as obvious that "money will make money," as how from nothing may be made something; it may without further explanation be understood how Quiddy, with so broad a foundation of wealth to build upon, should have gone easily on, piling thousand upon thousand, until he had become one of the wealthiest men in the city. Unless, therefore, any circumstance worthy of particular notice should occur, we shall return to him no more in his money-manufactory, but just glance at his conduct in the new position to which wealth has entitled him to aspire.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON.

BY AN ETONIAN.

CHAP. I.

Rosalind.—A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; often to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques.—Yes, I have gained experience.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

CONSIDERING that many of my predecessors *in arte scribendi*, —or, in plain English, the art of scribbling—have usually thought proper to say something of themselves, as the proem of the *quid sequitur*, I propose to follow in the same beaten track. Newton, Milton, the Bard of Avon, all the worthies of olden times, nay, those exalted characters who have taken an airy flight from this world at Tyburn-tree and the more modern Golgotha, the Old Bailey, have all been celebrated by their biographers. My intention is, not to wait for posthumous fame, but to blow my own trumpet.

For the information then of those who honour these pages with a perusal, I shall briefly state my parentage; which though not encircled with the splendour of a coronet, and those flattering distinctions which the world generally attaches to the scions of nobility—though no eagle hovered over my cradle to augur future greatness—though no prophet foretold my exaltation to a prebendal stall, or some snug living (for I fear he would have been a lying prophet), still was my birth, as far as worldly consideration goes, somewhat above that of the common herd of mankind.

My father was a Proctor of Doctors' Commons, and was the lineal descendant of the renowned admiral,* who sooner than lead a life of inactivity when his country's battles were to be fought, entered into the service of the usurper Cromwell, and, as is well known, conquered Van Tromp in the celebrated engagement, in which the arrogant Dutchman lost his life.

My name it is needless to mention, for whatever Englishman knows it not by this time, must be little versed in the history of his native land. His father had been what in those days was termed, a *squire of high degree* (a character almost out of date in these degenerate days), and was possessed of considerable property

* An anecdote is extant among many others respecting him. When he obtained the command of the English fleet, he procured the command of a ship of war for one of his brothers, imagining that he had as much courage as himself; but in the first action, his brother deceived him, by showing the greatest cowardice, and keeping out of the reach of cannon-shot. He immediately sent him to England.

"I have deceived myself," said he to his officers; "my brother is not made for war: but if he cannot show face to the enemy on board a ship, he can at least be useful to his country at the tail of a plough."

He intrusted him with the cultivation of his estates, and left them to him when he died.

in Yorkshire: he was, moreover, the lord of two manors, near to Wallingford, in Berkshire; but from a system of great extravagance in his hunting and canine establishment, was compelled to dispose of the greater part of his *broad acres*, and in the general wreck (by persuading my father to join in cutting off the entail) the two manors had wings and flew away. The same unfortunate mania for spending money was inherited by my father, and again by his son, too truly verifying the old adage, "What is in the bone"—and from what I can understand, at the time of his marriage with my mother, he had scarcely anything else but his business as a Proctor; but *that*, owing to the few who then followed the profession, was attended with great emoluments, and united to that of his matrimonial dowery, enabled him to live in tolerable affluence.

The beautiful village of Upton in Buckinghamshire, situated somewhat more than a mile distant from our great storehouse of education—Eton College, *the great school*, the *protégé* of royalty —was the place of my nativity in the year 1791; my father renting a very pretty cottage *ornée* in the above retired village, where he might have said, in addition to the house, with Horace,

> Modus agri non ita magnus;
> Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
> Et paulum silvæ super his fuit.

An event of such importance occurring to the community at large, it was necessary that something remarkable should take place, which was nothing more nor less than the loss of the coachman's hat, in the urgency of his haste on one of the carriage-horses, to procure the attendance of the medical adviser of the family—Dr. Macqueen of Eton; as well as that of another circumstance which befel my most excellent father, in making the experiment of a nearer way than that of the common footpath, finding himself immersed nearly to his chin in one of the ditches which intervene between Upton and Eton. With these two untoward events, symbolical perhaps of those which have already overflown the writer of these lines, the birth of him who was to prolong the old admiral's race took place, and he has done it effectually.

The years of infancy passed off like those of most children, during which time I sustained the greatest loss which can befal a child, that of a beloved mother, and soon succeeded by the decease of an only brother, who was named after his ancestor. When I was considered of sufficient age to have Latin and Greek flogged into me, I was sent to the neighbouring village of Slough, to the especial care of a Mr. A——, or I might say with greater propriety, that of Mrs. A—— (as I went as a *sansculotte*), to undergo the drudgery as well to tutor as to pupil, of learning my A B C: from thence I removed with him to Langley Broom—no inappropriate name for its owner, who wielded the birch with a most powerful arm. If

flogging was an evidence in favour of his attention to his pupil's proficiency, no one could have been more solicitous, nor with greater justice have been termed the "Prince of Floggers," than the above-named pedagogue. He certainly brought his pupils forward, as well as acted upon them on the *reverse*: no drone would he willingly allow in "Langley Broom Academy for Young Gentlemen," eminently displayed as those letters were on a gibbet-shaped board, under which the entrance from the high road ran across the heath to the house of learning; and if there was one boy *dronishly* inclined, be assured that he had no *honeyed* life of it.

At eight years of age I was entered at Eton—that little world of life and happiness—and was placed as was then considered high for my years, in the *lower Greek*. At this time my father left Upton, and constantly made Doctors' Commons his place of residence for many years.

Though I lost the near neighbourhood of my father by his removal, still was it amply compensated by the kindness of my maternal grandfather, who resided at Ankerwyke House, only five miles distant from Windsor—not far distant from the Bells of Onslee, a romantic public-house, and directly opposite to the far-famed Runnymede. Upon the grounds attached to the venerable old mansion was a majestic yew-tree, under which, among the old inhabitants of the hamlet, the tradition was, that the celebrated signature of England's liberty—the Magna Charta—extorted from King John by the independent barons, was there signed by that hitherto tyrannical prince; and under whose boughs it was also said that another scene was acted, that of the courtship of the then gallant Henry with Anna Boleyn.

It certainly was one of the finest specimens of that almost antiquated species of tree, that is anywhere to be found in this country; and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was then supposed to have been used. How frequently in the holiday have I, together with my cousins, and perhaps a friend from Eton, whom with my grandfather's permission I had invited to pass a few days with us, given the old gardener the slip; and then, by placing our sentinels, have we received the peaches, and the various productions of a luxuriant garden, handed over to us by our confederates on the other side, and enjoyed a noble feast, seated on the branches of this noble tree. Here, ensconced among its foliage, we bade adieu to the cares of school, regardless of all except the present pleasure.

It sometimes escaped our usual foresight to erase certain footmarks which had been made in our depredations when crossing the borders; but as we had entered into a holy alliance and were nearly of a size, *nobody* did it, nobody knew anything about it; and unless the injustice of punishing all for the sake of finding out the guilty was used, we were tolerably sure of coming off clear. But we were *once* detected, and that in a most unlooked-for manner.

For several days we had, like the Indian chiefs, held a palaver, the intent of which was, how we should manage the exportation of a large bag of apples, which we had dislodged from sundry fine trees in the orchard, to our desks at college. At last it was finally resolved by the captain of our band, that we should go to one of my grandfather's tenants, and with his compliments beg the use of his taxed cart to convey us to school on the following day (the carriage being engaged elsewhere). Of course a ready assent was given, and we said that we would call in the morning for it. Having bribed the groom to drive us, and that very early in the morning, we soon reached our dames with the fruits of our purloining; so far all appeared to go on well, but by the sequel it proved otherwise; for as old Nick, or some other mischief-making fellow would have it, my grandfather unfortunately went to the parish-church of Wyraydisbury on the following Sunday.

At the expiration of the service, as he was the esquire of the place, the farmers and others waited to make their salaams to him in the churchyard, the usual resort of the village loungers, for a short period before and after the service. Among the number was our goodnatured taxed-cart-lending farmer, who after sundry remarks, doubtless as is generally the case with them on the wetness of the season, or the ruinous low price of corn, and hoping that his honour was well, blundered out that he was much pleased in being able to oblige him with the use of old Rose and the cart to take Master Henry, and the other young gentlemen, and the apples to school.

I afterwards understood that he heard the story of the apples and the cart with perfect composure apparently; for when excited by anything, and in this case there was just reason, he was generally what would be termed a violent man. But this calm was the precursor of a storm in what proved a *Red Sea* to us.

The truth soon flashed upon his mind; and it being a heinous offence—forgery of his name and abduction of the apples—a note was despatched to Dr. Langford, the head master of the lower school (which note was conveyed by the identical groom who drove us, and ignorant of its wrathful contents), requesting that we should be severely punished, which was as duly honoured by the accepter; for we made expiation for our offence on the block in the lower school, as is the case always when put in *the bill* by the assistants for neglect of the lessons, or any scholastic faults; then punishment inevitably follows.

Should I enumerate all the various tricks practised at home, they would lengthen out too much my "Recollections of Eton," or according to our clerical phrase, would be beyond the *limits of this discourse*; suffice it to say then, that an apprenticeship at Eton did not tend to diminish them.

A few words in this place as a description of Ankerwyke House, now levelled to the ground, may not be uninteresting. *Fuit Ilium.*

It was an ancient nunnery of vast extent, and approached from the village-road by a noble avenue of cedars and yew-trees, which imparted to it that gloom, which mostly environed the houses of the religious societies of those days of centuries back. To us boys an indescribable awe was excited in our minds, when traversing its long and shadowy chambers; and frequently even in mid-day have we dreaded to explore its upper rooms, where the refractory nuns were accustomed to be confined, and where the iron rings in the wall recalled to the mind the harrowing punishments which too often in those times were inflicted on the deluded inmates of monkish ignorance and barbarity. Not one of us younkers would have volunteered to have ascended to those upper rooms after nightfall without a light, on any account.

This foolish dread originated, I imagine, in a scheme of the servants, who to deter us boys from trespassing on their orgies in the servants' hall, used to give out that certain noises were heard at night—that chains rattled in the cellars, and that the ghosts of nuns, displaying their unearthly shapes were then to be seen. At any rate their desired object was gained: the great hall, and the long and dreary passage from thence to the servants' hall, were not traversed except by compulsion or mandate from the governor, and then with fear and trembling. With all this mixture of boyish fears, those days were the happiest; and though long gone by, and the place of them levelled to the ground by a new proprietor, an Indian nabob, whose estate adjoined, and who purchased the property when my grandfather left it; and though this venerable fabric was destroyed with almost sacrilegious hand; and the only reason given for this spoliation was, that an interesting ruin might be visible from his own (to our thinking gewgaw) modern mansion.

I mentioned the great hall, which was of course the entrance to the house, and situated between the dining and drawing-rooms, and was about forty feet long, with lofty stone windows, in several compartments of which were some beautifully-enriched specimens of painting; more particularly family arms, bishops and their croziers, and nuns praying to their ghostly fathers. It was often the scene of frolic to us, when a wet day would not allow us to have our sports externally—battledore and shuttlecock, leapfrog, in short, anything to while away the time, was enacted in the great hall.

From my grandfather's high official situation, of which more anon, he was frequently in the habit of receiving many presents, such as turtles, the finest Madeira, &c. Upon one particular occasion, a merchant of London, who had received great kindness from him in the time of the war, presented him with a pipe of very particular Madeira, which for the sake of convenience at the time of its arrival, was oddly enough deposited in one corner of the hall—no great ornament certainly (although I wish I could gratify my eyes with such a sight in my own house now)—still

there it was. Some few days after its arrival, a ball was given, but on what particular occasion, if any, I know not. But among the visiters, I well recollect the hero of Acre, Sir Sidney Smith, as well as the great vocalist of the day, the inimitable Dignum.

At the conclusion of the dancing, previous to supper, all went to that old English meal with the exception of Sir Sidney and us young Etonians; we were so delighted with his frank and sailor manners, that like burrs we stuck to him. His object in staying away from the supper-table was to have some fun; and sailor-like, when all were seated in the supper-room, he recalled the fiddlers, and having sent for the cook, scullion, maids, and all spare hands, hornpipes were introduced and kept up merrily, until a move began to take place among the more aristocratical part of the old nunnery guests.

While this display of the light fantastic toe, as well as heavy heel of the old cook was going forward in the drawing-room, we were not idle in the old hall; for having mounted the pipe of Madeira, we personified jolly young Bacchus to perfection. But in the midst of our fun (for we were rolling this said pipe backwards and forwards, considering no doubt that we were as effectual to its improvement as a voyage to the East Indies and back), what should greet our eyes—certainly not longing ones—but the opening of the door, and my grandfather preceded by the butler, escorting Lady A—— to the drawing-room. If our hair could have been transformed into porcupine's quills, the transformation would not have been tedious.

The pipe externally was a dead calm in a moment, whatever might be the internal commotion. We saw sufficiently from the lighting up of the old man's eyes that we were in the wrong box, and without waiting for any further explanation, we, like old foxes, stole away. In the morning, previous to my grandfather's appearance, he not being a very early riser, we obtained the ear of Sir Sidney, who willingly petitioned for us, and to our delight the storm blew over. A few words respecting my most excellent and generous grandfather. For some service performed for Admiral Keppell, united to an intimacy with the minister, William Pitt, he had obtained the lucrative situation of Marshal of the High Court of Admiralty, a situation which in the time of war produced upwards of twenty thousand pounds per annum. As I had the good fortune to be his favourite grandson, I frequently experienced the fruits of it. He it was that sent me to Eton, and was at the sole expense of my education. Many of my schoolfellows may recollect, and at that time with no small feelings of envy, when his carriage, with two beautiful black horses (and sometimes four) was drawn up at Barnspool-bridge, adjoining my dame's, on a Saturday afternoon, to take me home to Ankerwyke; and when, perhaps, on the Monday morning following driven by the groom in the chaise, with the old long-tailed gray, I made my appearance previous to eight o'clock school, laden with a basket of fruit, and an accompanying present

of sweetmeats from the aged housekeeper, with whom I always made it a rule to be on the best of terms. In short, in such favour was I with the old lady, that, as I advanced in school, I seldom found my trunk, on returning from the holidays, unoccupied with sundry bottles of wine, the discussion of which of an *after four* was no disagreeable affair.

Attached to the old house was a very large wood, tenanted by a noisy republic of rooks, not one of which would my grandfather, on any account whatever, permit to be destroyed. They seemed to be the presiding deities of the place. It was the source of much delight in the stillness of a summer's evening to observe the sable cloud winging their airy flight from a distance to the well-known *seats* of their ancestors, sated with their excursions on the farmer's corn-fields. Previous to retiring to roost, the sound was absolutely deafening to the ears of any stranger; battle after battle was waged, some more fortunate or earlier arriver at home having possessed himself of some favourite branch, till at length as the sun began to sink into the west, so did their ruffled tempers subside into a calm, though now and then interrupted by a solitary *caw*, indicating the too near neighbourhood of a brother rook.

In front of the house was a most beautiful lawn, separated by a field from the majestic Thames, at the extremity of which a tall flagstaff was erected, on which the jack of Great Britain waved, indicating to the neighbourhood, like that of his royal master, George III. at Windsor, that its owner was in *residence*, and which was always lowered on his departure for London.

Chap. II.

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
Magnus his ample front sublime uprears.
Placed on his chair of state he seems a god,
While sophs and freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunders shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools.

Byron.

It will not now perhaps be amiss in this place, nor void of interest to many who were participators in them, to relate a few of the pastimes with which our vacant hours were employed, interlarded with some of the devices which found their origin in the brains of the Etonians. Two-and-thirty years have now elapsed (truly I may say *more fluentis aquæ*) since my resignation came; though it is, more properly speaking, the resignation of a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge: a day most anxiously looked for, when the boy leaves his nursing mother, Eton, and puts on the *toga virilis* at Cambridge. Still many things are as fresh in my mind's eye as if acted but yesterday. The impression made

on the youthful mind is seldom effaced by time or distance. My Eton recollections carry me back to the day of my initiation at my Dame's, when having dried up my tears on leaving my kind patron, and after having been presented to the head-master of the lower school, Dr. Langford, I was entered as an Etonian. A new comer was soon found out, and as soon was I encompassed by a crowd of boys, supposing that on my *first* entrance I had *plenty* of cash: which like a recruit's bounty-money, soon found *plenty* of customers. One thought I might as well use it for his benefit, with old Mrs. Carter and her cake basket at the corner of the school for *Soc.* Another thought that old mother *Bo* had some excellent tarts—*Bo* being an abbreviation for Bovingdon, who went by the very inelegant name of *Gravy Eye*, solely from having an eye which was over watery. At any rate her tarts were very good, and held in great esteem, and she was not very importunate in dunning for her bills after the holidays, a very saving quality in an Eton shopkeeper. In a short space of time, after having *bled* pretty freely, I recollect one of the upper boys at my Dame's asked me my name and surname. Having been previously instructed by some *kind* friend, I said, "*Pudding and tame, ask my Dame, and she will tell you the same,*" which was immediately answered by him with a tremendous box on the ear. I was then highly honoured by the mandate, "Well, sir, you shall be my fag. What are you staring at, you stupid ass? You will have to get my rolls and butter from mother Coker's (a well-known name to all old Etonians). You begin to-morrow morning, mind sir; and see that my clothes and shoes are properly cleaned." I was well aware beforehand that to *kick* would be of no benefit, and therefore I submitted witha good grace, and from being a tolerably active, and not sulky disposition, I soon met with kindness, and even indulgence from my *boy*master, he fagging others to save me. Consider me now on the morning of the next day, with my new books all fresh from the bookseller's, (destined not long to remain so) with all my thoughts of home still lingering on my mind, making my *entrée* in the lower school, where in awful grandeur its superior ruler had just taken his seat. To me the vision of a cauliflower wig was almost, if not quite, a perfect novelty. In addition to the awful dignity of the wig and its wearer, the often-tried block near to the master's right hand met my sight, greeting one with whom within a very few days an acquaintanceship was to take place. In short, so very sudden was our intimacy to have begun, that had it not been for the usual indulgence granted to those who incur the displeasure of the master, that very day would have seen me kneeling as a culprit. The case was this, and a hard case it was: As I was sitting at the end of a form, the boy next to me said, "That fellow at the other end has been laughing at your *red* collar, send this piece of orange-peel at his head."

I, not thinking much about it, and irate at the idea of a boy ridiculing my smart jacket, dismissed the orange missile, but with so bad an aim, that it went close to the awe-inspiring wig of the

head-master. Upon being questioned who had done it, and after having been nudged by the prompter of the act to say, "*I did it, sir,*" at the same time looking at me, as much as to say (as well as to inform the master) *you did it*, I directly said, "*I did it, sir,*" upon which I was ordered up for punishment. All necessary habiliments being removed, and kneeling on the block, while two boys stood behind it, holding my arms and clothes, and grinning all the time, I awaited the fatal stroke, when one of them said to me, "Say it is your *first fault*," which I immediately did. The birch instantly fell from its upraised posture, and I was quickly returned to my place on the form. As soon as school was over I challenged the boy to fight me for the trick he played upon me, and repairing to the playing fields, with my heart all but leaping out of my mouth, I set-to with my antagonist, and, although the challenger, in the very first round, from a most untoward blow on my mouth, I ran off, saying that I had gotten a very bad toothach. So much for the first day of entering school—so much for my *first fault* through another's means, and so much for losing my first battle.

I was entered in the lower Greek, as I before said, which was considered very high for my years, only eight, and consequently was under the particular superintendence of the head-master. With all the solemn dignity attached to the cauliflower, it would frequently be the exciter of a titter among those who viewed its variations. Sometimes in the heat of explaining or castigation, or some other cause, this identical wig would get displaced, and instead of the frontal part being directly on a parallel with that part of the human form commonly called the nose, it would perhaps be paying its devoirs to one of the eyes, and then the effect was truly ludicrous.

I was now become a regular Etonian, up to anything. I recollect the first *liberty* I got was from the present head-master of the lower school. As I made my *entrée* with a blue jacket and a red collar, from some little whim of my grandfather, owing to its being the same as the Windsor uniform, I was christened *Black B—, with a blue coat and a red cape.*

As to hunting small birds in the hedges with leaded sticks, leaping the *common* ditch, giving a duck a slight poke on the head with a stone, making old Pocock the farmer at the corner of Cutthroat-lane sometimes minus a few eggs, amassing almost a little fortune by boss and marbles in the school-yard, upper and lower fives, ringing or knocking at the dames' houses on our return from five o'clock school to our own dames, taking advantage of a dark night of course for our rather hazardous freak, in all these, *cum multis aliis*, I had become *au fait*—a regular professor.

On one particular evening, how well do I recollect being caught as completely as if I had put my foot into a man-trap. Being at my old sport, one very dark night, I placed my hand as usual to have a knock and a run at old Mrs. Hexter's, when lo! to my utter dismay, just as my hand was about to claim old acquaintanceship

with the cold iron, I found myself pulled into the hall with no slight force, and from thence very quietly escorted to the parlour, for an optical scrutiny of my dreadfully alarmed features by the aid of a candle, where I soon found, to my annoyance, that my captor, or captress, was the dame herself, a large powerful woman, and followed by her bodyguard, the cook and chambermaid, to witness my capture as well as discomfiture. In this durance vile I cannot compare myself in any better simile than to that of a shrimp in the claws of a lobster. After a severe lecture, admonitory of the future, a promise on my part never to do so again (though with the full determination to take my revenge on the first opportunity), and having propitiated the good old lady by going down on my *marrows*, I was released from my temporary imprisonment. With all my spirit of revenge during the time of my incarceration, I never could screw up courage to knock at the door again—therefore I was as good as my word—I kept my promise.

The mention of dames recals to my mind a little affair which was very annoying at the time to one of them, a Mrs. * * *, who lived not very far from the Christopher. She was what is termed a regular pincher, an *Elwesian* lady, and such not being relishd by the boys who were under her care, they determined to *brozier* her, —an Eton phrase for eating up every morsel of the dinner,—and according to the language at Cambridge, preached a *clearum*.* It was soon accomplished, and the old lady, finding that all her scanty store had vanished, was compelled to send for a supply of chops to make up the deficiency. But that would not do. More was called for, and though often told, "Sir, you have not picked your bones clean," it would not do. The consequence of this broziering act was, that her patience was exhausted, and she laid a complaint before Dr. Heath, our respected head-master of the upper school, who, I presume from a previous knowledge of her parsimonious character, only lectured the gourmandising culprits, and omitted the punishment due to them from having fallen under the old lady's displeasure. This was the only instance in which I can recollect castigation not following on the heels of complaint.

They certainly were rare eaters, as a boy once construed in school *tempus edax rerum—time is a rare eater*. At any rate it is a very unjust thing to stint the boys in regard to plenty of wholesome food, as the dames are well paid for their sustenance, and in a few years are enabled, by prudence without parsimony, to amass a sufficiency to retire in comfort. In short, from the general respectability of the ladies who superintend the boarding-houses at Eton, such a thing seldom occurs. I think I may state that Mrs. * * * was almost a solitary instance in that particular. At my own dame's, the excellent Mrs. Hunter's, we fared remarkably well. On the Sunday our usual dinner was a boiled round of beef, roasted chickens, and plum puddings, and I do not recollect that it was ever varied in any respect.

* A Latin sermon previous to taking a Doctor's degree.

A STRANGE PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES WELFORD, ESQ.

Chap. VI.

En quittant ce qu'on tient, on est souvent déçu.
THEATRE ITALIEN.

The world will scarce believe it, but certain private friends of ours, trespassing rather too far upon the privileges of their intimacy, have ventured to call in question the credibility of this our veracious history. Most persons who have lived any time in the world, must have had a sufficient share of that particular variety of the genus friend, which is qualified by the epithet of "d—d goodnatured," to form some notions of what the race are capable; and those, more particularly, who have dabbled in printing-ink, must know that they are the very hotbeds of felonious criticism. No author, therefore, of the slightest experience will expose his MSS. to *ame qui vive*, before publication, well knowing the intolerable nature of the flood of friendly hints, kindly suggestions, and well-meant advices, with which such imprudent exposures are uniformly attended. All our experience, however, had not prepared us for the *outrecuidance* of the self-sufficient *friends*, who in their ignorance have ventured thus to touch us in our tenderest point. The main fact of our narrative, forsooth, is impossible; no man could live under a double identity: there is no room for two on the pineal gland, and our hypothesis therefore is at war with every principle of metaphysical truth; "ay marry, and profane too"—the sciolists! the coxcombs!

From such insinuations we appeal to our own readers—to the readers of the *New Monthly*. They will acknowledge that nothing is more common to humanity than a double identity. Does not every man that breathes, live under the influence of two principles. In the words of Pope,

> Two principles in human nature reign,
> Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain.*

Or, as Swift more familiarly expresses it, the flesh and the spirit are engaged through life in a ceaseless game of leapfrog, now one uppermost, and now the other;—with this only difference, that the flesh when it is uppermost is exceedingly prone to be tyrannical, and "rides with a huge pair of Ripon spurs" (which, by the by, may have had some-

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* Dobson's elegant translation of this passage happening to be under our eye, we cannot resist giving it to the reader:

> Vis gemina humano regnat sub pectore, Calcar,
> Cuique sui dat amor, Ratioque adjungit habenas.
> Munus habet: ciet una, attemperat altera mollis:
> Utque suas pejus meliusve obit utraque partes,
> Hinc bona proveniunt, fons ducitur inde malorum.

See SPENCE'S ANECDOTES, *Appendix.*

thing to do with the recent appointment of a bishop, especially charged to take care of that town and its vicinity).

Again, we have an apt instance of duality, in the distinction so frequently drawn between the public and the private man. It is a received axiom, that the public half of a minister or member of parliament may be insulted with every offensive and degrading imputation, without giving the slightest tarnish to the honour of the private half:—which would be utterly absurd, if the two were not under the governance of separate independent living principles, each respectively irresponsible for the actions of the other.

In the lawyer also we have a manifest duality; his professional honour and honesty being very different things from the honour and honesty which are merely personal. Nay, when he puts on his wig and his gown, he shifts altogether his identity, and becomes mixed up with his client, as perfectly and entirely as Welford was with the unlucky Marquis.

Lastly, and not to wear the matter to rags, we have the familiar case of the androgynous union of souls coupled in matrimony. If a bachelor be justly characterized as a single man, the victim of wedlock must be a double man, though language has not yet so qualified him. The wicked wits, it is true, aver that when the soul of the wife prevails, the spirit of the man is exorcised and expelled; and that all husbands might avail themselves of the excuse of Adam, saying after him, *fœmina quam dedisti mihi dedit, et comedi.** But what will not a wit advance to carry his jest? A wife's back may be sometimes turned; and the veriest Jerry Sneak that ever lived, when he gets to the alehouse, knows that he has a soul which he can call his own; and is ready to cry with the ghost-ridden Macbeth,

Why so, being gone, I am a man again.

As to any imputed contradictions to metaphysical principles, we care not for our critical friends; and we confidently ask them when they ever heard of such a thing as a metaphysical principle, that possessed as much claim on their conviction, as would warrant its being set up as an authority against the least plausible of assertions. "I like him the better for being a dancing-master," says Justice Woodcock of his son-in-law; and so we say, if our action be hostile to any metaphysical axiom, we think all the better of it for its hostility.

But it is very good of us to stand thus arguing the matter, in a case independent of all argument; for after all, *non meus hic sermo*, the adventure is none of our invention, "we tell the tale, as 'twas told to us," and are not bound to find all the world in a saving faith. The fact of the case is, that Welford is our authority, and we cannot conceive how any critic can presume to know more of the matter than the man himself: we can, moreover, pledge ourselves for that gentleman's habitual truthfulness, although he *has* studied at the Temple; and we might indeed go bail for every word he told us, if the matter required any pecuniary warranty. "*Croyez le si voulez; si ne voulez, allez y voir,*" *messieurs mes amis*: and so let us proceed with our tale.

The Marquis of ——— was decidedly wrong in giving way, as he did,

* See Burnet's Archæologia.

to petulance, in his interview with the money-lender; for even if he had to deal with a man less susceptible than Holdfast, such petulance must have cost a pretty sum in the way of additional premium; besides, it was contrary to all precedent. In every transaction of life, it is a rule that the wider a disagreement becomes between the high contracting parties, the more solemn must be the asseverations of consideration and respect of their several protocols. In the Marquis's case, the indiscretion was the greater, because it had both a perspective and a retrospective consequence. It not only cut off the supplies for the future, but involved also the double trouble (as Falstaff wisely calls it) of refunding.

When the young man talked so confidently of a payment on the morrow, did it enter into his calculation that the money could only be raised at so short a notice by means of the noble Duke's, his father's, endorsement; and that his actual relations of amity with His Grace, were no guarantees for a ready consent in that quarter? There was indeed, at the time, a man very well known on town, who did a good deal of business in the desperate line, and who advanced money in cases far more unpromising than that of the Marquis; but then, as the Marquis was among those who eventually do pay, and therefore are made to pay not only their own debt, but that of some hopelessly bad customer also, the usury was dreadful to think of. Besides, this was his first appearance in that character, and he shrank from the disgrace of dealing with a known and disreputable usurer.

Heavily, then, did he repent the hasty engagement he had made, if that would have been of any avail; but whatever other merits repentance may possess, it is in general too much of a slow-coach virtue, to be very effectual in "mending matters." It may do a deal of good to the subject, but the accidents it is in the habit of leaving pretty much where they were.

It did not abate the bitterness of this disappointment, that the Marquis had seen the new Welford in the act of receiving money; for though use had already given a decided preponderance to the aristocratic over the plebeian animating principle, insomuch that it was beginning to usurp an exclusive influence over the thoughts and actions of the transformed youth, and to lead him to regard the eidolon (or whatever it was that moved and looked a living Welford) with the indifference of an ordinary personage, yet that mysterious being could not actually appear on the stage (if we may so speak) without exciting some recollections connected with the change.

At such moments, the Welford half of the partnership *would* make its presence felt. For an instant, therefore, when the absorbing interest of the altercation was beginning to subside, the Marquis found leisure to acknowledge, that a love of rank and wealth had occasioned the metamorphosis he had undergone, with all its consequences, and to feel how completely the result had disappointed expectation: he envied and almost hated the new Welford, as Welford had once envied the Marquis, for his good fortune: and he heartily wished the devil, or whatever it was that had worked so miraculous a change, *at* the devil, for his officious obedience to an idle and unconsidered aspiration.

The young man then, thus harassed and mortified, returned homewards in what, by a *lucus à non lucendo*, is called "a very pretty tem-

per:" and in truth it might well irritate a man of his expectations to be refused a little ready money. In this credit-giving and speculating land, if to get into debt is the *facilis descensus averni* of the poorest devils, it is, *à fortiori*, to the heir of a rich duke a regular railroad concern; and we doubt not that in stating this point of our history, we draw more largely on the credulity of the "knowing," than if we had crammed into our hero's body as many souls as it is said there may be angels dancing on the point of a needle. All we can plead in favour of our veracity is, that the true is not always the probable, and we admit that this particular truth is doubly suspicious.

Unused, then, to the absolute want of money, the Marquis was at war with himself and with all mankind. Preoccupied, therefore, with the world within himself, he was not aware of how or where he was driving,—until he was aroused from his reverie and recalled to attention by the loud yelping of a dog, which had contrived to get between his horse's legs, and had nearly thrown the animal on his knees. As it happened, however, the dog alone was thrown; and before he could recover his legs, the wheel had passed over his tail, which, as Lord Foppington says, "put him to most exquisite torture." If this had happened to any human being from among the English million, he would probably have been more than half consoled on beholding the coronet painted on the offending vehicle; if he were not indeed rather pleased than offended at a circumstance which brought him into contact with a lord, while it assured him pecuniary remuneration for the accident. But a dog, who, you know, is only an irrational animal, has no such philosophy in his composition; and so he resented the injury by a most unsophisticated yowl.

It is one of the benefits of taking your dog into the streets of London, that it affords frequent occasions for those comfortable quarrels so congenial to the disposition of your sulky, fire-eating Englishman, and such was the owner of the dog in question,—a major in the army, of considerable fighting notoriety. To take act and part with his dog was this gentleman's immediate impulse; and the wound in his dog's tail of course produced a sympathetic injury to the master's honour, only to be healed by a walk "upon the daisies." The altercation between the parties was short but sharp; and it ended in an exchange of cards preparatory to an immediate meeting. The gentlemen then separated with the customary polite bow, *de part et d'autre*.

Here was another striking instance of the gregarious tendency of misfortunes; but *à quelque chose malheur est bon*. If the Marquis was to be shot on the following morning, he could not be called on to settle with Mr. Holdfast at noon, nor to read in the evening papers his own case of *crim. con.* done into ridicule by the penny-a-liners, for the edification of "all those whom it might [not] concern." At all events, there was something like relief in the change of annoyance, and the poor man was rather composed than disturbed by the circumstance. Resuming, therefore, his reins, he, after a moment's reflection, turned his horse's head towards the residence of Lord B——.

It was now just the high change hour for London visiting; cabs and led saddle-horses were paraded before the houses of reigning beauties, and roomy coaches, with fat cattle and fatter coachmen, slept at the doors of dowager dignities. On the sunny side of the squares, striped

awnings flaunted in the wind, and on every side the balconies breathed all Araby from their well-filled mignionette-boxes. At Lord B——'s doors, however, there were none of these tokens; no dowagers' carriages obstructed the pavement, and the awnings reposed in their cases over the closed windows, while the porter, with a couple of livery servants in their undress jackets, were discussing a newspaper at the open door:—all things which bespoke the absence of the family, to any observer not too much preoccupied to notice such signs of the times. The Marquïs, however, was not of these, and he dashed to the curb-stone like one certain of instant admission. He was, therefore, himself not a little pulled up by the "not in town" which arrested him in his descent.

"Not in town, Harris?" was his lordship's interjectional reply; "when did they go?"

"This morning, my lord;—rather unexpectedly I think, for there was no word of leaving home yesterday, and my lord sent for posthorses only this morning at breakfast."

"Any message left for inquirers?" asked the Marquis.

"None, my lord."

"When do they return?"

"Can't say, my lord."

"No letter or message for me?" was on the tip of the Marquis's lip; but he was too habitually on his guard against "a show up" before domestics, to give the thought further vent; so leaving it to time to clear up the mystification, he returned towards home at a slow and deliberate pace; not acknowledging the salutes he received by the way for that most sufficient of all possible reasons, because he did not observe them.

"Yes, yes," he at length soliloquised, "it's all plain enough. This business with the attorney has got wind sooner than I expected, and they've taken Leonora out of the way; though, on second thoughts, perhaps, it's more probably a mere huff at my stupid neglect of the proprieties, of which my lady has doubtless made a formal complaint to the Duke, bringing down on me this morning's letter of remonstrance."

The doubt thus raised, again made the Marquis attentive to externals; and he sought in the countenance of his acquaintance as they passed, for indications of their possible knowledge of the pending divorce. He might as well have left it alone, for his lordship's friends were of too high-bred a class to betray any such knowledge to him, had they possessed it. The matter, indeed, was too commonplace for comment, even if their intimacy was sufficient to warrant the touching on so delicate a subject. The Marquis, therefore, arrived at home with his anxiety unsatisfied and unabated.

On entering the hall, he was met by his own valet, who, in presenting to him two letters, took occasion to request him to step for a moment into an adjoining apartment, before he proceeded further. Mechanically obeying an invitation, which under ordinary circumstances would have provoked a sharp interrogatory as to its cause, the Marquis broke open the seal of the first letter that presented itself, as he followed his valet. The epistle was from an entire stranger, a Captain Wildfire,

and dated from the United Service. It was the usual communication, enclosing a formal introduction from the asserter of the dog's wounded tail, of his friend the captain, and requesting on the part of that gentleman an early reference to his lordship's *friend*, for the friendly purpose of making arrangements for the approaching duel. It concluded by observing that as his principal must leave England to-morrow to join his regiment, he, the captain, would have the honour of remaining at home till nine o'clock to receive his lordship's communication.

The next letter was from the Duke, announcing his intention of returning to town that day to dinner, and desiring that he might be honoured with five minutes' conversation with his son, as early in the course of the evening as convenient. It enclosed another letter, addressed by Lord B—— to the Duke, requiring an immediate explanation of the Marquis's prolonged absence from B—— House, and stating the writer's intention of removing his family to the continent, unless matters were satisfactorily explained, and the proposed marriage brought to a speedy conclusion.

During the perusal of these letters, the valet had remained at a respectful distance, waiting the moment when his master should be at leisure to afford him the *mollia tempora fandi*. That he had something important to communicate, his master, he thought, must infer from the very unusual fact of his presuming to detain him in his progress to his own apartments. But the Marquis was so wholly absorbed, that he neither was aware of the continued presence of the valet, nor gave a thought to the exact room he himself might happen to occupy at the moment. Annoying and vexatious as were the circumstances in which he was involved, he was less dispirited by their accumulation, than embarrassed by their jarring claims on his immediate attention. The rencounter would admit of no delay. He had his "friend" to select and to seek, and in an hour's time the object of his preference, whoever that might be, would have left home for dinner, and be irrecoverably lost till long after Wildfire's peremptory nine o'clock. On the other hand, his habits of deference towards the Duke, his father, and his knowledge of that nobleman's austere and dignified *hauteur*, forbad the thought of so grave an offence as the slighting his appointment. He was yet also without ready money to meet engagements of honour, which must be settled at Crockford's on that evening, and he had his own attorney to consult about Holdfast's affair for the morning.

Mechanically turning towards the window, as he debated the immediate course he must pursue, he was running over in his mind the readiest person to select for despatching with the requisite haste the business of the duel, when he observed from the window the Duke riding slowly up to the house. His Grace was in the act of descending from his horse, and of giving it to the groom, apparently with some directions which detained him for an instant at the curbstone; in the brief interval which thus elapsed, a hackney-coach drew short up, nearly upsetting the horses and the attendant groom on the person of the astonished nobleman. Before jarvey could descend to officiate at the portal, the door was pushed open from within, and forth bounded, with unwonted agility and eagerness, no less a personage than the injured husband of the frail and tender Caroline. If his descent was uncere-

monious, still less so was the unapologizing haste with which he seized the stiff old Duke by the button, and claimed his instant attention to griefs, which it required no great stretch of fancy on the part of the Marquis to anticipate.

To the peer his father, the communication was evidently less intelligible; *obstupuit, steteruntque comæ*, would be too cold an expression for the unmixed and unutterable surprise which overspread his whole countenance and bearing;—a surprise so intense as to be absolutely *naïve*.

The Duke was (for one of his cast and condition) a man of an enlarged comprehension; and without being exactly a Laplace, he could take in hypotheses of much complexity and range. As a member of the cabinet, he was accustomed to calculate with effect the many contingencies that might turn up in the combinations of European diplomacy. As a debater, he successfully anticipated every imaginable phasis that might be given to the evening's discussion, and was ever ready with his reply. But that any man should dare to accost him uninvited, to take forcible possession of his arm, and enter into a protracted and a passionate conversation with him in the street, had never for an instant entered into his chapter of possibilities: still more, that such a man should arise in the person of an attorney—the occupant of a hackney-coach—was a perfect mystification, only to be compared to the feats of the Extatica herself.

This first expression of astonishment was, however, as transient as it was unmistakable. The cold, calm, distant loftiness in which it promptly subsided, was as promptly succeeded by every token of anger and even of rage. The eyes flashed fire, and the flushed countenance shone as if burnished in the golden sunlight; till suddenly turning to a deadly pallor, as the attorney's narrative proceeded, the old man staggered towards the hall, audibly exclaiming, "Here!—in my house!!—under my roof!!!—impossible! You shall, however, be satisfied, sir; come in and follow me."

The Duke and his invited passed together through the hall, and mounted the great staircase; when the Marquis, no longer spell-bound to the window, turned away, and encountered the staring features of his valet, who scarcely less astonished than his master, had infinitely less command of countenance to conceal his emotions.

"O my lord, my lord!" he exclaimed in undissembled consternation.

"What is the meaning of all this?" returned his master, "and why did you bring me here?"

"Oh dear, it's not my fault, thank God! but it's all about the lady, I'm certain sure it is."

"What lady?"

"The lady who came here half an hour ago, and insisted on seeing your lordship."

"Seeing me? Well, I was not at home, and she is gone, I suppose? Who was she, and what did she want?"

The Marquis, like *Hubert* in the play, was not "wont to be so dull," but at that moment he wanted the will, still more than the power, of rapid and certain inference.

"I don't know who she is, my lord," replied the man. "All I know

is, that she told the porter she was here by your lordship's desire—at your appointment, and that she *must* await your return."

"Great God, 'tis as I feared; 'tis Caroline, who has fled from her home and come here; perhaps, too, on her husband's villanous suggestion. You didn't let her stay, I hope?"

"I was not in the way, my lord, and Edward showed her up to your lordship's dressing-room, where she now is. It was about that I wished to speak to you, before you went upstairs.

Among the many novelties which grace the literature of the present day, is an original observation about the one drop which overflows the cup; a drop which usually falls into it about the "eleventh hour" of its filling. Now the lady's love-passage from Bloomsbury to —— House was that "celebrated" drop; and the Marquis's cup of bitterness overflowed with such a splash, that it completely overpowered him. Uttering a very theatrical "d—nation" (Heaven forgive him), he snatched up his hat, and bolting into the street, very fairly took to his heels, as fast as those heels could carry him.

Chap. VII.

Good life be now my task, my doubts are done.
Dryden.

It was not dignified—it was not aristocratic—it was scarcely gentlemanly thus to "break out into a gallop;" but after all, lords *are* human, and humanity *will* err. Had the Marquis's flight from —— House been witnessed by any one above the condition of the muffin-man and potboy, who happened to be passing at the time, besides the volumes of scandalous comment it would have excited in every club from Crockford's and White's to the Garrick, it would have been a decided loss of caste. Fortunately, nobody that was anybody did witness it; and *de non apparentibus*—you know the rest.

On turning the corner of the square, the noble lord slackened his somewhat too plebeian hurry, and (in the language of the mathematicians) suffered his pace to become slower in the duplicate ratio of his increasing distance from the point of departure. But it was not till after a long and devious course through street and square, that he succeeded in resuming his self-possession and his breath; and the town was beginning to leave the parks, and the streets to thin, when his ears were saluted by the stunning tantararara of the newsman's horn (for the act against petty nuisances had not yet passed; and boys still trundled their hoops unmolested, dogs drew their own provender unrebuked, while the church-bell had not then the monopoly of tintinnabulary announcement). These ear-splitting blasts were intermingled with confused vociferations of something that went to the tune of "Great, important, and bloody news," alternating from both sides of the gutter, in a duet between two copartner performers.

Whether the news thus promulgated were the downfal of the Chinese empire, or the accomplishment of Mr. O'Connell's long-threatened repeal of the union, the excited young man would not have paused to collect, nor indeed did he waste one single thought on the matter; but

on approaching the scene of action, he could not shut his eyes to a large sheet of paper, which was borne "all round my hat" by the principal newsvender. Upon it was written in very legible characters, "Crim. Con.—Noble Marquis and Member of the Devil's Own, not far from Lincoln's-inn:"—the work either of the scheming attorney himself, or a practical joke of some political opponent.

On receiving into his innermost senses the import of the inscription thus addressed to his eyes, the startled Marquis was again driven from the "even tenour of his way." In the course of his flight from the chapter of accidents which had awaited him in his father's mansion, he had mentally reviewed their import, and satisfied himself as to the immediate exigencies to which they would give rise. He was therefore already on his way to seek, in some one of the many clubs of which he was a member, for the friend in need who was to pilot him through his affair of honour. Let not our fairer readers be shocked if we add,—and at the same time to get his dinner. The Marquis was, on the whole, a man of sentiment; and what is more, as much open to annoyance as any other spoiled child of fortune: but let what will happen, a man must dine; and when that man has been brought up in the *nil admirari* school of high aristocratic indifference, he would rather choke than show up the suspicion of a weakness.

The "untoward" revelation of the evening papers, however, shook even his constancy; and he had not nerve to face the scrutinizing gaze of the dinner-room. The thought of what he must there encounter, gave a new current to his movements; and he turned abruptly to seek a neighbouring shooting-gallery, and to blow out his brains,—the usual resort of high-spirited young gentlemen, in moments of difficulty, and trial far less disagreeable than those by which the Marquis was now oppressed,—though, fortunately, the idea is not quite so often followed up to its consummation. In the present case, to be sure, the deed might be considered less excusable, inasmuch as the party was not warranted in taking so great a liberty with a person which he could scarcely call his own; but then the Marquis had latterly thought much less frequently of his dubious identity: besides, men are not apt at such a time to be nice on minor points of morality. Excusable, however, or not, bang would have gone the pistol, had it not occurred that Captain Wildfire was making preparations for saving the trouble of suicide; and men of fashion, as we have already hinted, hate trouble of all sorts. Sobered somewhat by this recollection, the Marquis left the shooting-gallery to its uninterrupted solitude, and sought a coffee-house for the purpose of penning a note to his intended second, begging him to hasten to Wildfire's appointment, and to proceed at ten o'clock to a certain obscure hotel he named, in order to report progress. This note despatched by a ticket-porter, he again quitted the house. He had made up his mind not to return to his father's till the duel had "come off;" and to pass the interim at the hotel in question, as a place least likely to give occasion to any unwelcome intrusion.

This being decided, his next step was to seek the residence of the usurer, whom we have already mentioned,—a fellow known to the whole world of fashion by the sobriquet of the Jew Tinman, bestowed upon him on account of his readiness in advancing the current coin, at the shortest moment, to all on whom he could in any remote degree rely

for ultimate payment. To be caught in the fact, at this man's door, however useful, was not exactly agreeable; and it was with feelings of double annoyance that the Marquis, on reaching it, heard a well-known voice hailing him from the window of a yellow chariot, and calling loudly on the coachman to stop.

"Draw up, coachman, quick—stop, Alfred, stop," cried a very elderly but very lively old lady; "open the door, John, and do you come here, Alfred, like a dear. Nay, you needn't bolt. I want you most particularly, and the Tinman will keep till to-morrow, I suppose. There, that will do—shut the door and drive on."

"But, my dear madam," replied the Marquis, on entering the carriage (very much bored, though not a little relieved by the interruption that withdrew him for an instant from the host of annoyances which were gathering thick around him), "I am just now most particularly engaged, and have an appointment which—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the petulant lady, "you fine men always have; but I'm not going to take possession of you for the day. I'm in for a lark, and want your arm. Five minutes, and you are free —and here we are, by the by. Now give me safe conduct into this temple of mystery, and then, if you are bored, off and away."

The carriage drew up at a house of very ordinary appearance, in a street of no great pretension. "Alfred" gave his arm to his vivacious *protégée;* and they ascended together one of those dirty, ragged-carpeted stairs, which usually distinguish the third-rate lodging houses of imperial London. The next moment he found himself in a crowded room, and was hustled into the centre of a miscellaneous group by his active and enterprising companion.

The apartment was of the smallest dimensions; but though the day had been unusually hot, no open window mitigated the oppressive closeness. Notwithstanding the large assemblage, a dead silence prevailed, and every face was fixed on a foreign-looking personage, with a countenance calm, though sly,—a demeanour imposing and grave—and an eye dark, brilliant, and fascinating, almost as the serpent's. His discourse, or whatever else he had been about, had been suspended by the entrance of the new arrivals; but the impression that he had made on his auditors remained unaltered and unabated. In the crowd there was a large preponderance of females, with faces strongly marked by curiosity, mixed with much hysterical alarm. Of the men, some looked mystified, and some only stupid: while here and there might be seen a countenance expressive of much disgust and indignation. In the middle stood a pale-faced, sickly girl of some fourteen perhaps, with an earnest physiognomy, not however wholly free from traces of childish *espiéglerie.* Her eye followed the lecturer's every movement, as if awaiting some signal.

The Marquis, forgetting his impatience in the strangeness of the scene, did not avail himself at once of his permission to retire. But before he could well take account of what was passing around, an headach, which had gradually stolen over him, though as yet scarcely noticed amidst the rapidity of his movements and thoughts, became, on his sudden change from the open air, so intensely painful, as to impede all consecutive thought. He had fasted since morning, and was weak and exhausted. Sick, therefore, and faint, the room seeming to turn

before his eyes, he made an effort to escape; but before he could effect his purpose, he sank, with a deep sigh, senseless and motionless to the floor.

How long the Marquis remained deprived of consciousness, he knew not; but when his perceptions returned, he was seated in a chair that was placed in the middle of the room. There for a long time he remained silent, inert, and incapable of duly co-ordinating the testimony of his scarce awakened senses. He saw before him as he lay,—he scarcely knew whether in reality or in a dream,—the same promiscuous crowd which was assembled when he fainted; but in some strange way, the forms gradually took a more definite and world-like shape, till they acquired an intense reality that was absolutely painful.

Among the multitude thus brought into distinct evidence, he gradually recognised all the personages who had been mixed up with his recent adventures. There was the counterpart of Holdfast, conversing with a great city physician. There was Lord B. holding in his hand a stop-watch; while the professor to whom he was talking, showed the precise features of the owner of the dog, the Marquis's opponent in the approaching duel. Immediately opposite was the Duke of —— in close confab with Lady Leonora; and next to her sat, what seemed to be himself!—at least there sat a Marquis of ——, a precise duplicate of the Norman oval face, which the bewildered young man had so recently viewed on his own shoulders, with a doubt and surprise only to be exceeded by his present astonishment and consternation.

He gazed around for a moment, and again half-closed his eyes; his head reeled, and his thoughts relapsed into a dreamy vagueness. Another short interval elapsed, and once more raising his languid lids, he perceived seated close by his side the young girl who had seized on his attention on his first arrival. Before her stood the professor, fixing her with his evil eye, and passing his hands slowly before her face. At this moment the universal attention was centred on the group. As the operator proceeded in his strange movements, the subject of experiment sank in sleep. The man then desisted from his manœuvres, and taking Lord B.'s watch, applied it to her stomach. Instantly the girl declared aloud the hour, which was marked on the dial, and a low murmur and clapping of hands from the female part of the bystanders, testified their approbation.

To the back of the slumbering patient, and between her shoulders, was then applied cataplasm-wise, a page of printed matter; when she began to repeat with hysterical volubility a passage, which she was said to read from it by a *vis à tergo*, that put the natural theology of the eye completely out of countenance. This second miracle was received with applauses louder and more unrestrained than the first:

> Qualunque assurdità, purche sia nuova,
> Al popol piace, il popol l'approva;

and in this respect the great are more truly people than the people themselves.

The scene which thus passed before the young man's eyes, seemed to touch some latent chord of association; for he started suddenly on his legs, and stared around with an anxious and inquiring glance. The conviction of his own true identity now seized on him. He was no

longer the Marquis, no longer sinking under the accumulated effects of his own vices and follies, but plain Charles Welford of the Middle Temple—"lord of this presence, and no land beside"—free from all illusions, and restored to perfect self-possession, and to all the rights and immunities attached to his own individuality.

After all the discontents and envies incident to humanity, there are few who would really like to exchange their personality for that of the best conditioned other person in the world; and it was with an emotion of gratitude and delight, that Welford found himself safe at home again in his own skin. But with this consciousness there was mixed a confused suspicion, that he also had been the subject of the Hocus Pocus he witnessed,—that he had made himself the *pendant* of the too celebrated Miss Okey, who had been reading, as the Hebrews wrote, backwards. By degrees he recalled his own misplaced ambition, his morbid love of fashionable notoriety, and his resolve to avail himself of the passing rage for magnetism, in order to figure before the *beau monde*, by taking the chair, which had already been occupied with immense *éclat*, by noble lords and gallant guardsmen.

The conviction was too mortifying, and while all eyes were turned on his half-roguish sister in mysticism, he seized the opportunity to spring to the door, and fled. The few who noticed his exit, made way for him, as for a mad dog. Only one seemed interested about him, and that was Fred Leslie, a fellow-student in the Temple. Following him downstairs in considerable alarm, Leslie seized his arm, and hurrying him into a hackney-coach, concealed him from the gaze of the crowd collected at the door. For some time both observed an unbroken silence as the coach trundled on its way, till Leslie, at length, striving to rouse his friend from the stupor that still oppressed him, exclaimed,

"Well, old boy, you have sufficiently exposed yourself for one day; and you have paid well too for your peeping; for, by Jove, I thought it was all over with you, you lay so dead. And all this for what? for the sake of making a sensation, and scraping acquaintance with your predecessor in folly, the Hon. Captain Silliman."

"Right," replied the crestfallen Welford; "but there is this moral to be—"

"Oh! hang your moral. Profit by your experience for once in your life, and you will *then* perhaps not have made a fool of yourself altogether in vain."

Welford did profit by his experience, in so far, that he never again took a direct part on the magnetic stage: whether his experience availed him equally in curing his love of fashion and fashionable association, it were hazardous to assert. Men are not easily cured of inveterate habits; and there is nothing in our general acquaintance with our dear countrymen, to favour an affirmative inference. They are constantly receiving far more severe lessons, political and social, than Welford's; but we do not observe that their mania for lords and "the likes of lords" has on that account materially abated.

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LEBANON IN THE SUMMER OF 1841.

THE pinguid tameness of the Delta of the Nile, and the rock and sand of the Libyan desert, had given me an insatiable thirst for mountain scenery. Lebanon, if not the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, is certainly the land of the mountain and the flood; so without more ado, I sent my baggage on board the Lively packet, and bade adieu to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and Waghorn's Oriental Hotel. As I prepared to ride down to the quay, a crowd of broken-winded and broken-kneed donkeys were driven up, whose owners vied with each other for my patronage.

"Ride my donkey, sir; there's a beauty, sir; go along like one d—d fine steamer."

Well, the Alexandrian school of rhetoric is not extinct. Here is puff No. 1, Class A. I ask the gentle reader if the combined eloquence of Mr. Robins and Mr. Tattersall could go beyond this?

I got on board the Lively as she was weighing anchor, and we slowly stood out to sea. Out of sight of land, I had no resource but the society of Lieutenant Grog, an officer of the old school, who thought that a warm heart and a warm stomach were identical. He washed away the bad humours with plenty of Hodgson's pale ale, and then washed away the ale with plenty of brandy-and-water.

"Bless my soul and body," said he to me; "what a pleasant thing it would be if we could warm our coppers without having to cool them again!"

And sure enough wherever the said coppers were situated, they had, by some chemical process, communicated all their colour to his countenance.

Two days' easy sail brought us to Mount and Cape Carmel, which the lieutenant, who had obligingly undertaken to refresh my geographical reminiscences, designated with great solemnity of manner, as the "Flamborough Head of the Holy Land." A fresh breeze springing up, we scudded across the bay to St. Jean d'Acre.

"You see *them* brown walls with the thickly-strewn black spots. Every time I pass this spot, I think of old England."

"Yes," said I, musingly, as visions of naval glory floated before me.

"Not the roast beef of old England," rejoined the lieutenant, "but the plum-pudding; and that dome at the top stands for all the world like a sprinkling of sauce."

To describe the eloquence of my cicerone on passing Tyre and Sidon, is a task I must defer to another opportunity; suffice it to say, that I disembarked at Beyrout.

I detest Beyrout as a residence—it is one of the most *klein stadtisch* places in the Levant; give me the gay drama of European life, or plunge me for a while in a vast and sombre eastern capital. But then what a field for a painter? Why do not our artists come hither in crowds? Italian landscape is almost overdone. I easily perceive that Lingelback, who was not much of a draughtsman, acquired his reputation from the intrinsic brilliancy of his Levantine subjects. The

Marina here is worth a Jew's-eye to an artist. A straggling apology for a quay, composed of broken shafts and capitals of the ancient Bergetus, the battered and shattered Turkish Castle which once was connected with the land by a causeway. As the sun sets, you have the golden seas of Claude, and the grand mountain sweeps that Gaspar Poussin loved to paint. Then what a variety of character and costumes. The slovenly Turkish sentinel, and the pistoled and petticoated Albanian, the mountain muleteer with his caravan, and the tidy English man-of-war's boat's crew. And for interiors, oh for an Ostade or a Teniers to portray the cavern-like Greek wine-shop, with its disorderly inmates *en pleine ribotte*, or a De Hooge for the retired courtyard of a Levantine family, where the sunlight plays fiercely on the mosaic pavement, and softly rebounds to the furthest recess of the alcove which forms the charm of the Syrian houses.

I started from Beyrout, and began slowly to ascend the ridges of Lebanon. I was mounted on a horse of the country, and followed by a baggage-mule, both somewhat indifferent to the stimulus of whip and spur; so finding the so-called road to be the bed of a torrent, Allah Kerim! I resigned myself to their pace. After some hours continual ascent, we reached a wretched châlet, dignified by the name of a Khan. Three men, who proved to be Georgian Turks, were sitting in front, and asked alms of me. They were Hadgis, who had come all the way from Dughistan, through Armenia to Aleppo without accident; but between this latter city and Damascus, they had not been so fortunate, and one of them taking off his turban, showed me a fresh sabre-cut across the head, which he had received in the vicinity of Horus, where they were plundered. They were on their way to Beyrout, expecting assistance from the Russian Consul, and the trifling quantity I gave them procured for me an abundance of salaams and benedictions. Horus and Hamah were always ticklish districts, even under the iron rule of Ibrahim Pasha; and it was only by means of strong detachments of African Bedouins that the road between Damascus and Aleppo was kept open.

My muleteer was a Druse; I asked him if he was an *akkal* (wise man), or a *djahil* (ignorant). He confessed being the latter, but hoped soon to pass from the state of an uninitiated to that of an initiated Druse; and feeling a desire to see more of this singular people, I accepted his proposal, that we should pass the night at his own village, which was two hours off the regular road. We turned to the right, always ascending, and on reaching the summit of a pass, we saw a stupendous avenue of precipices, forming a valley that lay at our feet; and the difficulty of subjugating such a people as this became at once evident.

When I saw the descent that was to be made before crossing the valley, I immediately jumped from my horse, and determined to be the last to scramble down. Much as I had seen and heard of sure-footed mules, no *tour de force* of the most distinguished pupil of Ducrow or Franconi, seemed more extraordinary than the manner in which my horse and mule effected their descent; they looked, paused, felt stone after stone, resolved and re-resolved at every step. My poor Rosinante was, according to the slang of the house, evidently thinking on his legs, and as for the mule, I expected every moment to see him tumble heels

over head. On reaching the bottom of the valley, I found the rocks to fill up two-thirds of the perpendicular; the grumbling of a primitive-looking mill, added to the wildness of the scene; and had I not known that security for Franks exists throughout Mount Lebanon, I should have fortified my courage by keeping my pistols on half-cock. Then came the ascent which was very steep, but tolerably smooth; intersecting terraces carefully formed for the vine and mulberry, by a species of escarpment, easily available for defence in case of attack. As the Druses drink no wine, the vines are cultivated for the sake of the raisin, which in Lebanon is very good.

On reaching the piece of table-land on which the village was situated, the *flaneurs* turned out *en masse*, and followed me to the house of the muleteer, which seemed to be one of the best in the place. Like all the others, it was built of square trapstone, without mortar, plastered inside with mud. On entering, I found it to be remarkably clean, with nothing to offend any of the senses. The inner apartment was laid with mats, and carpets of coarse gray hair-cloth; but one article of furniture caught my eye which might have belonged to a house of higher pretensions. This was a baby's cradle, elaborately inlaid with mother-o'-pearl.* In the middle of the apartment was the fireplace, which consisted of a block of stone about fifteen inches high, very curiously chiselled, with two niches in the side, and being cut smooth on the top, if occasion required, three or four *goblets or stewpans* could be placed on it, while the front is available for roasting. This is a very economical method of providing fire, as a trifling addition of fuel is necessary when the stone is once heated.

When my mule was unloaded, and my host had placed my carpet at the upper end of the apartment, I held a sort of levée of the villagers; for as soon as they heard that I was an Englishman, the room was filled with the Akkals sitting next me, and the Djahils keeping at a respectful distance. I soon found that the idea that all Europeans know something of the healing art, was prevalent in the company. One old man had an eye very much inflamed, and it required no depth of skill to tell him that he ought to keep it as much as possible out of the sun. The turban is certainly an excellent covering for the head in hot climates, and preservative against strokes of the sun. How many European lives are sacrificed to a disregard of what the practical experience of ages points out as the territorial division of costume. Next to the covering of the head, the covering of the body, with the ample folds of an oriental sash, is conducive to health.

To every traveller in Egypt and Syria, we would say, "gird up thy loins," which being interpreted is, "preserve yourself from fever and dysentery." The turban, however, is incomplete, for it leaves the eyes too unprotected. The prevalence of ophthalmia in these countries, although attributable to exposure to night air, to the fine sand of Egypt and the chalky dust of Syria, must be very much increased by the insufficiency of the turban to protect the eyes from the rays of the sun

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* There is a long covered bazaar in Damascus almost exclusively devoted to the manufacture of three articles, which every bride brings with her; these are the said cradles; high-bridge pattens similarly inlaid, and linen chests, which are very curiously carved, and resemble those made in Holland about a century ago.

The broad-brimmed, flat, black turban of the Jews seems to be the best covering of the head in use in Syria.

But to return from this digression to my levee': I found myself compelled to feel the pulses, and pass in review the tongues of about twenty people. This farce I went through with the greatest gravity imaginable, and then a general conversation ensued. I was overwhelmed with questions about England, and my host pointed to a couple of muskets hanging from the wall, evidently of the Brummagem stereotype.

"*Ma fee ferdeh-el yom*," "No poll-taxes now," and "Long life to the English," resounded through the apartment.

Desirous of seeing something of the neighbourhood before sunset, I adjourned the sitting, aad proceeded through the mulberries to one of the precipices I have above described. On the lip of the yawning chasm was an immense boulderstone, which seemed ready, with the slightest impetus, to thunder to the bottom. But what was my surprise on seeing several of the lads jump upon it; with a laugh they set it in motion, and I saw, for the first time in my life, a rocking-stone.

The sight of a Frank in this secluded spot was, I perceived, sufficient to interest the females in the neighbouring cottages, and the roofs of the nearer houses were covered with women and children. Most of the young people had an open expression of countenance; one, however, who approached and spoke a little broken Turkish, was tall, sunburnt, and had acquired a cunning expression. This young gentleman had been drawn as a conscript, and served in the army in Egypt, and subsequently at Marash, under Ibrahim Pasha. On entering the mountains, I seemed to have left behind me Levantine trickery; but this fellow, from his sinister remarks and sly winking inquisitiveness, showed that his camp-training had made him the blackguard of the village.

I then returned to the house of the muleteer, where I found a calf standing at the door, and my powers as a hakim were again in requisition. With the utmost gravity the mouth of the animal was opened, and his forefoot lifted up. What was the matter with the poor beast I could not tell. I was, however, greatly amused on finding that the elevation of the foot was to enable me *to feel his pulse*. I was, however, compelled to admit my ignorance of the art, science, and mystery of cow-doctoring.

My host gave me for dinner a pillaff, a broiled chicken, raisins, and coffee. After sunset the room was again thronged with villagers, and I renewed acquaintance with the Akkals. I was asked if there were any Akkals in England?

"Yes, many," said I. "Have you any Djahils?"

"Yes, by far too many."

Being in a humour for a joke, I said that we had three sorts: those who were wise, those who were not very wise, and those who were ignorant. On hearing this, silence was imposed on all the rest of the company.

"A Druse! a Druse!" said several; and on further inquiry, I found the report that the Druses conceive some resemblance to exist between the religion of England and their own, to be by no means fabulous. One old Akkal here whispered to me, that when the Djahils went away, we should have a great deal of conversation; and asked if

I had any books, on which I pulled out a worthless guide to the Levant, looking as gay as cloth and gilt-letters could make it. He kissed it reverently, but of course could make nothing of its contents. It was handed round and kissed by others. However, as I was apprehensive of getting into some scrape, I told them I was no Druse, but that the English were great friends of the Druses."

"Yes, yes, you are a Druse," said one man who rose up, and put his two forefingers together, which in the East is the sign of alliance and friendship; adding in an under tone, "Do you English drink of the dog?"

He was checked hastily by an old man, who said,

"Don't you hear that he is not a Druse. Why do you speak so unguardedly?"

The words made use of, as far as my ears could catch, were *yeshrub el kelb*, but they might have been *yeshrub el kulb*, which means "drink of the heart." I, however, can give no explanation of what was meant by this question.

The night was pretty well advanced when we separated, and I could with difficulty resist their entreaties that I should stay some days among them; several of the elders having promised to entertain me in their best manner.

On the following day I descended to the Bekaa, or Cælo Syria, which lies between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. These mountains appear to have been by some organic process washed bare and their soil deposited in the plain; nothing so bare, red, and inhospitable, as the appearance of these ranges from the Bekaa, and nothing more naturally fertile than the Bekaa when viewed from Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, stretching far and wide, a little Lombardy, of which Tyre was probably the Venice. But this great alluvial valley which formerly teemed with population, is in many places almost as deserted as the Campagna of Rome. The miserable villages still visible are few and far between, while extensive districts, which by mere scraping of the earth, and directing over it the numerous brooks that flow from the hills, might produce excellent wheat, are abandoned to the goatherd. If ever European colonists settle in Syria, I should think the Bekaa the most eligible situation, as it is much more protected from Arabs, and much nearer the sea than the Hauran, and if cultivated, much healthier than the coast districts.

Malaka stands on the brow of one of the hills of Lebanon. It was here that Ibrahim Pasha retired after being defeated in the hills by Commodore Napier, and awaited the reinforcements which Ahmed Menikli Pasha brought from the north. A few pleasant gardens have been laid out at Malaka, on the very edge of the Bekaa, just sufficient to show what a sea of vegetation it might become, were security for property to exist, and were there hands to distribute the water over the plain. The change from the oppressive monotony of the plain to the mountain air and scenery of the valley was most agreeable.

Leaving to our right Malaka, in which the plague was raging, half an hour of continual ascent brought us to Zahle, which is rather romantically situated on the edge of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which is a stream shaded by the ash and the poplar. There is some good pasture-land around the town. The soil of some of the hills to

the north is rather chalky, but this harsh feature of the landscape is subdued by the general boldness of the outline, and the far-stretching verdure of the Bekaa, of which a fine view is obtained.

On the following morning I went to visit the Archbishop of Zahle, who according to the custom of the Greek catholics of Syria ranks next to the patriarch; the latter had been for some time in France collecting money for the brethren in Syria.

The archbishop, a stout gentleman of about fifty-five years of age, received me in a very friendly manner, and asked me to spend a day with him, which I declined. Our conversation was sometimes in Arabic, sometimes in Italian, which he spoke tolerably well. He said that this country was under great obligation to the English, and expressed a hope that when the Great Powers terminated the Egyptian Question they would take into consideration the situation of the Syrian Christians.

I assured him that as far as England was concerned it was quite evident that Her Majesty's government was convinced that the rule of the Sultan would become consolidated in proportion as an approach was made to good government; and that he himself could scarcely be more desirous than the English of seeing the people contented.

"Cast your eyes downward," said the archbishop, pointing with his finger to the Bekaa, "and what do you see?"

"A vast and fertile plain, with few inhabitants, and little cultivation."

"Behold the generosity of God and the bad stewardship of man! And now," continued the prelate, pointing to the town of Zahle, and the environs I have described, "cast your eyes around you and see the roofs under which dwell five thousand people, those steep and barren hills, where the scanty soil is painfully scraped into terraces; while in the wilder recesses, there are men who live only on the herbs that grow in the crevices of the rocks. Why is it thus? Because men prefer poverty and security to sowing that others may reap."

During our conversation various priests dropped in from the different monasteries, who certainly looked very lean, and reminded me much of the lay-brother in the "Duenna." To make a Father Paul out of them would have required

Three single gentlemen rolled into one.

They all kissed the hand of the archbishop, and addressed him with the word "Saidna," or "Our Lord." The eldest sitting on his carpet, and the others, according to rank, sitting or resting on their knees near the door. After partaking of coffee and cake we took our leave.

The situation of Zahle is very healthy, but it is not so well built as some of the other towns in the mountains: in fact, it is a large village. It contains three thousand Greek catholics, the rest are principally Maronites and orthodox Greeks. Of Mussulmans, there is a solitary family.

Quitting Zahle, we wound by a precipitous road to the source of the river, and continued to toil upwards through alternate beds of wild flowers and patches of snow, until we had reached the summit of the first ridges, where we were rewarded with a delightful view of Cœlo Syria,

of Baalbec, and of Anti-Lebanon, with Gebel-Sheikh. To the south was the Druse country, and above us the craggy peaks of Saunin.

Having been riding the day before under a broiling sun over the monotonous Bekaa, I felt all the exhilaration that such scenery produces. But what I had yet seen of Lebanon was far from justifying the epithet, "Switzerland of the East," which some travellers have applied to it. The forms are grand and imposing, but I miss the rich drapery of the Alps and Apennines, the velvet of the verdant slopes, and the ever-varying luxuriancy of the hanging woods.

Central Lebanon is much more like Invernesshire than the canton of Berne. Yet the pure air and the refreshing streams are peculiarly grateful to those who wish to escape from the fevers of Damascus and the stifling heat of Beyrout.

We dined in a châlet immediately under Saunin, and a bowl of the curdled milk which the Turks call *yaourt*, and the Syrians *lubbun*, mingled with water, formed a most refreshing accompaniment to the contents of our provision-basket. The name given by the mountaineers to a châlet of this kind is *bas ishturee* contracted *basshirra*, a buying and selling, although nothing but bread and *yaourt* can be bought; and the furniture of the châlet consisted of an immense skin-bag of this said preparation of milk, and the never-failing Brummagem musket hung up on half cock.

We now approached one of the most singular fastnesses I ever beheld; the mountains formed a vast bowl, the edge of which was formed by perpendicular crags, the only passage to the *plateau* above being by a passage in the rocks about ten or fifteen feet wide, which looked like a doorway cut by human hands: a mountain torrent foaming for ages through the slit, had widened and deepened it to its present proportions.

I have already related the feats of the mules, but here it was with the greatest difficulty that they managed to ascend. As I threaded this singular pass, I gradually perceived that the wall of rock to my left had been regularly parapeted and loopholed to a great distance, and that the defenders of the pass, without exposing themselves to any risk, could completely annihilate any body of men that attempted to force it. On clearing the rocks we found ourselves on an extensive piece of table-land, which appeared to be very good, and the sight of a couple of ploughs and oxen at this height, which could not have been less than between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, reminded me of the descriptions of Circassia.

We now crossed into the valley of Fakra, and I alighted on a most unexpected object. As we began to effect our descent, I perceived large constructions which from the solidity of the masonry were evidently Roman.

I asked the ignorant muleteer what this was. "Kula kula (a castle)," said he; but although no columns adorned the edifice I perceived a corner-stone which had evidently formed part of an architrave; so without more ado I scrambled up, and making my way into the interior, found it to be a vast well or crater of blocks of stone, shafts of pillars, capitals, and cornices.

Here was a discovery for a cockney rambler! a Roman temple of

the Corinthian order, eighty yards long and forty yards broad, in one of the wildest recesses of Lebanon. No statue or inscription was visible, I am therefore ignorant of the name of the deity to whom this temple was raised. The stones were evidently quarried out of the very spot on which the temple stands, and there are two buttresses of rock which are still untouched.

As I regained the road, piles of stones showed me that I was traversing the ruins of an ancient city of some extent; and a fragment of Cyclopean causeway, which for some distance was as perfect as it may have been eighteen hundred years ago, added to the interest of the scene.

Leaving Mazzera to our left, we crossed the last of the high ridges of Kesrouan, and came down upon a village close to a marble quarry. I had separated from the mules and had to pass close to a flock of sheep, when my Frank dress attracted two immense white shepherd's dogs, which I had the greatest difficulty in beating off with large stones. These dogs were very like wolves, and peculiar to this part of Lebanon.

By a considerable *détour*, I arrived at the hamlet where we were to pass the night, which was situated on an impetuous mountain-stream. A few ash and mulberry trees which caught the last glance of the sun that set behind the Littoval range, gave a friendly aspect to the place, which formed an agreeable contrast to the snow and rock we had left behind.

As I crossed the primitive bridge that spanned the foamy waters, and approached a decently-built house, with the intention of asking leave to spread out my bed, I indulged in pleasant anticipations of a sound sleep after the fatigues of the day; but out came, from behind a wall, a sunburnt peasant with hardset features, who held up a thick stick to bar my advance, and repeated quickly the words "*Asbur, asbur.*"

I instinctively drew back and put my right hand on my pistol.

"What do you want here?"

"I am an English traveller in search of a place to pass the night; and now, who are you?"

"I am a *guardiano di sanita*. This is the village of the plague, and that is the house of death and mourning! Tarry not here."

"Alas!" said I; "in that case your hospitality might cost me more than I should be willing to give. Good night."

I slowly continued my route till the hamlet was out of sight, and the river a faint line, almost indefinable in the dusk.

I bivouacked on the hill-side; but the village of the plague reappeared in my dreams; the ash and the mulberry were dismal and blue, and the wolf-like dogs kept watch on the bridge, mingling their howl with the sullen aud wrathful roar of the waters.

On the following day I passed the scene of Napier's victory over Ibrahim, which is usually designated the Battle of the Hills. The situation is high, but barren and uninteresting. On reaching the pass towards the west, the whole of the coast of Kesrouan was visible; the hill of Ghazir at my feet, to the left the bay of Djouni and Zouk; further south, the promontory of Beyrout, with the town and shipping, mere specks on the landscape. The mountains of Kesrouan, rise so

abruptly from the sea that the effect on the spectator when looking over such an expanse is both novel and pleasing: the sea fills up at least a third of the visual perpendicular.

The descent upon Ghazir is between verdant terraces which shut out all collateral objects; the birds sing sweetly in the here abundant foliage, and as I looked on the broad and soft blue Mediterranean thus beautifully enframed, I thought my eyes greeted the Indian Sea which Bernardine St. Pierre so admirably describes in his "Paul and Virginia."

Of the precipitous descents we had made, this was by far the longest, and I was compelled repeatedly to rest.

"Derb mala'on," said the muleteers, as they found that in attaining what appeared the bottom of the valley, another and another descent was to be made.

The neat white houses of Ghazir, which seem so high from the bay of Djouni, now appeared at our feet. As the muleteers were inquiring of a cottager the best road by which to descend, an old man came out and asked me if I could give him any information regarding the introduction of twelve per cent. customs-duties; adding, that if they were carried into effect, the mountain would be ruined.

This abrupt apostrophe showed me that much excitement existed on the subject, and my conclusions were subsequently amply confirmed. I could give him no news which could satisfy his curiosity; and he communicated to me the unpleasant intelligence, that in consequence of the existence of plague at Beyrout and in various parts of the mountain, a *cordon sanitaire* had been drawn around Ghazir, which I had intended to make my head-quarters in Kesrouan.

So, sure enough, when within a quarter of a mile of the town, we were stopped by the guardians. I was in a great rage as I flung myself on a piece of smooth rock under a tree, and awaited the result of a message to M. B., secretary of Prince A—— of Ghazir, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

M. B. requested me to come down to the prince's garden; coffee and sherbet were served, and he expressed his regret that the cordon existed, but that the prince would allow me to perform quarantine in his country-house. After expressing my thanks for this unexpected kindness, I accompanied an officer to the said house, from which there was a delightful view of the sea and the coast. The officer promised to send my baggage. However, a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before one of the grim-visaged guardians came, and requested me to follow him, so I found myself again at the cordon, the stone sofa, and the shady tree.

Being curious to know the meaning of this, I found on inquiry that several sheikhs had gone to the prince, and insisted that I should either perform quarantine at the cordon, or leave the town. It appeared that Prince A., who is a nephew of the late Emir Beshir, and the wealthiest man of the province, being proprietor of Djouni and neighbourhood, had been for several years governor of the district, and was now at daggers-draw against the governor who superseded him; and that the latter who is a sheikh, and styles himself a marchese, had objected to my performing quarantine in the said house, in all probability because the prince had consented. However, a third proposal came that I

should perform seven days' quarantine at Djouni,' which I accepted, as the youngest son of Mr. B. was inspector of the lazzaretto.

Half an hour of descent, and then an hour's ride along the shore brought us to Djouni, where I dismissed my muleteers, and where the very obliging treatment I received, amply made up for the wretchedness of the accommodation. My bed and carpet were spread out in a large grain warehouse, but my confinement was quite the reverse of being irksome, for in the company of a guardian I was allowed to walk about the fine broad beach, with the amphitheatre of the Kesrouan for a background.

My first visit was to the British camp of Djouni, where I found the lines that had been formed remaining perfect. Ripe barley waved over all the camp, in the middle of which rose two wooden monuments to a Mr. Luscombe, midshipman, and a Mr. Boyle, purser of the Edinburgh. An inhabitant of Zouk Mikayl said that the proprietors in this neighbourhood complained bitterly of having received no compensation for the mulberry-trees which were cut down to facilitate the operations of the English and the Turks. I pointed out to him the deplorable financial embarrassments under which the Turkish government was labouring, and expressed a hope that they might speedily be able to take these claims into consideration.

It cannot be denied that the position of the Camp of Djouni was admirably chosen for the purpose of keeping up a connexion with the mountains from a spot which could be covered by the fire of the ships. An abrupt rock on the north renders access difficult; while any fire opened on it from Zouk, which in some measure commands it, would be promptly answered by the covering force.

The brow of the hill of Zouk Mikayl is occupied with pleasant gardens and mulberry plantations; the view of the country behind from the highest part of the town, is fine; the lower ranges of Lebanon are agreeably diversified with wood and pasture, with here and there a hamlet and a convent. I have spoken of the absence of foliage and verdure in High Lebanon. There is, however, no want of it here. From the sudden rise of the land and consequent diversity of climate, the eye embraces the vegetation of the north, and of the tropics in singular approximation. The hardy pine forest waves with the cool breeze on the brow of the hill; while down on the sea-shore the graceful date-palm reminds one of the Egyptian or the Barbary coast. Djouni itself is nothing but a depôt of grain from Egypt and Jaffa, and of salt from Cyprus. Three brigs, besides smaller craft, were unloading when I was there. Warehouses are used for the grain in winter, but in summer the pyramids of wheat and barley remain on the sea-shore.

One day I was a good deal startled on rising from a nap, by a loud cry from one of the guardians; on turning round, I perceived a serpent coiling itself among the interstices of the stone-wall of the grain warehouse. The boy with great presence of mind seized my walkingstick, which he inserted in the hole in the wall, and thus "bruised the head of the serpent," until he dropped lifeless on the floor. It measured above a yard in length; and at the thickest part of the body, between three and four inches in circumference.

The Emir and his attendants having been absent at the great meeting of the mountain chiefs at Ain Aneb, now returned and encamped

on the beach. My quarantine being out, I was invited to join the party. We squatted round a large wicker-tray, amply furnished with Arab dishes. The moon shone bright on the dark-blue sea, while the light of the lamps gleamed on the picturesque pistol-butts and dagger-hilts of an outer circle of swarthy-visaged retainers, half-fighting, half-serving men. However, their demeanour was the reverse of servile. Turkish servants occupy a very different position from that of the same class in Europe; they often put in a word, and although always respectful and mindful of the disparity of their situation, think themselves entitled to do so, even when standing at the bottom of a room with their hands crossed. These Lebanon men went a step beyond this; in fact, they seemed almost hale-fellow-well-met with the Emir and the sheikhs who attended him, and bandied jokes with them in a style which to me, an European, seemed the acme of free and easy.

Furnished with a certificate of having duly performed quarantine, I reascended to Ghazir, somewhat annoyed at the time I lost. What a curse this is! every one who has remained sometime in the Levant, finds out that the real pest of the East is not *plague* but *quarantine*. Nothing more completely shows the hollowness of the pretended reforms of Turkey. Instead of adopting *sanatory* regulations, and allowing no accumulations of filth, commerce is obstructed, without a single result being attained. There has been no plague in London since it was burnt down in 1666, and the liberation of Europe from plague is no doubt owing to the widened streets, and the extension of pavement and drainage, as well as increased comfort, and the general cleanliness which ever follows in the wake of wealth and luxury.

Quarantines between one country and another are sufficiently annoying, but cordons within one province for fiscal and political purposes are in the highest degree irritating. Even admitting the necessity for it to exist, an oriental quarantine is a perfect farce. The Turks have no fear of contagion, and quarantine is kept only in appearance. Nothing is more easy than to evade the vigilance of Turkish guardians, because quarantine requires strict attention, and the people of the East "*canna be fashed.*" The Lazaretto inspectors, a class of men composed of the offscourings of the Italian and Greek ports (the Arab sub-inspectors are exceptions), having procured their places by intrigue, make it their study to retain them, by showing to the Turkish authorities, that besides paying their salaries, the Lazaretto produces a surplus revenue. This object is attained by putting the greatest number of ships in quarantine, no matter from what Levantine ports they may come, and commerce is thus taxed to an immense extent. Only lately arrivals from Cyprus were put in quarantine on a vague rumour of plague, while the disease was ravaging the coast of Syria.

And the said quarantine is called by Smyrna editors and Italian medical charlatans, one of the reforms of the empire, although it has annihilated the free trade, which was almost the sole good institution of Turkey. By a peculiar fatality, Europe has given the East the inconveniences of her civilization, and dignified them with the name of reforms. Tight breeches! a dress considered indecent in the East, and unsuited to the climate—quarantines!—and to crown the whole, a passport system! I have just been reading the ordinance of this police scheme, and cannot help admiring the *redoublement* of effrontery with which

the scribe, in his preamble, recites the advantages that this system has conferred upon Europe, and lauds the benevolent intention of the Sultan in extending it to his subjects. As if the Kurds and Bedawees, who are not afraid to attack an escort of cavalry, could be deterred from plunder by a visa or a seal, while the honest, peaceable traveller will be exposed to annoyance and delay. Is it surprising that a reaction has taken place in favour of the *ancien régime* of Islamism, and that the Turks now detest the very name of European reform?

Ghazir is perhaps the pleasantest summer residence in Lebanon. It is situated far above the sea on the brow of a hill; it is therefore cool and breezy in the hottest summer months, and is in the very middle of the Kisrouan range and the Maronite country, which was the focus of the late revolution. Besides cool pure air, it enjoys a very romantic situation, being in the middle of an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, partly covered with wood, and watered by brooks in all directions, running water being in this country considered the greatest of all luxuries. It is rather a large village than a town, every house being surrounded with mulberry-terraces, here and there enriched by the orange and the lemon, which appear to prosper in this situation. It is now the month of July, and the mornings and the evenings seem as cool as those of England. I can even take my walk at midday without inconvenience.

Soon after my arrival I went to see the Emir at his palace, which is in the highest part of the town, and towers over all the country. Sitting at his verandah, he can distinctly see all the promontory of Beyrout, with the town and shipping, and all the Bay of Djouni at his feet and a rugged mountain-landscape in the opposite direction. The palace is not quite finished, and I found the Prince under an artificial shade of boughs, squatted on a Persian carpet. After sherbet and coffee were served, he sent for his daughter, and presented to me a little princess of nine years of age; her tarbouche was strung round with Gazzis, a silver collar encircled her neck, from which were suspended an antique cross, and a very curious-looking locket of fine gold filagree-work, enclosing the four gospels, written in a Lilliputian character. She was unencumbered with stockings, but her ankles were surrounded by rattling beads of silver.

The two sons of the Emir soon made their appearance, the eldest being uncommonly corpulent, although only fourteen years of age. They both spoke Turkish fluently in addition to their native language, but were unacquainted with any European tongue. The emir himself is the nephew of the Emir Beshir in Malta, and in his uncle's time held the post of governor of Ghunzir; but the revolution having given great power to the sheikhs, an ancient family of the name of Habesh, which is widely ramified in the neighbourhood, has now obtained the superiority. The old Emir Beshir was much hated and feared, his eldest son, Kasim, is little spoken of. The second, Halil, is an excellent soldier; but I perceive that in the mountain his third son, Amin, is the general favourite.

The dress of the women here is singular, but the reverse of graceful, always excepting the body robe, which fits well, without the unnatural compression of the waist which is so common in Europe. The principal peculiarity is the horn which proceeds from the crown of the head to

the length of one foot and a half, while that of the princess, the wife of the emir is two feet and a half in length. This gives the women somewhat the appearance of Cauchoise. Those who do not wear the horn have an ornament stuck on their tarbouche which closely resembles the *haube* of the south of Germany. The corniferous are not always the despised of men: to say nothing of the peculiar cap of the doges of Venice, I have lately seen an antique coin on which was represented the head of some Syrian monarch, with a superb pair of ram's horns. Another peculiarity here is that of the plaited hair, which does not stop at the waist, in the Swiss and Levantine fashion, but extends almost to the heels, terminating in silver beads or tassels, which make a rattling noise as the female walks.

The dress of the men is the same as in the other parts of the mountain; the poorer classes seem to be fond of the *abay*. In church the backs of the men look like a Turkey carpet. The people are upon the whole well dressed, although there is none of the dandyism of Damascus, at which city almost all the striped silk stuffs are manufactured. The environs of Ghazir being almost entirely covered with mulberry terraces, the exclusive occupation of the people is the preparation of silk for the Damascus market. The mules load with silk in going, and the return load consists of the manufactured stuffs and a few other articles, such as carpets. Almost all the corn consumed isbrought from Egypt and Jaffa, as the Hauran corn, although cheap and good, cannot stand the expense of land carriage. Every day's experience convinces me that the construction of a road from Damascus to the sea-coast would more than anything else cause the resources of both the interior and the coast to be rapidly developed.

There having been a feud between the Emir and the sheikhs of the town, I did not consider it prudent to call on them immediately on my arrival; but the Emir having made up his differences with the reigning Emir Beshir, a sort of reconciliation took place between him and the actual governor, the sheikh Habesh. The house of Habesh is very ancient, and numbers in Ghazir and the neighbourhood about fifty families, so that it is a sort of clan. The four brothers who are at the head of the house are men of great personal courage, but very poor; it was from their military qualities, not to mention a certain tardiness in the Emir to join the English in the first instance, which procured for this chief the appointment. One must mix with these people to have a proper idea of the terror with which the Egyptians had inspired them. They had seen Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha break successively every element of opposition in Syria, the Sultan defeated again and again, the fierce Mussulman pride and bigotry of the Akaber of Damascus, Aleppo, and other towns effectually curbed, the mountains disarmed, and the very Bedouins of the desert overawed and tributary—add to this the facility and masterly promptitude with which the late revolt had been put down, and the ignorance of what the new system of steam naval warfare could effect, and it will not be difficult to account for hesitation on the part of the Emir. One of the chief men of the town asked me the other day if, in case of a combination of the forces of France and Mehemet Ali, they could not march into Yemen, and from thence conquer India; but before I could dispel his illusion I had to explain that the Red Sea intervened between Egypt and Yemen, and

the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf between Arabia and India, to say nothing of our strength in that empire, and the inferiority of Egyptian to Indian troops.

I found the two sheikhs in one of the commonest dwellings of the town, surrounded by Maronite priests. There were no carpets, and the furniture was not better than that of a decent labourer's cottage in England, certainly a wonderful contrast to the gilded saloons of a Damascus sheikh. The first question asked me was what I supposed to be the intentions of the Five Powers with regard to Mount Lebanon. I did not well know what to answer, and said I supposed that the mountain must concede a little, and the Sultan would also be counselled to give way on some points.

I was not long in perceiving what were the wishes of the sheikhs, which appeared to be the establishment of an oligarchy composed of men of their own class, in lieu of the power possessed by the Emir Beshir. The late revolution and war having taught the chiefs of Mount Lebanon their force, all the old jealousy of the sheikhs has been called out against the house of Shehab. *Hareeg* (liberty) I perceived to be a word often in use among the people here. In answer to some questions regarding the European constitutional monarchies, I pointed out the danger of sudden transitions from absolute government to liberty, and adverted to the frequency of the failure of republican and constitutional systems, arising from their not having been historically developed, from the ignorance of the science of government, and from the jealousy and ambition of the leaders. As I am on the subject of politics I may as well state that the freedom of speech which exists in the most despotic countries of the East is made full use of in Mount Lebanon. With my notions of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, legitimacy of the Sultan, loyalty to the Sultan, &c., I was somewhat staggered to hear the style in which this monarch is talked of in the Maronite country. The Christians have an intense hatred of all Mussulmans and still more of an Osmanli Mussulman; nor have they even a particle of that deference which the Christians of European Turkey and Anatolia never fail to show to the authority of their first temporal magistrate.

I received one day a visit from the Emir, who conversed gaily for above an hour, when a man entered, and engaged with him in earnest conversation. I rose and went to the other end of the room, to chat with a young sheikh who had taken up a German "Life of Prince Milosch," and was examining his portrait and a map of Servia. I had at first some difficulty in making him understand where Servia was, and to show how little these people know of what is going on in the northern parts of Turkey, he expressed surprise and curiosity when I told him that Prince Milosch was a suzerain of the Sultan, like the Emir Beshir, and reigned many years over a Christian province, with nearly a million of inhabitants. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the prince dashing the chibouque from him into the middle of the room, and rising hastily. He went into the next apartment, whither he summoned a Maronite priest, and others of his suite. When he returned to take leave he saluted me coldly, and seemed absorbed in thought, while his attendants and servants followed, whispering and looking significantly at each other. I was not long in learning that the prince

had received bad news. The Druses of the house of Abou Neked had forcibly seized his principal estate which is situated in the Bekaa and yields about 1300*l.* per annum, being about the half of his income. I lately read in the *Journal de Smyrne* the following passage :

" Les lois organiques de l'empire prennent tous les jours des développemens semblables à ceux d'Europe. La civilization de la Turquie est certes loin d'être de niveau avec celle de nos voisins d'aujourd'hui ; il faut remonter quelques générations pour retrouver des parallèles."

The profound and *spirituel rédacteur* evidently means that they have arrived at

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That he should keep who has the power,
> And he should take who can.

As I become better acquainted with the community in which I live, I am much amused with the feud between the two factions or families ; traits and circumstances frequently carry me back to the legends of the Scottish borders, which Sir Walter Scott has so magically brought home to every man's fancy.

It would appear that the house of Habesh had been for four centuries in possession of large districts in Kesrouan and ruled paramount in Ghazir, but by division of inheritance, and by the heads of the house wishing to keep up appearances, the substance had been consumed in the maintenance of a superfluity of horses and retainers. The Habesh say that it was through their family that the father of the prince (who was brother of the late Emir Beshir) was brought to Kesrouan and settled in it, and they repeat the Arab proverb,

> Koolma t'ughroos fee'l jeunan yenfa'te
> T'ughroos ebn adein yekla'k,

which being interpreted, is, " What you plant in your garden will yield fruit ; but plant a (son of) man and he will supplant you."

It would appear that in the prosperous days of the house, several members of the family had European orders of knighthood, and were presented at the court of Vienna. One day a rusty charter-box was opened in my presence, and letters patent of the Emperor Charles VI. were produced with great pomp, besides one as late as Joseph II. with the holograph signature of that monarch.

On the other hand, the Emir is justly proud of belonging to the house of Shehab, the most illustrious Arab family extant. They have been established about 700 years in Syria, and although the majority of them have embraced Christianity, they have not forgotten their near relationship to Mahomet, and are aware of the consideration which this gives them throughout Syria. The Emir so far from having run through his property has been every year buying more, while the others have been *ausgebentelt*. He is not the man to spend money in the wassailings of the lazy vermin of the hall, but as times are ticklish, and as the valour of the sheikhs in the last revolution has caused public opinion to be very much divided, when he sees a stout young man, he gets him to leave the mulberry-trees, and gives him a gun and a sword, and thus he is gradually surrounding himself with trusty retainers, and may some day supersede the sheikhs in the government.

What a glorious drama Sir Walter Scott would have made out of the

scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations of this country! What a crowd of incidents! what an array of character! The bold, warlike clansman of the mountains; the chief and his dependents; the rival houses; the intriguing Maronite of the palace; and the secluded herb-eating monk of the hill-tops. The Motualy chieftain, gallant and gaudy, bristling with arms and prouder of his Arab charger than himself—the haughty slothful Osmanli. The sleek fanatic Mussulman of Damascus, and his timid cunning Christian fellow-citizen. Then come the gentlemen of the road—the Bedawee chief, the cateran of the East; the deserter from the Nizam turned highwayman; and lastly, the wretched Nowar, who in Syria has all the traits of his brother gipsy of the Pusta, of the Bunat, of Temeswar—half thief, half hawker. His wife leaves him: days, weeks, months elapse, at last she returns, and he asks not, "Where have you been?" but "What have you brought?"

We strongly advise Mr. Cooper to try his hand on Gebel Druse, to leave the far West, to come to the East, and cast a furtive glance on the mysterious ritual of this singular people. Never mind rigorous accuracy of drawing, that would require years of study. There lies the palette of brilliant colours awaiting the hand of a master.

Just as in feudal ages in Europe, the church now asserts her superiority in temporal as well as in spiritual matters in Lebanon. The proudest member of the most warlike hill-tribe trembles before the high blue turban and long beard of the priest. The "men of the book" are lawyers as well as theologians, and every man considers his temporal as well as his spiritual interests most likely to prosper by blind submission to the priestly will. The confessional is, moreover, used as a political engine to the fullest possible extent. Nothing escapes this searching tribunal; for it is a greater crime in the eyes of the people to omit confession of a fault than to commit the fault itself. The power, therefore, which France might have wielded from her protection of the convents and the clergy, had M. Thiers pursued an honest, consequent, and common sense policy, may be more easily imagined than described.

The majority of the clergy are, however, the reverse of Jesuitical, they are mostly simple people, very poor, very charitable, as far as their means go, and very ignorant; their knowledge extending only to an acquaintance with the Nahoo. Much time is also wasted on the Syriac language to the exclusion of more useful attainments. Even those who know the Nahoo well, are ignorant of Arab science and literature from the expense attending the purchase of manuscripts.

I visited a convent of some reputation in Kesrouan, and the first question asked me was, whether the English believed the sun to move round the earth, or the earth to move round the sun. Having answered that we considered the sun as the centre of the solar system, he rejoined that that was impossible, and cited the history of Joshua. I was then asked if the English believed hell to be in the centre of the globe? To this I answered, that the precise situation of hell or heaven in the universe were mysteries which man on this side of time was not permitted to know, as a great deal of the Scripture was evidently allegorical. He, however, shook his head, and said that the existence of hell in the centre of the globe was a dogma of the catholic church, and

that when Christ went down into hell after his crucifixion, he passed through the surface of the earth to the interior.

The few who know Italian, or are magistrates as well as priests, are of course better informed.

One day I made an excursion to Dair Mohallas, a Maronite convent, which occupies a very lofty situation on Mount Afs. A small space had been artificially levelled between the convent and the church, and a few forest-trees planted here, gave additional coolness to the situation which was open on all sides but one. On approaching, I perceived the superior and two other priests seated on a carpet laid out on the grass, occupied in reading, and a finer spot for study could scarcely be conceived; with verdure in the immediate neighbourhood, an immense sea-view below, and the fantastic forms of the mountains around, some approaching a perfect cone, others sloping, and granite ribbed like a huge animal in repose.

The superior is a magistrate, learned in the law as well as in the Nahoo, and instructs young priests who follow his footsteps. The code in Mount Lebanon, except in affairs of the church, and offences cognizable by the ecclesiastical courts, is precisely the same as in the Mussulman provinces of the empire, and the law-books studied are those most in vogue in Damascus.

The superior, after stating that a son inherited the same amount of property as two daughters, asked me regarding the laws of Europe in this respect. When I had given him the broad features of the laws of various European countries regarding the division of inheritance, he expressed great surprise at the law of entail, and thought it very unjust.

There is now no organized government in Lebanon, but while the Druse and Motualy districts are the scenes of murder and rapine, every part of the Maronite country is perfectly safe, this is attributable to the immense moral power of the clergy.

There is a curious mixture of religion and superstition among the people. When a man passes a church, he takes off his tarbouche, which according to Oriental custom he never doffs, either without or within doors, not even in the palace of the Emir Beshir, and having kissed the side of the door, crosses himself.

I sometimes sit for half an hour before sunset in the high airy garden of a sheikh, and enjoy the breeze that plays through the lemon-grove. The company is occasionally numerous, and the jest and laugh go gaily round, but as the solemn hour of evening approaches, and the sun sinks behind the Mediterranean, the Moghreb bell of Mar Antonius faintly tolls across the valley, the laughers look grave, the talkers are silent, the children fall on their knees, the old men bare their bald heads, the stout soldier drops his sword, and all are absorbed in prayer for several minutes.

Heaven preserve these beautiful mountains from being drenched in the blood of a counter-revolution. No man can have a more sincere desire than the writer of these remarks to see France in her true position and in close alliance and amity with England; but it makes one's blood boil to see Frenchmen straining every nerve to replunge this country into a civil war for no other reason in the world than because England proved herself to be a "friend in need," and "a friend indeed."

WANTED A FATHER, A MOTHER, AND A FEW SISTERS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

ANY family in easy circumstances, and of habits by no means strict, that may be disposed to adopt a young man of a gay turn of mind, and of tastes not over-particular, would find the advertiser an acquisition. I offer myself without the smallest reservation to any sensible couple, out of the "genteel" circles, who may be desirous of possessing an affectionate son full-grown, and beg leave to rush into their arms at the shortest notice, and without further ceremony. I am perfectly ready to give my unknown sisters a fraternal embrace all round, on the spur of the moment; and am prepared to escort every one of them to the play, to see the pantomime, on the first night of my introduction to the domestic circle.

The fact is—for I'm candid to a fault, and hate all circumlocution—I have just, like Norval, left my father's house, and don't mean to return to it. I arrived at man's estate, the only one I'm entitled to, several hours ago; and intend to exhibit considerable discretion for my years, in living upon seven-and-sixpence while I can. It is all I have—and the waiter's bill is not brought in yet. The world is all before me—plenty of "ways," but no "means."

However, go back to the Grampian Hills, in ——— street, ——— street, Portman-square, I never will. Old Norval (with all reverence be it spoken) wants to be Lord Randolph, and can't. I have the profoundest love and veneration for the family, root and branch;—no son was ever more filially framed;—but the poet tells us of notes by distance made more sweet, and these are the notes that must pass current between us. All parties will be comfortable apart, but that continual struggle of theirs to hold up their heads would have throttled me. I have been unnaturally "genteel" all my days. I have been playing the part of young Master Somebody from childhood, and never dared to be myself until this very hour. I have been brought up in fetters, crippled past endurance in moral belts and social back-boards. I'm a victim to gentility.

I hardly know where to look for a lodging. All the apartments for single gentlemen that meet my eye—whatever the district may be, Pimlico or Spitalfields—are "genteelly" furnished. Catch me in such quarters!

Now I say, my fine reader, don't start off with the idea, that because I have run away from the paternal domicile, I must necessarily be a bit of a vagabond. It is possible, I hope, to be the possessor of three half-crowns only, without being a scamp; and a young fellow at my time of life may abandon the "bosom of his family," without becoming a proselyte to vagabondism; making of tradesmen's books a flight of steps to a position in society that commands a distinct view of the Insolvent Court in the foreground, with Brixton Mill in perspective. And mind—you will make a grand mistake if you assume that, because I'm a rather off-hand performer with my pen, and don't call you

"candid" or "gentle," or anything of that sort, I'm either rude in speech or vulgar in my taste. Refinement has its flash dictionary as well as coarseness; and to my thinking, the slang of gentility is quite as stupid and disagreeable as any other. With those who are of opinion that

Starch makes the man, and want of it the savage,

I stand no chance; and if they should agree that plain English is a language never to be spoken to ears polite—why, I'm dumb, that's all.

The leopard cannot change his spots, and if he could, he would only make himself uglier. What a finikin-minikin would my affectionate sisters have made of me by this time if I had but let them. I should have cut a figure rather more quizzical than Moses Primrose did, when *his* darling sisters fitted him out for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins—dressing him up, in short, for the Jenkinsonian sacrifice beyond all probability of escape. How I used to laugh, to be sure, even though a little scrap of a boy, when the dear prim creatures, just two or three years older than myself, turned up their pretty genteel-looking eyes at certain indications of a genius for the gutter, which at that period I manifested. How they used to warn me that I was never upon any pretence to put my hands in my pockets, and laboured to convince me that there were no such things as breeches. How the refined and sensitive young things would preach against marbles and hardbake; insisting, with a genteel shudder, that bounce-about was vulgar, and eating bulls'-eyes an ungentlemanly practice.

But as I have my way to make in the world, and appearances are against me, it may be wise to set out with a distinct picture of the grievance I have had to endure in ——— street, near the square. Six words will describe it. It is imaged to the life in a trivial incident that happened but yesterday.

A nice plump specimen of a natural country cousin, the daughter of a plebeian farming relation of ours, had come up to town to find out for the first time what was meant by a Christmas in London; and in upon us she burst (her maiden morning-call in the metropolis), with cheeks horribly rosy, eyes shockingly inclined to sparkle, and a mouth so vulgar as to smile without the smallest disguise as she spoke. There sat my three sisters in buckram—more than a match for Falstaff's four men in ditto. (Haven't I caught it though, often enough, for being so fond of those coarse low plays of Shakspere! Oh, no, not at all!)

Well; the buckram didn't frighten Lucy Farmer; she began, and she went on—so naturally, that it was quite dreadful—about where she was going, and what she was going to see, all agog to inspect every curiosity in London, Aldgate-pump, and St. Paul's among the rest.

"Of course my sisters had seen St. Paul's? Of course they had—often and often? Been up to the top! Ah! how delightful to live in London, and be able to see such wonderful sights every day in the year!"

"No," remarked the eldest of my sisters, with great dignity, "we

have never seen St. Paul's, Miss Farmer;" adding, "but of course we have seen engravings of it."

Miss F. opened her eyes, looked incredulous and amazed.

"Never seen St. Paul's! only pictures of it! and you living all your life within a short walk of it! Ah, come now, you *are* taking me for a simpleton."

My sister doubtless felt disgusted beyond expression; but the gentility of her nature prevailed. There was no touch of scorn, but merely a consciousness of superiority, in the low and quiet tone, and the easy condescending dignity with which she explained,

"No, we have never been to St. Paul's—it is *too far east!*"

Lucy Farmer's stare diminished at this; and her face assumed an expression equivalent to the meaning that used to be conveyed by the word "anan;" but I laughed—outright—in the very faces of the trio in buckram. Yet I ought not to have laughed; for they only told the truth. They had always lived within three miles of St. Paul's, and never *had* been in it;—it was too far east! Well, upon second thoughts, I think I ought to have cried; but somehow that Lu, though I hadn't seen her since I was a boy, had put me into such spirits!

It strikes me that the feeling so naively expressed by my fair sisters must be the same, ridiculous as it seems, that influences the whole family of fashionables, who rise almost at midday. They are shocked at the idea of seeing the sun in the east. They would not behold the daybreak for the world—it is so far east! Do they select vulgar people only to represent her Majesty at Constantinople? This is a point that requires consideration in the polite circles. But to resume.

That horrid haw-haw of mine will never be forgiven while the world stands—never. I could have committed no offence more heinous. I was always from a child forbidden to laugh—it was only low people, they said, who laughed in that loud manner—but somehow I had a natural turn for this vulgarity, and often have I, after a lecture, stolen away, clapped my hands to my sides, and had my fit out. They once took me to see a pantomime, and scolded me for three weeks afterwards, because by my laughter I attracted the notice of the party in the next box.

Of course we rarely went to the play—indeed never; the genteeler theatres were expensive, in the boxes; and when, in the innocence of my heart, I once proposed that we should all go into the pit, where we should get capital places by starting before the doors opened, there was such a convulsion—— I think the "medical attendant," as he was called, was sent for. Henrietta fainted, I know; and poor dear mamma wept bitterly at this fresh symptom of the innate depravity of my spirits. Such degeneracy they were wholly at a loss to account for, but each in turn undertook to lecture me on this infamous project for disgracing my family; until, my patience exhausted, I couldn't help singing out, "What a row about nothing at all!" and amidst a general scream was sent off to bed, with the awful intimation that my great-uncle, the general, should be written to on the subject, and *he* would talk to me. My father said afterwards that he should not object to my being taken to the theatre, if they would dramatise "Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his Son."

But that was nothing: never shall I forget the evil day, when on my return home from school after a few weeks' absence, I sprang upstairs and frightened my sister Susanna, by giving her an affectionate chuck under the chin, which I could very well reach, crying out at the same time, with all the lungs that love could lend me, "What, Sue, my old girl!"

The shock was tremendous. I turned pale myself this time at the consequences of my low and boisterous attempt at endearment, and for a few moments fancied that I should certainly be transported for life. A shell thrown into the quiet drawing-room could not have exploded more fatally. One fell into fits one way, and another another. All had assembled in one group, prim as pigeons, and my salutation acted like a shot. My reprimand, however, was light; for the hysterics left them little strength, and I was off to school in a fortnight, before the effects of the shock had entirely subsided.

As for dinner, instead of bringing me solace to my youthful feelings that stone soup brings to the pining prisoner, it was always a time of trouble for me, and an ordeal which I almost dreaded to go through, in consequence of the extreme precision and formality of the family arrangements. I can't say that my sisters ever administered in so many words, the injunction conveyed in the "New London Spelling-book"—"Eat with your knife and fork, and never lick your plate"—nor did they inflict upon me the companion-warning, "Never put your knife into the salt, for it may foul the rest"—because I flatter myself these were *too* superfluous; but they certainly did try to instil into my rebellious mind, from my earliest years, the spirit of certain other regulations for which successive generations are indebted to the nice discriminating views of those profound disciplinarians, the Vyses and Dilworths. I think they may be cited in these terms:

"Never seat yourself at table until *every other person* in the room is seated," and,

"After dinner, *put one hand in the bosom of your waistcoat*, and let the other *fall gracefully on your knee*." (With liberty to change hands regularly every ten minutes.)

Here we have the spirit if not the letter of the family laws.

"Charles, do not crumble your bread in that manner, but break it gently."

"Charles, I am sorry you should ask for more fish—you know how *impossible* it is to take fish twice."

"Charles, dear, you should never speak upon such subjects (I had only remarked that I was very fond of pickled pork) while the servant's in the room."

Once, when I was about fourteen, knowing no better, I sent up my plate, saying, "I should like a bit of fat;" when they all laid down their knives and forks, looked at each other, and cried, "Well!"

Mamma with a deep sigh, said, "It was very shocking to witness the strange manners of the dear boy;" and my father asked me, "If I thought I was dining with the Esquimaux."

After dinner, Henrietta, the youngest and fondest of my sisters, put her arms elegantly round my neck and wept genteelly, saying, "Dearest Charles, what must the servant have thought of you! *Fat is for our inferiors.*"

The servant, by the way, was a gray-headed old veteran of seventy-two. Other people can count their beads of gentility on the roly-poly buttons of a bit of a boy, to open the door and wait at table; but *my* family could not maintain their rank among the truly genteel without the aid of a regular old file, half deaf, and wholly useless, even when first engaged; but then he had the appearance of having been at least half a century in the service of the family—whereas he had probably been five years; being taken on when he *could* just crawl, and retiring when he could not, to make way for an equally venerable retainer cast off for inutility. Anybody can imagine how the house-affairs are carried on under this system; but they cannot so easily conceive the spite and jealousy which the gray-headed veteran excited among the neighbours in —— street, near the square. They could easily pardon the little display attached to a mere brass-buttoned boy; but they could not forgive the vastly increased respectability attached to the octogenarian retainer of an ancient family; nor, it must be confessed, could they restrain their ridicule when at the end of another five years they found out the trick. Extra-gentility is deucedly apt to get quizzed—but it never finds that out in time.

Now with all this pretension there is a plaguey number of disagreeables on the score of scanty allowance. The truth is, that the flocks on the Grampian-hills are not fat sheep, and the revenue in —— street near the square, is not equal to the maintenance of high state and dignity. But why hand round the golden chalice when there is nothing but water in it? The maxim in our family is to serve up a half-starved, shabby mutton-chop upon silver. Though we had but gruel for supper, we had it unexceptionably served. Manner was always looked to, and not matter. There was no objection to my drinking a glass of porter upon occasion, because it is cheaper than wine; but happening one summer's day to remark, with a fine natural taste, that I should vastly enjoy a draught "out of the pewter," I was summoned upstairs, and tenderly informed that the inherent profligacy of my mind was becoming fatal to the peace of my family, and that all the blood of all the Howards would fail to purify mine from the taint it had contracted. Affectionate, to be sure! Well, and I *should* have liked a draught out of the pewter—I don't deny it.

Mind, I mustn't have it inferred that they were not affectionate. Oh, no. My revered parents doted upon me, only my clothes sometimes smelt of tobacco-smoke when they embraced me; and I was impressively warned that if I even dared to dream of smoking a cigar in the house, I should break my poor mother's heart, and bring my father's brown wig in sorrow to the grave. My sisters, I am sure, loved me as tenderly as starch could love a brother. Poor souls! How they did cry when they felt thoroughly convinced that I should come to some disgraceful end, because, in a moment of enthusiasm, I said, "By jingo!" The loose exclamation, "Blow me tight!" has swept them from my presence like a whirlwind; and if I could but have listened when fast asleep, I should have heard them sobbing in concert, or performing a sort of triangular sigh—until two in the morning. Oh, yes, they were affectionate—but they were so infernally genteel.

Saying anything to please them, attached to me as they were, was

impossible. Returning from a stroll over Wimbledon Common, I quoted the poet's well-known line, having

Whistled as I went for want of thought.

"Hush, my darling Charles," whispered Susanna; "oh never do such a thing; whistling is so very low."

Then, I suppose, want of thought is gentility itself.

But although affectionate to me, I cannot say that they overflow with tenderness for others. Their notions of elegance always stand so confoundedly in the way of their ideas—emotion, strong sympathy would take the starch out of them too liberally—it would discompose them altogether, meads, braids, ringlets, feelings, and worked-collars. The story of your poor grandfather perishing in boiling lead, would only elicit from them a quiet and rather plaintive "indeed!" and if you were to tell them that your dear little infant had sprung out of its nurse's arms into the crater of Vesuvius, as she was just leaning over the edge to let it look down, they would merely remark that such things were very distressing!

Over a nice book now, when alone, they would let out their feelings sometimes a little more, and I have known them to enjoy a good cry from sheer sympathy; when the heroine's lamp went out in the middle of a subterranean passage, or her lover, the proud young baronet, caught her in the act of pickling onions—or anything of that sort. But generally they read only tales of fashionable life, with the addition of Sir Charles Grandison, which they go—through!—regularly once a-year. How they would relish the reading—if such things were to be got at out of the British Museum—of those letters which Richardson received from his genteel correspondents, abusing Tom Jones! I'm monstrously fond of Tom Jones, you must know. Haven't I caught it, neither, for reading that too;—and for saying bits from the "Beggar's Opera" about the house! Oh! that was high treason; so I used to hum some scraps over quietly when the carriages were going by, and the noise prevented me from being heard.

Now, you know, this was a kind of life which nobody could expect a lad of my spirit to bear, an hour after he had left boyhood behind him. What the deuce was it to me that I was the favourite and the darling of the whole family. More liberty and less love, say I. They were so fond of me that they must make a fool of me. They took such care of me, that they must insist on my being miserable. I was never brought up to any profession. Trade was of course so entirely out of the question, that it never obtained the honour of a thought; and Macgregor would sooner have seen his sons turned into weavers, than my father would have seen me a citizen and scale-maker. Some genteel professions wanted money which he had not, and others wanted qualities which I had not; and so, as his prevailing characteristics were, procrastination and a polite and gentlemanly reliance on the decrees of fortune, I was brought up to be nothing, on the chance of somebody, at some time or other, purchasing for me a commission in the guards. I wish I may get ——; but the phrase is interdicted; low, very low.

Accordingly, I have at last bolted, as I felt I must do ever since yesterday morning when I laughed at their refined repugnance to "the

east," and also at pretty Lu Farmer's bewilderment. As the day advanced, matters became worse. They wanted to make a call, couldn't walk, and were evidently begrudging the expense of a "fly," having already exceeded the small weekly allowance.

"Why can't you get into the omnibus?" inquired I.

If you had seen the looks they darted at me! They flung the window wide open in December, as if I had proposed to them to get into an oven.

To-day (Christmas-day) the water has risen to boiling heat. There was a very small, very select party assembled. My sisters sat like the three graces—but in buckram as usual. Now let anybody who never lived in —— street, near the square, imagine a *genteel* Christmas-party. Fancy, if you can, what it is to spend your Christmas *genteelly*. Never was there anything so dreary. Why, if I had barely mentioned the *word* "miselto," I suppose salvolatile would have been in requisition all round the room. I wonder they didn't revive the snapdragon with which, when I was quite young, they celebrated our Christmas; when we were called up to the flaming fun, in regular order, one after the other, and were permitted to draw forth a single raisin quietly, when we went and sat down again till the summons, "Now, Charles, dear," was issued again.

I do think the proceedings to-day were duller still. To have got any fun out of the most frolicsome of the set, would have been like trying to romp in a strait-waistcoat. After a genteel silence of twenty minutes, a middle-aged young lady, who sat next to me, looking at the portrait of an old gentleman in half-armour that hung over the chimney-piece, ventured to surmise in a low voice, that it was an ancestor of ours "of course." Now "of course" it was hung there to create that very impression; and I knew it was expected by my family that my answer would be, as usual "it is so *surmised*;" but tired of the dead calm, I thought I would give it a little shock by letting out the truth—that it was just as likely to be the portrait of an ancestor of the lady herself, having been picked up at a sale for five-and-twenty shillings not long ago; adding, "A nice bit of painting of the kind it is; if it wasn't for the armour, we might pass it off for Grandfather Judd, who was boatswain to Boscawen, or some other worthy of bygone days. I don't know which, but I know this was his backy-box." Taking at the same time from my pocket an old-fashioned affair, in which I treasure a scrap of 'cnaster for sly occasions.

The sensation this produced could hardly have been greater, if I had drawn out a live badger. Seeing Henrietta's head droop, and fearing she might be "going off," I instantly returned the precious family relic to my pocket, instead of handing it round for inspection; and starting a subject quite unexceptionable, not very ill-timed on a Christmas night, inquired of the prim lady in middle-life, if she was not *very* fond of dancing; relating to her a curious incident which occurred last winter at the Opera (this was a subject which I thought at least would suit), where one foggy night the house became filled with so dense a vapour, that the audience could hardly see the stage, and one of the dancers threw her legs about so high, that at length she got her feet stuck fast in the fog!

Like young Marlow, I was in for a list of blunders. This story was worse than all. The ladies rose *en masse*—that is to say, the whole

seven of them—in resentment of an unparalleled outrage on the refinements and gentilities of society; then as they all crowded with exclamations of distress round Henrietta, poor thing! I caught the indignant stare of my sire, looking like that animal from which, as Shakspere informs us, no milk is to be expected. I saw that it was all over with me—that my trial of gentility was passed—that I stood condemned without benefit of Christmas; and as my father, quitting the room, motioned me to follow him, to hear a two hours' lecture on a Christmas night, I did follow him—as far as the outside of the door. Then as he went upstairs, I went down; and in two minutes I was upon the wide world, riding in an omnibus, free as air—or fog, as we should rather say in this country. And now there's my story without a word of garnish.

I know they'll advertise for their darling immediately; and the notice will run—"If C——, &c. who left his home, &c. will return &c., an arrangement will be made with his disconsolate sisters, by which he will be enabled to smoke three times a week in the back area." But as they will be sure to send the advertisement only to the more fashionable prints, it is not very likely that I shall ever see it; and if I should, the proposal will be in vain. No; having just glanced at the heads of my story, I here renew the offer with which I started. Any judicious pair, well to-do, and without male incumbrances, will find me worthy their attention, warranted town-made, and with a capital stock of filial affection on hand.

As I said before, I'm not particular. There's a touch perhaps of my grandfather, the old boatswain about me; and I shouldn't at all object to an offer from Rotherhithe, or some such district as that. I should prefer such a locality to the grand squares, and the genteel streets that run out of them. I'm not at all nice or expensive in my tastes—don't care much about wine, a glass or two of sherry would be enough. I could manage a cut of corned-beef, or some such thing, at breakfast—shouldn't mind an early dinner, if preferred by the family—a few cigars I must stipulate for, and perhaps a glass of whiskey-punch with the old boy when he didn't care for the Sherry. I think there's nothing unreasonable in all this. And it's a settled thing that I should keep nobody sitting up for me at night—I hate giving servants that trouble, it disarranges all their doings the next day—no, I should always take the key! Now, I do think that's accommodating. But I should stop at home some evenings, of course, for I like putting my feet on the fender of a winter-night, with a quiet cigar, and a sip now and then—or a rubber with the old people, if they have set their hearts on it. I'm quite agreeable. And be it understood beforehand, that I make no conditions—no absolute conditions—about a snug corner in the will. I leave that to time. They may cut me off with a mourning-ring, and I won't be offended. Let it be Liberty-hall on both sides, that's fair.

I write this from the Pewter-Platter, in Cripplegate, where, out of the way of the gentilities, I am finishing my Christmas evening, solitary, but not feeling alone, over a moderate measure of toddy. I shall have something left out of my seven-and-sixpence in the morning; when, if I could only get hold of plump little Lucy Farmer, I'd take her to see the Thames-Tunnel—although it's "so far east!"

INEDITED LETTERS OF DEAN SWIFT.

Sir Walter Scott, in the advertisement to his edition of Swift's works, printed at Edinburgh in 1824, speaking of the additions he had been enabled to acquire, states, "The editor has obtained the advantage of consulting several of the original letters of Dean Swift, and even adding to the number, two or three not hitherto published." Here, the writer has some cause to exult, that he has obtained five, hitherto inedited and unknown, and affording some new illustrations in the life of that distinguished man.

By a singular fatality, Swift, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours and interest, never could obtain either a church living or preferment, but in Ireland, to which country he seems not to have had any particular liking, or desire of residence. Swift, who in 1699 had gone to Ireland with Lord Berkeley, as his chaplain and private secretary, was supplanted in the latter capacity by a Mr. Bushe; and to appease his chaplain, his lordship presented him with the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, with the addition, in 1700, of the prebend of Dunlavin. At Laracor, Swift's life was clerical and regular; the facetious humour of his clerk, Roger Coxe, seemed to render the place agreeable to him; he formed about his vicarage a regular garden, smoothed the banks of a rivulet into a canal, and planted willows in regular ranks by its side. Thus wore on what may be considered the happiest time of Swift's life, passed in the society of Stella, and in the retreat of his willows at Laracor; varied by frequent excursions to England, and a ready reception into the society of the great and the learned. The celebrity of the anonymous "Tale of a Tub," notwithstanding the impenetrable silence of the real author, obtained for Swift, long before high-churchmen acknowledged its merit, the friendship of the opposite party, with whom he coincided in temporal, though not in ecclesiastical politics. These were Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the Earl of Pembroke, and Bishop Burnet, among the statesmen; and among the wits and the learned, Addison, Steele, Pastoral Philips, Anthony Henley, and Tickell.

From such a connexion, it cannot be matter of surprise that Swift, who in 1707 had been an active member of the Irish convocation, while deputed to England in 1708, to solicit the remission of the first-fruits in Ireland to the Irish clergy, in the same manner as had been granted in England to the English clergy, should be endeavouring to obtain ecclesiastical preferment in England, or what was to him of equal importance, the appointment to the proposed bishopric of Virginia. Swift, in his letter to Governor Hunter, dated London, March 22, 1709, broadly hints—"I shall go for Ireland some time in summer,

being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here, so that all my hopes now terminate in my bishopric of Virginia." The scheme appears to have been that Swift should have had the power to ordain priests and deacons for all the British colonies in America, and to parcel out that continent into deaneries, parishes, and chapelries, and to recommend, and to present thereto. Swift seems to have entertained serious hopes of acquiring this dignity, but was doomed to disappointment; the bishopric was not established. Baffled in these hopes, Swift was still entitled to look for preferment, through the interest of those in power who had professed themselves to be his friends, and who about this time had themselves been respectively promoted. Lord Pembroke was named High Admiral; Lord Somers, President of the Council; and Lord Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with whom Addison went over as secretary; and it is evident, from the pains Swift took at this period to assure Archbishop King that no preferment which he might receive from the government should lead him to flinch in his attachment to the interests of the established church; that with their advancement, his hopes progressed, and those hopes were based on Lord Halifax's interest with Lord Somers, to procure for him the prebend of Westminster, then expected to be soon vacant by the supposed approaching dissolution of Dr. South. The affair of the granting of the first-fruits to the clergy of Ireland, was, by the underhand manœuvres of Lord Wharton, precluded taking effect; and, irritated by the duplicity of his supposed friends, and the hapless result of his mission, he quitted London for Ireland, but was delayed by sickness on the way, and on his partial recovery, addressed to Lord Halifax the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Leicester, June 13, 1709.

My Lord,

Before I leave this place, where ill health has detained me longer than I intended, I thought it my duty to return your Lordship my acknowledgments for all your favours to me while I was in town; and at the same time, to beg some share in your lordship's memory, and the continuance of your protection. You were pleased to promise me your good offices upon occasion; which I humbly challenge in two particulars: one is, that you will sometimes put my Lord President [Somers] in mind of me; the other is, that your lordship will duly, once every year, wish me removed to England. In the mean time, I must take leave to reproach your lordship for a most inhumane piece of cruelty; for I can call your extreme good usage of me no better, since it has taught me to hate the place where I am banished,* and raised my thoughts to an

* Swift always considered his residence, amid his willows at Laracor, as an almost insupportable transportation; his body, with the habits of a country clergyman, might be there, but his soul had ever a longing lingering look towards England. He is said, on taking possession of his living at the vicarage

imagination that I might live to be in some way useful or entertaining, if I were permitted to live in town, or (which is the highest punishment on papists) anywhere within ten miles round it. You remember very well, my Lord, how another person of quality in Horace's time, used to serve a sort of fellows, who had disobliged him—how he sent them fine clothes and money, which raised their thoughts and their hopes, till those were worn out and spent, and then, they were ten times more miserable than before. "Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno." I could cite several other passages from the same author, to my purpose, and whatever is applied to Mecænas I will thank your Lordship for accepting; because it is what you have been condemned to these twenty years, by every one of us *qui se mêlent d'avoir de l'esprit.* I have been studying how to be revenged of your Lordship, and have found out the way. They have in Ireland the same idea with us of your lordship's generosity, magnificence, wit, judgment, and knowledge in the enjoyment of life: but I shall quickly undeceive them, by letting them plainly know that you have neither interest nor fortune which you can call your own; both having been long made over to the corporation of deserving men in want, who have appointed you their advocate and steward, which the world is pleased to call patron and protector. I shall inform them, that myself and about a dozen others kept the best table in England, to which, because we admitted your lordship in common with us, made you our manager, and sometimes allowed you to bring a friend; therefore, ignorant people would needs take you to be the owner: and lastly, that you are the most injudicious person alive; because, though you had fifty

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of Laracor in 1700, to have walked thither from Dublin *incognita*, and tradition has recorded various odd anecdotes of his journey: among others, the following:

There were three inns in Navan, each of which still claim the honour of having on his route entertained him, who became afterwards so distinguished a personage in Ireland. It is probable, that he dined at one of them; for it is certain that he slept at Kells, in the house of Jonathan Belcher, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn of that town, still extant on the English model, and as regards capaciousness and convenience, it would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited on him himself at table. Belcher's attention seems so far to have won upon Swift, that it induced him to enter on some conversation. —"You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir,"—"What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir."—"An Englishman; and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells! who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family,"—"Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir; and I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould."—"Have you long been out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir."—"Do you ever expect to visit it again?"—"Never."—"Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, sir; my family is my country."—"Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: you are then reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing."—Swift paused in deep thought for a minute, and then, with much energy, repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute.—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"The English settlers are more Irish than the Irish themselves!"

times more wit than all of us together, you never discover the least value for it, but are perpetually countenancing and encouraging that of others. I could add a great deal more, but shall reserve the rest of my threatenings till further provocation. In the mean time, I demand of your lordship, the justice of believing me to be with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient, and most obliged humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Pray, my lord, desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf, for he has a prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbour, and a sinecure in the country; both in the Queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fit me extremely; and forgive me one word, which I know not what extorts from me; that if my Lord President would in such a juncture think me worth laying any weight of his credit, you cannot but think me persuaded that it would be a very easy matter to compass; and I have some sort of pretence since the late king promised me a prebend of Westminster, when I petitioned him in pursuance of a recommendation I had from Sir William Temple.*

Superscribed—

For the Right Honorable
the Lord Halifax at his
house, in the New Palace Yard, in
Westminster.

Addison who had gone to Dublin in April, this year, to assume the office of secretary to Lord Wharton, the newly-appointed lord lieutenant, returned to England in a few months; and in October following, was the instigator of the annexed letter from Lord Halifax to Swift, as an answer to the preceding; and which, as Sir Walter Scott observes,†

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* Sir Walter Scott has clearly elucidated this incident in the Dean's life.—"Four years of Swift's happy and quiet residence at Moor-park, were terminated by the death of Sir William Temple in 1699. He was not unmindful of Swift's generous and disinterested friendship, which he rewarded by a pecuniary legacy, and with what he doubtless regarded as of much greater consequence, the bequest of his literary remains. These, considering the author's high reputation and numerous friends, held forth to his literary executor an opportunity of coming before the public in a manner that should excite at once interest and respect. And when it is considered that all Swift's plans revolved upon making himself eminent as an author, the value of such an occasion to distinguish himself could scarcely be too highly estimated.

The experiment, however, appeared at first to have in a great measure disappointed these reasonable expectations. Sir William Temple's works were carefully edited, with a dedication to King William; and at the same time, a petition presented for Swift, reminding his Majesty of a promise made to Sir William to bestow on him a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. Swift has expressed his belief, the Earl of Romney, who promised to second this petition, did in reality suppress it; and the king, when he ceased to reap the benefit of Temple's political experience, was not likely to interest himself deeply in his posthumous literary labours. After long attendance at court, Swift's hopes of promotion therefore disappeared, and the principles of the revolution which Swift most certainly professed, did not prevent his regarding King William and the "glorious memory" with very little complacency.

† Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. xv., pp. 348—349.

coming "from Lord Halifax, the celebrated and almost professed patron of learning, is a curiosity in its way, being a perfect model of a courtier's correspondence with a man of letters—condescending, obliging, and probably utterly unmeaning." The autograph is in the Upcott collection.

October 6, 1709.

Sir,

Our friend, Mr. Addison, telling me that he was to write to you to-night, I could not let his packet go away without telling you how much I am concerned to find them returned without you. I am quite ashamed for myself and friends, to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I, are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine in. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend would make me doubly concerned in serving you, and upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend.

I am, your most humble and obedient servant,

HALIFAX.

These expressions were sufficiently flattering to Swift,* who replied to them in the following hitherto unpublished letter:

Dublin, November 13, 1709.

My Lord,

I cannot but pity your lordship's misfortune in being a great man, by which disadvantage you are never qualified to receive such letters as you write; but instead of them, only tedious expressions of respect and gratitude, wherein you are generally deceived too; for I believe it is with gratitude as with love, the more a man has of it at heart, he is but the worse at expressing it. Such reflections as these were occasioned by the honour of your lordship's letter: and what is yet worse, I am afraid I have discovered through all your lordship's civilities, that I have some share in your favour—and God knows what deductions a man may draw from them, though he had no vanity to assist him. I ever thought it a mighty oversight in courts to let the *honnête homme*, the *homme d'esprit*,

* Swift, notwithstanding the apparent obsequiousness of his solicitation of remembrance by Lord Halifax, appears to have felt acutely the mortification of neglect. On the fly-leaf of a small printed volume, entitled "Les Poesies Chrétiennes de Mons Jolivet," Swift wrote, "Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3, 1709. I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only favour I had ever received from him or his party." He also endorsed the back of Lord Halifax's autograph letter of October 6th, here printed, in these words: "I kept this letter, as a true original of courtiers and court promises;" and in the printed copy of Mackay, or rather Davis's Reflections on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne, after the commendation of Lord Halifax, as "a great encourager of learning and learned men; the patron of the muses, and of very agreeable conversation;" Swift added, and his autograph is yet extant, "His encouragements were only good words and good dinners. I never heard him say one good thing, or seem to taste what was said by another!" How different is this disappointed tone to that expressed in these adulatory epistles!

and *homme de bien*, gain ground among them, because these qualities will be sure to predominate over business and greatness, as they now do with your lordship, who, against all forms, is pleased to remember a useless man at so great a distance, where it would be pardonable for his idlest friends, and of his own level to forget him. I join with your lordship in one compliment, because it is grounded on so true a knowledge of the taste of this country, where, I can assure you, and I call Mr. Addison for my witness, I pass as undistinguished in every point that is merit with your lordship, as any man in it: but then, I do them impartial justice; for except the Bishop of Clogher,* and perhaps one or two more, my opinion is extremely uniform of the whole kingdom. However, I retire into myself with great satisfaction, and remembering I have had the honour to converse with your lordship, I say as Horace did, when he mean'd your predecessor, Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque invidiæ.

Yet for all this, if I had a mind to be malicious, I could wake a vanity at your lordship's expense, by letting people here know that I have some share in your esteem: for I must inform you, to your great mortification, that your lordship is universally admired by this tasteless people. But not to humble you too much, I find it is for no other reason than that for which women are so fond of those they call "the wits"—merely for their reputation. They have heard wonderful things of your lordship, and they presently imagine you to possess those qualities they most esteem in themselves, as the asses did when they discoursed about Socrates: for if your lordship were here in disguise, perhaps it would be just as if you sent your pictures and statues, to a country fair, where one would offer half-a-crown for a Titian to stick on a signpost; another, a shilling for a Grecian statue to frighten away the crows,—which thought I have a mind to make into a fable, and put it on Mr. Addison for an old one, in revenge for his putting that of "Socrates and the Asses" upon me, because it 'scaped his reading.

Can your lordship pardon so tedious a letter in parliament time?—Put it under your couch, I advise you, my lord, as I remember you used to do the dull poems and pamphlets that came out, till the end of the sessions; otherwise I shall be tempted to laugh with pride, when I consider my own power, how I was able, at this distance, to put a stop to the whole course of public business,—how I deferred some new scheme for supplying the war in all these exigencies without burthening the subject,—how I suspended some law, wherein the welfare of ten millions was concerned,—and how I withheld the peace of Europe for four minutes together.

Yet all these are trifles in comparison of having such a solicitor as your lordship, of which I will make this use, that if you think this gentle winter will not carry off Dr. South,† or that his reversion is not to be compassed, your lordship would please to use your credit, that, as my Lord Sommers thought of me last year for the bishopric of Waterford,

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* St. George Ashe, D.D., bishop of this see from 1697 to 1717. He was in correspondence with most of the literary men of this period.

† The celebrated divine, Dr. South, Prebendary of Westminster, though then advanced in years, and very infirm, disappointed Swift's most ardent hopes, and survived till 1716, when he died in his eighty-third year

so my Lord President may now think on me for that of Cork, if the incumbent dies of the spotted fever he is now under; and then I shall be sure of the honour to pass some winters at your lordship's levee, though not with equal satisfaction as in the former case.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

J. Swift.

In 1710 the Whig ministry were dismissed, and Harley and Bolingbroke succeeded. Swift, towards the end of that year, came to London, and, on his arrival, his literary friends were as acceptable as ever: he resumed his intimacy with Addison and Steele, but refused to pledge Lord Halifax when he proposed as a toast "the resurrection of the Whigs," unless he would add "and their reformation." Strongly indignant with the treatment he had experienced from the Whig administration, Swift changed his politics, and on the 4th of October, was for the first time presented to Harley, and, what is worthy of remark, on the same day refused an invitation from Lord Halifax,—thus making his option between those distinguished statesmen.

Swift's association with the ministry of the four last years of Queen Anne, is already recorded matter of history: all that he could obtain from them was the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and his only solace was a belief that the ministry were unable, by reason of court prejudices, to procure him further advancement, or to locate him on English ground.

The following letters, only lately discovered, will be perused with considerable interest, as offering some proofs of Swift's return to England from Laracor, after his instalment as Dean of St. Patrick's, being earlier in 1713 than has been generally supposed. They are transcribed from the autographs, addressed to John, second Duke of Montague, here facetiously termed "Reverend Doctor," and memorable for his practical jokes of countermanding Heidegger's instructions at the ball, and the announced performance of the "Man in the Bottle," at the Haymarket Theatre. Sir Walter Scott,* referring to a memorandum of Dr. Birch, speaks of a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, which has never been published, but which was dated in July, 1713, from his living of Laracor, complaining of his being left by his friends in Ireland, and telling his lordship that he would remind him of David's prayer, which the Lord Treasurer would direct him to the psalm and verse for, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." Another letter, dated Trim, July 16th, 1713, addressed to Archbishop King,† hints any thing but so early a journey to England; yet it would seem that he was here in England immediately afterwards, keeping aloof, but watching the conduct of the ministry and their opponents. Mr. Lewis, in his letter dated from Whitehall, July 9th, had apprized the Dean, "We are all running headlong into the greatest confusion imaginable. I heartily wish you were here; for you might certainly be of great use to us, by your endeavours to reconcile, and by representing to them the infallible consequences of these divisions." Swift knew too well the urgency of his friend's hint: this summons furnished the fell announcement of the irreconcileable division

* Swift's Works, edit. 1824, vol. i., p. 196, *note*.

† *Ibid.*, vol. xvi., pp. 52, 53.

between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which Swift had all along foreseen and dreaded, and which brought him from Ireland sooner than Sir Walter Scott conjectured, in the vain hope of acting as a mediator between them.

July the 31st, your stile, 1713.

My Lord,

I have received the honour of your Grace's last orders, and have accordingly here sent you a draft of the wall to be done, which is I think very exact, and I have explained it as clearly as I can; but as it is somewhat late in the year, I am afraid (if your Grace resolves upon it), it must be put off till the spring; however it will certainly be of a great advantage, as well as beauty to the garden, that lies perfectly naked on one side.

I desire your Grace next time you write, to let me know whether you design our small beer shall be disposed of among the poor, for it begins already to be spoiled.

The price of enclosing your garden, as is proposed, will amount to forty pounds, or thereabouts, but the season is so far spent, that to have it done well and to last, it will be proper, as I am informed by workmen, to put it off till the spring.*

The weather has been so excessive bad that your surveyor has not been able to make any great progress in the draughts, he is about that of Boughton. I hear there is but one thousand pounds between you and Sir Cæsar,† for God's sake, doctor, don't lose so fair an opportunity.

I saw the other day, Lord Hinchingbrook,‡ who has grown a strenuous

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* Swift appears to have had considerable knowledge in building matters. In a letter to Archbishop King, dated London, May 23, 1713, soon after his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, he writes, "As to the spire to be erected on St. Patrick's steeple, I am apt to think it will cost more than is imagined; and I am confident that no bricks made in that part of Ireland, will bear being exposed so much to the air: however, I shall inquire among some architects here."

† Sir Cæsar Child, Bart., Sheriff of Northamptonshire, 1 Anne. The allusion is to the purchase-money for the manors of Great and Little Newton, then negotiating between him and the Duke of Montagu.

‡ Edward Richard Montagu, Viscount Hinchingbroke, son of Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, by his wife the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of the dissolute but repentant John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Lord Hinchingbroke and Sidney Wortley, Esq., were returned as members for the town of Huntingdon to the parliament summoned Nov. 12, 1713. In 1717, he was constituted Lord-lieutenant and Custos-rotulorum of Huntingdonshire, for which county he was chosen one of the representatives in the parliament summoned to convene on May 10, 1722, but died before the meeting thereof, on Oct. 3rd in that year. He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Alexander Popham, of Littlecote, in the county of Wilts, Esq., by his wife, the Lady Anne, sister to John, Duke of Montagu, so that he was by marriage nearly related.

Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, father of Lord Viscount Hinchingbroke, and who survived him, was a man of weak intellect. Mackay, or rather Davis, in his remarks on the characters of the Court of Queen Anne, after speaking of the Earl as "of very ordinary parts, married the witty Lord Rochester's daughter, who makes him very expensive—a tall thin black man." Swift added in manuscript, "As much a puppy as ever I saw, very ugly and a fop!" Noble, in reference to Lord Hinchingbroke, observes, "His father being confined and denied access to, by his eccentric countess, was rendered so much

tory, and besides that he is sure of being chosen for the town of Huntingdon; stands fair, as he told me, to fling out Sir Matthew Dudley; but the last I don't believe, for his father has but little interest in the county.

What does your doctorship think of the address of both houses, against the Pretender? That confusion may light on all such as have any such designs, is the hearty wish of, reverend doctor,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Aug. 12, your stile.

My Lord,

I received the honour of your Grace's last letter, dated the 15th of July. To the two queries you put to me, I return this answer, Mr. Morgan of Kingstrope is a friend, and was, as I am informed, put out of the commission of justice for being so. As for the other, I was at Hemmington according to your order, and found no mansion-house there, and was informed it had been pulled down about thirty years before.

Last week one of your houses at Barnwell was struck with thunder, and burned with lightning. There was nobody in it, but a poor lame man, who called for help, and who, besides a little bruise, received no manner of harm from the fire.

Some thieves broke into old Cole's house, and almost frightened him out of his wits; but they were discovered and fled. I don't know who they are, but I am sure they came to a wrong man for money.

I have been threatened to be called to an account, because I did not keep the thanksgiving day for the peace in the church; but I don't hear any more of it. I find, by Mr. Antony, that your Grace had sent a warrant to Mr. Bridges,* so you need not send one now, or if you have already done it, I will not have it served.

There is Lady St. John at Woodford, whose family always used to have the favour of venison from your Grace. I humbly conceive it would not be amiss, if your Grace gave a warrant to 'em; they are very well-intentioned, and by the accession of my Lord *Bullingbroke's* estate have

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a cipher, that all the duties of his station devolved upon Lord Hinchingbroke, an amiable, active, and spirited young man." His extraordinary mother, who partook of all the fire and vivacity of her father, the witty Earl of Rochester, though she detested restraint herself, yet put her lord into durance vile in his own house, and on his death, October 20, 1729, quitted England, which she said "had grown too stupid for her," and resided at Paris, in close intimacy with the Duchess of Orleans and Mazarine, Madame de Berry, the Regent's daughter; as also the beautiful octogenarian the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos. The Countess died at Paris, July 2, 1757.

* John Bridges, Esq., of Buxton Segrove, and Huxlow Hundred; then commissioner of the customs, and at whose charge the materials for the History of Northamptonshire were amassed. The Duke of Montagu was lord of the manor.

Lady St. John appears to have been the widow of Sir St. Andrew St. John, who died in 1708.

Sir Paulet, third Earl of Bolingbroke, died unmarried, October 5, 1711, and the manor of Woodford, in Huxlow Hundred, was, in 1713, in the possession of Sir Paulet's uncle, William Lord St. John, Baron Bletsoe, fourth son of Sir St. Andrew, hence "the accession of my Lord Bolingbroke's estate," alluded to by Swift.

an interest both in Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire. I begged a warrant also between Mr. Cole and Mr. Barton of Geddington, in one of my last letters.* I have sent to Mr. Antony the plan of Boughton, done by our country engineer, and he is now going about the rest. I have examined it, and find it very exact; if your Grace has a mind to see it where you are, you may send to Mr. Antony, who has it. I don't know whether your Grace has any thoughts of buying Newton, but my Lord Bathurst,† one of the worthy twelve lords, is about it, and very near buying it; who, by his party, by his character, and by some words that he said when he was here, will, I doubt, prove a very ill neighbour, and in that case you are hardly master of Boughton. I humbly beg then, if it be not too late, that you would do your utmost to purchase a conveniency, and to keep off an enemy from your borders; that is the humble request, of yours, &c.,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Duke of Montague.

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* Swift, in a letter dated from Pope's house, at Twickenham, July 9, 1727, to Mrs. Howard, complains, "I know courts well enough, and for my own part, you may be sure, will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mr. Cole's cat, or a shoecleaner to your meanest domestic." Qy. Was the cat's mistress, the wife of this Mr. Cole?

† Allen Bathurst, who at the memorable period when twelve new peers were introduced into the House of Lords, to obtain a majority in the upper house, was elevated to the peerage, December 31, 1711, by the title of Baron Bathurst, of Battlesden, in Bedfordshire. While member for Cirencester, which borough he served during two parliaments, he is said to have been of the greatest advantage to Harley and St. John, in their opposition to Marlborough, but accepted no place from the government. Upon the accession of George I., when his political friends were in disgrace, and some of them exposed to prosecution by the government, his attachment to them continued firm and unchangeable. As he was one of those who believed the proceedings against them were severe and vindictive, so he expressed with eloquence and indignation his disapprobation of those measures, and forcibly observed, "The king of a faction, was only the sovereign of half his subjects." He was most zealous in the defence of Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond; and for five-and-twenty years after, took an active and distinguished part in every important debate which came before the upper house, and was on all occasions one of the most eminent leaders of the animated, vigorous, and persevering opposition carried on against the measures of the court, and especially against Sir Robert Walpole's administration.

Lord Bathurst's attachments were not confined to persons of peculiar parties or professions; ever delighted with the conversation of men of abilities, his wit, taste, and learning induced him to seek the acquaintance of men of genius. Always accessible, hospitable, and beneficent, he was intimately connected with the numerous persons of that class who conferred a lustre on the first half of the last century, even Swift, who in the letter speaks of him as "a very ill neighbour, and an enemy," was honoured by being one of his lordship's many friends, among whom may be named, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Friend, Congreve, Sir John Vanbrugh, Prior, Pope, Rowe, Addison, Arbuthnot, Gay, and others, who enjoyed his friendship, and were proud of his correspondence. In 1772, his lordship was raised to the dignity of Earl Bathurst, and died, after a few days' illness, at his seat at Cirencester, September 16th, 1775, aged 91; having long survived the host of celebrated names with whom his early accession to distinguished honour was associated.

October 1, your stile, 1713.

Reverend Doctor,

I received yours, and humbly conceive it will be better to put off the building of the garden wall till you come there yourself and see it; when I mentioned forty or fifty pounds which that work would cost, I did not understand brick and lime, which I believe you have almost enough of, but only the workmanship.

The election for Huntingdonshire, went as well as heart could wish; I went on purpose to appear for Sir Matthew,* only as a faggot, for I had no vote, but that he might seem a little orthodox, for he had but very few of the clergy. It was a pretty great struggle; even Jeff Barton,†

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* Sir Matthew Dudley, who is repeatedly mentioned by Swift. In his Journal to Stella, under date of October 13, 1710, he writes, "I had a letter sent me to-night from Sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary, I will transcribe it from beginning to end; it is as follows:

'Is the devil in you?

'October 13, 1710.'

"I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time." When hunting a dinner, Swift always found one at Sir Matthew's, and on December 9 of the same year, he tells Stella,—"Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the street. Was not it an odd event? But what care you? Nothing. But then I knew the butler."

From subsequent notices, Swift appears to have endeavoured to serve Sir Matthew by his influence with those in power. He held office as a Commissioner of Customs, and a change of ministry was near at hand. On March 24, 1711, Swift writes to Stella, "This was a fast-day for the public, so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the Lord Treasurer [Godolphin] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time, and thus the old ones hold in still." On October 15, he again mentions Sir Matthew:—"I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry." And in his letter of Feb. 9, 1712, Swift thus apprizes Stella of his dismissal: "I dined to-day with Sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of the Commission of the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment."

† Mrs. Barton, the widow of Colonel Barton—so frequently mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella, was positively a relation. Beautiful and witty, she was a favourite among the toasts of the Kit Cat Club; yet did some prejudice to her reputation by undertaking the superintendence of Lord Halifax's family, though compensated by a large legacy. In the Journal, April 3, 1711, Swift, then in London, thus writes: "I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldom. She told me a very good story. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will to have eight men, and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk—but bearers, parson, and clerk must be all true virgins, and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman lies still unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection."

Mrs. Barton was married a second time to Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, in his office in the Mint. Swift, in a letter to Lady Worsley,

who always was so staunch before, and to whom I had told your intentions, varied on this occasion, and made interest for my Lord Hinchinbrook, who lost it nevertheless by a great majority. It has also gone mightily well in Rutland, where two right lords* are chosen.

I shall dispose of the beer according to your permission, for it will be so long before you come, it will not be at all fit for you to drink.

I thank you for your advice about the scythe, which I shall not forget to follow. I have disposed of the warrant according to your permission.

My Lord Halifax has lately been here with Mrs. Montague, to Methuen; he liked your new plantation in the wilderness mighty well; I hope you will like it when you see it yourself, and that you will order the rest of the quarters to be done in that wood.

I am afraid Newton is gone, and that, perfectly by the negligence of the managers of that affair.†

I am, most reverend Doctor,
With all possible respect,
Your most obedient servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

Sir Walter Scott has printed, among Dean Swift's correspondence, two letters, which serve to fix the period of an anecdote of the Dean's introduction to Sir Robert Walpole, and its result, not generally known, but which forms a memorable incident in his biography.

The first of these letters is from Pope to Mr. Fortescue, dated "Twit'nam, May 1, 1727," anxious of introducing him to the Dean.—"Dr. Swift is come into England, and is now with me, and with whom I

April 19, 1730, asks, "How is our old friend Mrs. Barton, I forget her new name. I saw her three years ago at court, almost dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her." She survived her husband, and died, a widow, in 1739. Sir Walter Scott says, she was the niece of Sir Isaac Newton; she could be so only by marriage with Mr. Conduit, who was his nephew.

* Daniel Lord Finch, and Bennet Lord Sherard. Swift seems to have felt great interest in the elections of this year. In his letter to Archbishop King, dated London, October 20, written as an apology for slipping away from Ireland without paying the due respects to his Grace, he adds, "Our elections for the city still continue; I was this afternoon at Guildhall. I find three of the old members, and Withers, who is lowest, tells me he does not despair of carrying it for himself. There is abundance of artifice, to give it the softest word, used on both sides." On this occasion, Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, Sir John Cass, and Sir William Withers, the representatives of the high church party, by bribery and other means, were returned in preference to their competitors against all the efforts of the mercantile interest.

† The manor of Newton, near Geddington. In Bridge's History of Northamptonshire, vol. ii., p. 323, it is said, the manors of Great and Little Newton, anciently two adjacent villages, but now a township, in circuit about four miles, passed by purchase from the Tresham family, to Sir John Langham, Bart., alderman of London; and from him to Sir Cæsar Child, Bart. Of this gentleman they were bought by *Benjamin* Bathurst, Esq., of Battlesden in Bedfordshire, who two years afterwards sold them to the Duke of Montagu." Swift's letter rectifies an error of the historian, by showing it was Allen Bathurst, first Earl Bathurst, who was the purchaser, and not Benjamin, his lordship's younger brother, whose seat was at Lydney, in Gloucestershire, and who succeeded his lordship in the representation of Cirencester in the last parliament of Queen Anne, and to the two called by King George the First.

am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurst's, and other places. Lord Peterborough and Lord Harcourt propose to carry him to Sir Robert Walpole." The anecdote alluded to is thus narrated in a letter of Edward Roberts, Esq., late Clerk of the Pells in the Exchequer. —"You ask about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to, respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favour, and to promote him in England; urging that Swift had seen the folly of his adherence to tory principles, was become a whig, and a friend to the reigning family, and to Sir Robert's administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass his remaining life with English preferment on English ground. After frequent importunities, Sir Robert consented to see Swift—he came from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea. His manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour; but this was soon done away. Sir Robert said, "You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the Dean's favour, you have witnessed the heap of compliments he has uttered?"—"Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "And I am confident he means as he speaks." Sir Robert proceeded—"In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit, to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post-office—read it." It was a letter from Swift to Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to receive him; that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert; that he should receive plenty, and added, that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment: Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a complete misanthrope, and died friendless.

A result so disastrous, arising from the Dean's ill-timed and intemperate invectives, highly imprudent, to say the least of the communication to Arbuthnot, gave rise to expressions, in a letter from Swift to Dr. Sheridan, which evince his extreme bitterness of soul. It is dated from London, May 13, 1727, probably the day following his visit to Sir Robert Walpole's, at Chelsea.

"We are here in a strange situation—it is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest affairs of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas tolerably. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans."

B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

III.

A STORY OF GALVANISM.

What is't ye do?
A deed without a name.
SHAKSPERE.

THE doctor turned his chair to the fire, placed his negus upon the mantelpiece, and laying his one leg over the other, began remarking the very great change that a year's study at the metropolitan schools had made in my appearance, and how manly and strong-looking I had grown since I left his quiet surgery down at Linnfield.

After a little desultory discourse in this way, "Ah," said he, "how different is a student's life nowadays from when I walked old Guy's! Bless me, you have men lecturing now upon subjects that were not dreamt of at that time; and then how commonplace has become every incident in your lives! None of the wild adventures—none of that mystery that used to make men tremble, while their eyes followed the young doctor as one who walked among the dying by day and among the dead by night—one to whom the lazarhouse and the charnelhouse were equally familiar,—who consorted fearlessly with the plague-stricken, and held unhallowed communion with the tenants of the grave. And then your studies themselves,—how dry and uninteresting are your medical sciences become now! Where is the romance that used to hang about chemistry, physiology, electricity, and the rest in my young days? There was poetry in philosophy then,—but it is gone, all dissipated now,—fled with the mighty names that were mingled with it, receiving and giving splendour,—the Hunters, Franklin, Watt, Lavoisier, Jenner—well, well!"

Thus did the worthy old man run on, till I saw him warming into a story-telling humour. I put no obstacle in the way of this consummation, and in a minute or so, with a slight movement of his person, so as to compose himself into a narrative attitude, he began.

"I remember I had a fellow-student once, a most singular being; the name he went by was Elias Johns, spelling it with an H,—you may think from this that he was a Jew, and I could hardly help entertaining the same impression myself at first, but on knowing him better, I soon found out my mistake. Indeed, I never saw anything so absolutely unjewish as his appearance. He was a tall, very slender, and narrow-shouldered person, with a considerable stoop, and that too not directly forward, but somewhat away to one side. His hands were long, thin, and the whitest I ever saw on a man; his hair was of a very light flaxen, his eyes deep blue, and they had such an absent, wild, dreamy, mystic sort of an expression,—I can't find a proper word for it, but you can fancy, I suppose, what I mean. His features were sharp, thin, and as white as paper, but most decidedly intellectual. I never saw such a

bloodless countenance,—even his lips hardly presented any relief to the unvarying pale of his complexion. His forehead was very expansive, and marked with many small wrinkles, and with his large light brows was perpetually twitching and moving about, as his thoughts appeared to change. He wore black gaiters and shoes, a suit of black and a long black surtout over it, reaching down below the knees, a broad low hat, with a crape round it, and a slender ebony cane, with a small gold head. This last he used to carry under one arm, having generally a book under the other, and his hands clasped behind him, carrying either his gloves, a roll of MSS. or another volume. He used to walk about with long rapid steps, having his eyes fixed, looking out right before him, his thin lips every now and then quivering as if he were talking internally. His manner was most winning and gentlemanlike; his voice rich and musical: in fact, his presence wherever he went commanded deep and immediate respect. And yet, though all the students admired, and some envied him, till he became acquainted with me he had no companion: they all loved to talk with him about the wards or lecture-rooms,—in fact he was the leading man among them, at all their scientific societies. Yet, apart from study, no one seemed disposed to consider him a desirable friend, and in consequence he was always to be seen alone, moving about as I have described him. His designation and talents were all that were known of him,—who were his connexions, or where he stayed no one ever knew or inquired, and so little did they trouble themselves about him, that his name was always simply Jones, except when he wrote it himself.

But the place to see him was the literary and scientific societies that were then so numerous among the students; there was he to be found propounding and arguing in favour of his visionary theories, carrying away even his opponents by the fervid and passionate eloquence with which he advocated their truth;—at one time dazzling them by a brilliant flood of the wildest poetry, anon cutting them by rapid thrusts of intellectual (he never stooped to personal) satire, and immediately building up fabrics of most intricate argumentation, of which though they might perceive, they could not point out or express the fallacy.

It was at one of these meetings that I first became aquainted with him. I had just done reading a paper proposing a theory to account for the motion of the fluid in the absorbent vessels (the anatomy and physiology of this system was then all the rage) and my ears were still tingling with the applause which followed, and which I could see he had been the first to raise, when he crossed the room, and watching an opportunity while somebody was stating objections to my opinions, seated himself beside me, shook me warmly by the hand, and entered into a whispered conversation on the subject of my paper, twisting and turning my views, and proposing new ideas with a rapidity which astonished me, and yet all the while never losing one word of what the speaker was saying, for he had hardly ceased moving his lips when he sprang to his feet and entered into a complete and masterly refutation of all my opponent had uttered, taking up my views, and resting them on a new basis of his own, and defending them with an originality and force that struck every one of the hundreds in the hall, with the most absorbing interest and attention. I was listening with astonishment and delight, when on a sudden, taking advantage of an ignorance the last speaker

had betrayed of the sciences of hydrostatics and hydraulics, and errors consequent thereupon, he launched away into a current of the most cutting, yet delicate ridicule, till I could see the other's face rivalling his own in paleness.

We left the hall together, and walked to the end of the street, where he turned to take leave, observing that his way lay in a particular direction. I told him it coincided with my own; he appeared surprised, but took my arm instantly, and we moved on, and so completely charmed was I with his conversation, that I walked a good way beyond the door of my lodging before I was aware. Ever after that we were bosom friends. I was somewhat of a visionary then myself, till an early love affair and a few uphill struggles in life sobered me—ah! (here the doctor sighed). As we became more intimate, however, I began to be more fully alive to the singularities of his character.

He was, in short, a philosophical enthusiast,—science mad, if I might use the expression; and his particular hallucination was electricity, with its collaterals, galvanism, and the sciences of heat and light. This was the root of all his theories and dreams, as it was the keystone to the splendid arch of his acquirements:—to throw light upon this science, and to illustrate his views of it, he had studied almost all others. Astronomy, physics, mathematics, physiology, and, above all, chemistry. These he had studied in every sense of the word, if an ardent and enthusiastic devotion to a subject, and a day and night application can be called study. Of the Latin and Greek languages, he acquired an intimate, though not critical knowledge, by hunting through the works of the middle ages, puzzling his brains for real scientific truths, under the mythic dreams of the alchymists. As for the classics and the other sciences, besides his favourites, he used to consider them as follies, fit for women and boys, and altogether unworthy of a moment's attention, from a man who felt within him the workings of sterling talent. He had been considered a very dull boy,—he told me, in fact, he was fully ten years old before he could read a sentence of the English language; afterwards, however, he got on better; but when a medical education began to open up to him the field of philosophy, it was then that he showed what he was; from study to study, from science to science, he ran with the rapidity and power which appeared ominous. He seemed possessed of a universal genius. His eloquence I have never heard surpassed, while his power of expressing his thoughts in writing was most remarkable.

And yet the key to all this, without which it had never been, was the study of electricity. To this he sacrificed everything—in fact, I tremble while I say it now—he used to believe, to state openly, and to use all his splendid powers to convert others to the belief that the electric fluid was the God of Nature,—that the human soul, and all other intelligences were but modifications, but portions of this principle, and at death returned to it again. That it pervaded the universe, was the cause of all phenomena—the source of every change in matter—the creator of worlds, and the chain of systems.

Upon themes such as these, he would dilate, with an eloquence which divested them of all their absurdity, and lent them an interest and fascination, which made his hearers listen with delight, whilst they

trembled almost at the stupendous thoughts he was calling up in their minds.

"Give me," was a favourite sentence of his, "give me boundless space, matter in atoms, Electrical Attraction and Repulsion, and I will soon create you a universe!"

Religion he used to scout openly, with the most unblushing coolness, calling its votaries fools, and its ministers knaves—but I will go no further with this part of his character. The moral part of it was good, if I could say so of one holding and disseminating such opinions—for he worshipped his electrical deity, with such devotion, that he had no time to commit, or even to think of any other evil.

But, as in many others of this sort of visionary infidels, in him the emotions were most powerful and active. He was a most devoted friend, while his affection for his parents, and an only sister, was as remarkable almost as his love of science. When not occupied with his pursuits of the latter description, he was sure to be busy with his family correspondence, or enlarging to me upon the comforts or kindness he had experienced at home. Of his father he used to talk particularly.

He had been an eminent West-India merchant, but had been unfortunate, and was now living on the remnants of his fortune, in a small cottage to the south of London, devoting his time to the rearing of flowers, and breeding of singing-birds, two arts in which he was celebrated among the ladies of the neighbourhood, from whom he sometimes received very considerable sums in return for choice specimens of either of those favourite objects.

"He wanted to make me a botanist, but it would not do, I was incorrigible. What is botany when you know the physiology of it? Stuff! A long catalogue of names! Talk of the beauty of flowers, I never could see it—but I can see beauty in the Atomic Theory. But what of that, he loves me dearly, and I shall make him a proud and happy man some day! And then there's my mother, dear old soul; and Kate, too; would you believe it, she actually taught me my letters, though she is two years my junior. She is a dear, kind girl; look what warm gloves she sent me up!"

Thus would he run on to me whenever any accident set him off the current of his usual discourse; or he would give me little anecdotes of his father, or his sister, instancing traits of their characters, which, however uninteresting of themselves, were rendered even amusing by his graphic and original way of narrating them, and by the almost childish warmth and affection they showed in every sentence.

As we continued daily to get more intimate, our rooms became common property,—sometimes I passed the night at the one, sometimes at the other, and he was as often at my lodgings as at his own. It was then I first was made aware of the degree of intellectual labour of which a man is capable when under the influence of a powerful motive. I almost thought he could do without sleep at all. At midnight I would leave him at his study-table amid a heap of volumes, labouring away at calculations of the deepest and most intricate description, and in the morning on awaking, I would see him busily engaged with his tools, constructing electrical and galvanic apparatus. A favourite notion of

his was, that Gravitation and Electrical Attraction were one and the same force, and that if he could find means to extract the fluid from any body, it would no longer gravitate.

Now this, however preposterous it seems in the present state of knowledge, was at that time not at all such an improbable matter. To work out this, and a hundred other similar schemes, his rooms were completely crowded—nay, jammed with apparatus. There never was an experiment related in any of the journals, but he must repeat it, and apply its consequences to his own theories: and, while in one corner of his chambers you would see a sand-bath and chemical furnace, in another you would observe a brittle collection of Leyden jars, voltaic piles, glass cylinders, globes, plates, &c.; in a third, a heap of manuscripts; and in a fourth, a number of preparations of the brain and nervous system hung in spirits. He took food as he did sleep, by snatches, quick and hurried, reading as he ate when alone; when with me, indulging in those wild philosophical rhapsodies, which I have before alluded to, or attacking and running down the opinions of men who were then about equal with himself, though their names have become now common words in the language.

When I began to see the incessant labour he underwent, I ceased to be so much astonished as I had been at the extent of his acquirements. The short intervals of sleep he took were the only moments of time in which he was not employed in adding to the heap. Even when he walked about, he was continually calculating or scheming; and when his mind was exhausted by four or five hours study of one subject, it seemed to be refreshed to its original power by change to another science.

To support all this, and provide the expensive materials of which his apparatus was constructed, as well as the very costly labour of instrument-makers, of whom he had one almost constantly employed, must have required funds far greater than I could have conceived a man of broken fortune, such as he described his father, capable of supplying. As we had nothing but in common, I made bold once to express my curiosity on this point.

"Ah," said he, "I don't know how he gets it, poor man; these commercial matters are above my comprehension—I had always other things to think of. I dare say they are enough put about at home to keep up my education; but in a month or two, when I have completed and brought out my voltaic engine, they shall know what gratitude is."

We had now been on these terms of intimacy for about six months, when one afternoon, coming hurriedly into his apartments, I saw conversing with him a tall, athletic-looking man, whose back was towards me. He turned quickly round when I entered, looked at me, and then with a gesture of annoyance, walked away to the chemical furnace which was burning briskly, and began warming his hands.

Johns came up to me, coloured deeply, and told me it was his father who had come to him with some money. He was not fond of strangers, he told me, and begged I would excuse him for once, he would be over to me to supper that evening.

I immediately took my leave not a little piqued at this; but in the evening he came to my apartments, and in a few minutes, we were on the same terms as before.

About a month after this, I had occasion to go down to Linnfield, and was returning to London very late on a Sunday-night. As I was riding along, I heard a quick gallop behind me. The horseman came up, and as he was passing, his horse, a powerful gray, ran abruptly against mine, while the rider caught my bridle. My heart beat quick.

"Bless me," said he, "what ails the jade? Ah! how do you do, Mr. ———, who expected to meet with you on the road? If it had not been for your bridle-rein, I should have been down. How is Elias, pray? working as hard as ever?" and he went on talking away with the utmost kindness and affability.

I was struck at this change in his manner, and attributed it to an explanation his son had given him of my character. As it was, I felt quite relieved to find it was he; for I was really in fear, as robberies were exceedingly frequent on the roads about town at that time. I mentioned this to him.

"Yes, yes," said he; "a man that has occasion to be riding out of an evening, can never be sufficiently on his guard. They have come across me once or twice, but I always managed to come off the best, thanks to Miss Polly here, and myself. If I could rid me of lawful robbers as easily, it would be better for me—I should not be here to-night."

As we rode to town, he gave me an invitation to visit him, along with his son at his cottage, and spend a week or two, if I could spare it.

I accepted it with pleasure, and parted with him at his inn-door, fully convinced of the folly of forming an opinion of a person from a first impression.

Next day I told Mr. Johns of this, and he was much pleased. He told me his father had been with him just before, and had left for Bristol on business.

"I must see," said he, "if I cannot spare time, and we shall go down together, and see Kate. You shall like her, I promise you;—she's just nineteen, and as like me as my picture. My father is dark,—very dark, you know; but we take after our mother."

As we went on with our studies, his singular genius and application had become known to our lecturers, and he had become a frequent guest at their tables. Papers of his had appeared in several of the leading scientific journals; and, it was stated, that the highest academic honours awaited him, upon his obtaining his degree, and terminating, nominally, his education.

Dr. Q———, especially, the distinguished chemist, took particular and very flattering notice of him, and often visited him at his rooms, examining his apparatus, looking at his experiments, and listening to his schemes—nay, in a short time, I was convinced he had become a convert to his electrical hypotheses.

In the mean time the summer wore on, and the time arrived when we should visit the cottage. Johns was loath to leave his studies, to which he had been bound for many years; but I was imperative, and with a heavy heart he locked up his apartments, and taking with him materials enough for a half-year's study to an ordinary mind, left for a fortnight's absence from his regular pursuits.

The cottage was a most beautiful one—a little more than twelve miles from London. It had originally been a porter's lodge to a nobleman's seat in the neighbourhood; a new road, however, having been run across the country, new enclosures were made, and, as the little place was much too pretty to be destroyed, it underwent some alterations, and being offered for lease, found a ready tenant in Mr. Johns. The road which led to it was very lonely, and quite overgrown with grass. The cottage itself stood sheltered and hid, among a plantation of tall trees, and a large garden sloped away southward, before its woodbine-clad front.

If I had been struck with the beauty of it, I was a thousand times more so with that of one of its occupants—the fair Katherine. Her brother had hardly told me right, that she was his very picture. The same intellectual features had she, but none of the wrinkles of thought; the same deep blue eye, but no wild look of enthusiasm; the same pale, white complexion, but on her cheek the sunny tinge of health. Her figure slender—yes, and there was a stoop, too—yet, oh how feminine and graceful! and when she chose to erect that proud neck, and bent upon you the full glance of that noble eye, it was no sight to look upon and escape scatheless. And did I escape?—God knows!"

(Here he paused, and appeared much moved. I sat quietly beside him as if I perceived nothing unusual. In a minute he went on again)—

"I am an old man, now, Mr. ———, and these things happened many, many years ago, when I was young like you, so you may fancy with your young feelings the love I felt for that girl. My friendship for her brother seemed molten into love for her; it became burning as his ardour for science—yes, more so, if that were possible.

The three weeks I was with her flew like three days—the three happy days of a lifetime. I begged hard of Elias for a week longer; but he was inexorable, so we packed up, and returned to town once more."

(He paused again for a moment or two, looking thoughtfully at the fire—slowly he turned to me.)

"I believe, Charles, there is an instinct that tells a man when he is beloved. Let her do all she can to conceal it; nay, let her hide it from all—from the sister that sleeps in her bosom—even the mother, whose anxious eye is on her every motion, and would read her every thought; let her do this—HIS eye perceives it. Yes, ere her fond heart itself is conscious of the beam that warms it, he has seen, and been gladdened by its dawning.

It was a feeling of this nature that spoke within me, as I left behind the beautiful dwelling, and told me that my image formed the centre of a radiant dream of hope and joy in that pure mind—that I was the cause why the pent up breathing heaved higher the snowheap of that gentle bosom. Alas the day—the day!"

(Here he covered his face with his hand, bent his body forward, and remained motionless. A moment, and I heard a drop fall upon the knee of his trousers—I watched it, it sparkled in the light for an instant, like a small diamond, and then sunk absorbed into the cloth. I was deeply, almost painfully affected.

Under the influence of this feeling, I moved suddenly in my chair. Thereupon one of the fire-irons was shaken from its place, and fell with a loud crashing rattle upon the fender. This most prosaic occurrence brought him back from his dream; he gave a deep breath, like one relieved from a weight, took up the utensil, stirred the fire briskly, and then, passing his palm over his bald head, went on talking)—

"The short time I was at the cottage I employed to the best advantage; I became a prime favourite with Mr. Johns the elder. I admired his flowers, which were certainly very magnificent, and proved myself to have not quite such a distaste for practical botany as his son. With his birds, again, I made myself no less intimate, and actually taught his favourite starling to sing one of the little birds' choruses in the Ornithes of Aristophanes, a thing which pleased him mightily. Himself I found to be a plain, but very intelligent man, though of a kind of bold, scornful manner, and with an unpleasant propensity to strengthen every opinion with a bet. From this I thought I could guess the origin of his ill success in business. Personally he was what is commonly called a fine-looking man, in fact, only two-and-twenty years older than his son. His features were not unlike those of the latter in general cast, but wanted the intellectual look, so characteristic, and were dark, heavier, and more decided; his hair was black as coal.

The mother was a slight, pale, white-haired, delicate woman, with a face most singularly expressive of anxiety. She never smiled, but sat for long periods in thoughtful silence, broken only by an occasional shudder that ran through her frame, apparently from palsy. A habit that she had, too, of clasping her hands abruptly, and turning her eyes upward, made me think her son right in ascribing her peculiarity of manner to heightened or erroneous views of religion. The only other inmates of the cottage were a strong, stupid young country-girl, who had been sent them from the parish-workhouse as a household drudge, and a very fine, powerful mastiff, that went at large about the premises. Miss Polly, the gray mare, was at the time under the care of a neighbouring farrier.

Mr. Johns parted with me, expressing much regret we could not prolong our stay with him. With her I parted with a look. As we rode along, Elias asked me my opinion of his father from what I had seen of him. I acknowledged I had never seen fatherly love more strongly shone forth, and only wished my own were half so affectionate. I then repeated to him the expressions of pride and admiration his father had used to me in conversation with regard to him. He was much excited.

"Yes," said he, "though we are poor in outward things, and a poor and fallen family we are, yet in the sterling wealth of warm affection, no Arab's dream ever equalled our riches."

We returned to our studies. My own powers of application I found wofully diminished since my visit to the cottage—I could not settle myself seriously to a night's hard reading—every five minutes my eyes were off my books, and my mind far away—where, you may well know. Not so was it with my friend Elias. He confined himself almost entirely to his rooms. The hospitals he neglected—lectures he ceased to attend at all.

"Really, George," said he to me, "I begin to think it must be a

much easier thing to deliver one of these lectures, than to listen to one."

The only times he stirred out, were when he went to the bookseller's —to the fields, to procure frogs for his experiments, or to the market for rabbits for similar purposes. With Dr. Q. he was now on terms of the closest confidence, a connexion of which he was very and justly proud. In the mean time his ignorance of everything in the public or political world, was extreme. Of the meaning of the two great party names, I am sure he was quite unaware; and that, too, though political changes of immense importance were daily progressing. I remember with what words of bitter contempt he used to talk of names that were striking Europe with apprehensions; what a smile he used to put on, as I would endeavour to call his attention to them.

"Hark ye, George," said he to me one day, when I was talking to him in this manner, "say no more about your victories, and such sort of things; in a short while you shall see a victory over prejudice and error—a victory that shall send down *my* name with honour to a posterity, that shall receive the names of your blood-shedding heroes with execration."

In a day or two after, I came to him to borrow a German book upon the brain, that was then making a considerable noise. He gave it me immediately.

"This man," said he, "shows plainly there is something in him; but how wofully does he come short of the truth. Look what a rigmarole—I have marked it out in pencil—about the function of the cerebellum! Nonsense—nonsense! Have men no eyes? The function of that organ is motion, or will, for they are the same thing—nothing but motion: it is just a galvanic battery, the plates of it are as plain as those of the pile on the table there: and yet these blind beetles go guessing about, afraid as it were, to come at once upon the fact. Give me down that preparation; look here, can anything be plainer?—but to give you further proof—"

Here he caught a live rabbit, from a number he had under the window-sill, secured it, and, taking his instruments, elevated with much dexterity the back part of its cranium, so as to expose the organ alluded to. He then took a wire, and touching it in different parts, by that means made the animal move in various directions, as I desired.

I was struck with wonder and delight, and clasped his hand, saying, "Johns you are a genius!"

He gave one of his peculiar smiles, and remained for several minutes motionless, apparently lost in thought.

"Yes," said he; "you are astonished at this experiment, but you shall soon see one that will almost make you perform that fools' act which they call worship—an act, which ere I die, I will blot out from among the follies of men."

Alas, poor fellow!

I then gathered from him, that Dr. Q——— and himself were constructing together an electric apparatus of unprecedented magnitude with which certain experiments of a most stupendous nature were to be performed.

"Now then," said he, "if I could just get together a hundred

pounds more, I should have half the right of ownership to the apparatus, and be enabled to use it at my own pleasure. I shall write home, and implore my father to get it me, by any means."

Two days after his father called upon us, and presented him with the money.

Elias was now overjoyed; he appeared completely possessed, passing his whole time either in his own apartments, or at Dr. Q———'s house, which was just in the neighbourhood.

For my own part, I went on with my studies as well as I could—thinking more of the lovely Katherine, than of her strange and enthusiastic brother.

One evening as I was sitting musing over my books, he came in; I had not seen him in my rooms for a month, so engrossed had he been with his new pursuit. I had never before observed him in such a state of pleasurable excitement as he was in that evening. Hardly ever before had his conversation been of a more singular and unearthly character; he could not rest, he moved about from one part of the room to another, whilst his eye burned with a wild enthusiasm. I was surprised, and when he had become more settled, inquired what had so moved him.

"To-morrow, George, our experiments begin. There are four men to be hung at the ———— (here he mentioned one of the places of public execution). Dr. Q——— has been and secured for our theatre the most muscular subject—it is one Bill Severn, a notorious scoundrel as ever lived. The doctor was going to tell me a long story about his crimes, but what did I care? all I asked was whether he was a suitable subject, and the answer was—None could be more so; that was enough for me. A curious thing, isn't it, that upon the body of that man, probably one of the most atrocious villains that ever disgraced his nature, will be built discoveries that will make the world ring with admiration, nay, tremble with awe?"

I may mention here, that at that time capital punishments were a hundred times more frequent than they are now. Criminals were executed then for offences that would now be expiated by infinitely minor punishments, though from the state of society, and the want of a proper police, crimes themselves were much more numerous, and of a more aggravated description. The common rule, too, was to give the bodies of those who met their death by public execution, to the anatomical schools; a practice that is, I believe, now rightly abolished.

On his departure, which was pretty late, I endeavoured to study, but could not; it seemed as if he had infected me with a portion of his excitement. I felt uneasy and racked, I could not compose myself to serious thought, and a peculiar kind of ominous feeling crept over me.

I went to sleep, for I had had little the night before, having been out with a case. I slept, but all night long the nightmare sat upon my chest, and when I awoke in the morning, it was only by freely dashing my temples with cold water that I could bring myself to my usual state of mind.

Early in the day Elias came to me; he appeared fagged and exhausted—in fact, he had been up all the night previous with Dr. Q———, getting into order the apparatus for their experiments. He

sat down to wait till I dressed and took a book, but immediately falling forward on the table, slept deeply.

In about an hour I awakened him, when he started up, quite refreshed and vigorous; all his former spirits had returned, and he continued to converse with me in his usual strain.

We went out together, and walked along to the anatomical theatre. As we went, we could hear little knots of people talking together about the executions, that were that day to take place—my ear caught frequently the name "Severn."

"That is our man," said Johns; "what a talk is made about him! Suppose now Dr. ——— (and he mentioned a very distinguished natural philosopher) were to die—a martyr to science, even—how many would know of it? And this is fame, George, that we are all working so hard for!"

We stopped at the corner of a street where two ballad-singers were bawling to a crowd of attentive listeners. They were exceedingly coarse, deformed-looking men, and they drawled out their song to a long melancholy tune.

It gave an account of a number of robberies and housebreakings, and a murder, I think, of a turnkey, which it detailed in the first person, beginning,

Oh,—William Severn is my name—in London I d—i—d dw—e—ll.

And then it had a doleful chorus, which yet rings in my ears—

Oh, I robb'd the rich, and I did be—stow,
And give to them, as vos poor and l—o—w,
But now I'm cotch'd, and cast to die,
On the new drop at—the Old B—ai—lye—

Johns laughed, and gave the men some coppers. They touched their hats, and ceased singing, regarding us with a suspicious look as we moved away in the direction of the Medical Buildings.

Dr. X———'s anatomical theatre—I don't know whether or not it yet stands—was a very fine, large, square hall. You entered it from the wide stair on the outside, near the ceiling, and on looking down into it, could perceive a semicircular area, or open space, from which the seats rose, tier above tier, till the heads of those in the highest touched the cornice. Two stairs led down among the seats to this area. In it stood a long square table of mahogany bound and clasped with brass. It had a number of hinges and foldings, and swung round in all directions, upon a ball-and-socket joint in its pedestal.

The roof, which was very lofty, was lighted by four great windows of dimmed glass, and from it were suspended, by cords passing through the crown of the skull, four or five large skeletons, which swung slowly round upon their ropes, as if surveying with their dark, hollow, eyeless sockets, the various members of the assemblage. Behind the area was a recess, supported on two pillars of marble, and with a door at each side leading into the other anatomical rooms.

Partly in this recess, and partly on the leaden floor of the area, were placed the various portions of an immense galvanic apparatus; the plates, I am sure, were above a foot square each, and two or three hundred in number. On the table was a small box of a dark polished wood, mounted in silver, and containing dissecting instruments. There

was yet no one in the open space, but the whole seated part was crowded up to the very ceiling, though none were admitted but gentlemen who had received cards of invitation.

As we entered at the top, all eyes were turned to us, and immediately the hollow seats resounded with a burst of applause. Johns, in whose honour, I need hardly say, this was done, pressed my arm. I looked at him; there was on his pale intellectual face a flush of pride and enthusiasm, while his deep blue eye seemed to burn. We found our way down to a side-seat, the first from the area, which had been kept for us, and sat down to await the coming scene. As I sat, I could not help admiring the magnitude, as well as elegance of the apparatus, as it stood before me. I think it was the largest that has ever been constructed; indeed, when it was set in action, several gentlemen afterwards declared they had felt its influence on their bodies, though seated at a considerable distance, and altogether unconnected with it.

After a while, several elderly gentlemen entered by one of the doors into the area, one of them enveloped completely in a gown of black-glazed leather: this was Dr. Z——, the demonstrator of anatomy. Dr. Q——, who was among them, came over to Mr. Johns, and entered into conversation.

About ten minutes elapsed, when a young man came in suddenly, and whispered to Dr. Z——. They were all immediately on the alert; the acid was poured on, the apparatus put in action, and ere we were aware, one of the gentlemen was thrown to the floor by a violent shock from the wires having accidentally got entangled about his person. Things were put to rights, and, in another minute, several men hurried into the room, bearing a body, with a sheet thrown loosely around it. Thereupon arose a loud murmur throughout the crowded hall, and every one sprang to his feet, shifting about, and pushing aside his neighbours' heads and shoulders to get a good view. The men who had borne in the body placed it face downwards on the long table, with the feet towards us, and the head towards the other side of the hall. They then removed the sheet and withdrew; and there lay before me Severn, the housebreaker, highwayman, and murderer.

I have never seen a more muscular frame than he presented. Every fibre was in a state of rigid tension, displaying the strength and elegance of his form to most striking advantage. The hair of the head was of an iron-gray colour, in some places almost white.

Dr. Z—— took out his scalpels, and Dr. Q—— crossing to Johns, told him that the neck appeared not to have sustained any perceptible injury, owing perhaps to the strength of its muscles. Johns was delighted. He took hold of Q——'s hand between his own, and looked at him with features full of anxious hope, lighted up every now and then with the wild unearthly expression so peculiar to them.

Dr. Q—— then went forward and addressed the assemblage, telling them that the body had been suspended by the neck for one hour, and had now been nearly half that time cut down, and was of course quite dead. He spoke in a hurried excited manner. He would now, he said, proceed to try upon it the powers of his battery, in the hope of restoring to it pulsation, respiration, and motion.

"Yes, LIFE!" said Johns to me. "Vitality—intelligence—mind! Yes, that corpse which for this hour has been dead and cold, as a clod

of the valley, shall, in ten minutes, walk forth from this hall a LIVING SOUL! I shall be the power that shall have put the breath of life into its nostrils. I shall be proclaimed before this meeting—before London, England, the world, as the first being that has ever ——." I shall not go on—it was a sentence of most hideous blasphemy.

As he spoke, his eyes gleamed with an enthusiasm almost maniacal. It was the last flash of his wayward but magnificent intellect; the last irradiation of a spirit that gave all but sensible indication of its presence.

Dr. Z—— now proceeded to make incisions down upon important nerves in various parts of the body. The wires were then applied. The body slowly drew up its lower limb—I saw the muscles clubbed up in knots under the skin. The next moment it was thrown out with fearful violence, and fell back motionless upon the table. Thereupon arose from every part of that great hall a thunder of applause.

The excitement was now most intense; for my own part, I could not take my eyes from the table. I had forgotten there was such a being as Johns at my side, so engrossed was I with the scene before me.

The wires were now applied to different parts of the body, violent convulsive motions of various kinds being produced. They were applied to the nerves of the head and face. The head was immediately drawn spasmodically back, the face looking right up from the table upon the benches opposite to me. I could not of course see it, but of the gentlemen who *did see it*, several rose abruptly, and fled up the stairs, and out of the theatre; one vomited, and another fainted away, and was immediately removed through the area to the rooms adjoining. The galvanic fluid was then brought to bear upon the phrenic or nerve of respiration; breathing immediately began, at first low, then natural, then hurried, labouring, at last gasping.

The wire from the one pole of the apparatus was now affixed to the large nerve that runs down the thigh behind, that from the other, to the one that comes out upon the bone over the orbit. The effect was terrific. The corpse suddenly turned completely round with its face upward, and rose upon its haunches, every muscle being fixed in rigid spasm. Heaven keep me from ever beholding such a sight again! Its neck was thrust forward, its long gray hair stood on end, its brow was contorted into innumerable wrinkles, the eyelids were drawn forcibly back, the eyeballs with their dead glazed pupils protruding in a hideous stare, its nostrils were widely dilated, while a horrible greenish foam oozed out at the corners of its working lips. I could not remove my eyes from it for one fraction of a second. Never, before or since, has my whole soul been absorbed by such a feeling of unutterable horror!

A moment and it suddenly raised its right arm, and pointed convulsively with its forefinger to Johns, who sat beside me; whilst its ghastly, lifeless eyes glared in the same direction, and every fibre of its face was twitched with a most diabolic, gibbering grin.

I felt sick and faint; the theatre swam around me, but at that instant my ears were cut to the quick by *a cry*. With the sights and sounds of the operation-room I have been familiar, but never has my heart quailed at such a scream. I had at first the idea that it rose from the corpse on the table, but the next instant a heavy body fell against

my shoulder. A dreadful idea shot across my mind—that cry came from Johns, and in its prolonged splitting yell, *my ear* could trace the articulate words—

"MY FATHER!"

In the utterance of it, he had sprung up clean into the air, as the stag is said to do when the bullet enters its heart. It was his body that fell against my shoulder, and he was now lying at my feet.

Yes—*it was* his father! Severn the robber, and Johns the flower and bird-fancier, were one and the same. The man who had at first avoided me—who had seized my bridle at midnight on the highway—whose guest I had been for three happy weeks—whose daughter was the subject of my reveries by day, and of my dreams by night—the kind, doting father of my gifted friend—the ruined merchant—the highwayman, the burglar, the murderer, all were one man, and his insensate body now lay before me, the writhing subject of hideous experiments. I knew the features well—but the *gray hair!*—could the black have been but an artificial disguise?—or was this the effect of the agony of sleepless night in the condemned cell?

But alas for thee, vain and presumptuous mortal! where is now thy proud and blasphemous spirit, thy mighty genius that could dare attempt by spells of earthly science to call back to its mangled tenement of clay the guilty soul, already trembling before the throne of its Judge? How fearfully has thy deep sin been visited upon thee, poor frail child of clay! Has not thy very crime been, by the finger that works unseen, turned into the instrument of thy dreadful chastisement? Where canst thou hide thee now, poor stricken worm? Where are thy theories now, thy scoffs and arguings, that led away many a weak spirit into eternal ruin?

No ear but mine appeared to have understood that cry. It was the belief of all that he had fainted away, as had the other gentlemen, from fright or agitation. I took him up in my arms, and bore his light slender form from the theatre.

The gentlemen went on with their experiments,—with what success I know not; of course their object, viz., restoration of life to the body (for whatever Dr. Q——— or others may have recorded—that I know *was* their object) was not attained; neither do I know what became of the body afterwards.

I sent the porter of the rooms for a hackney-coach, into which, with his assistance, I placed my senseless friend, and then getting in, desired the coachman to drive to his apartments. They were situated in a quiet street down in Westminster. A widow lady, from whom he held them, occupied, with her servant-girl, the ground-floor and kitchen below: all above was his. I left him in the carriage, and running up to the door, opened it with a key I had received from him long before. I went rapidly along the passage to seek the landlady's assistance, when on opening the door, who should I see sitting in the centre of the room, all pale and dishevelled, but his gentle sister, my own Katherine! I started back in new amazement. She rose slowly to her feet, and addressed me slowly, and with difficulty, while I could see the sweat in drops, like pin-points, starting out all over her beautiful face.

"Don't speak to me, Mr. ——," she said. "I have found out what

I am—whose—child I—am. Where is my—brother ?" She continued to move her lips, though uttering no sound,—the *globus hystericus* had risen in her throat, and was choking her; her eyes swam in their sockets, she reeled, and fell backwards, and it was with the greatest difficulty I prevented her from falling with her head upon the fire.

Never was I in a state of such painful perplexity. I knew not what to do,—imprinting a hurried kiss on her cold, damp cheek, I put her under the charge of the landlady, and ran out to attend to her brother. With the help of the coachman, I had him conveyed upstairs to bed. Oh, with what bitterness did I now look upon the piles of books and apparatus that impeded our steps at every turn—the very bed had to be cleared of them, ere we could put him into it. Having dismissed the man, I endeavoured to ascertain the precise nature of his symptoms.

His pulse I found to be very slow and calm—more so by much than natural, as likewise was his breathing; his skin was very cool, but not cold; his limbs were slightly stiff; if I lifted his arm, it would remain up for a moment, and then slowly sink again to the level position upon the bed. I found his pupils *not* to be affected by the sudden approach of light, and from his nostrils were distilling a few drops of blood,—which last symptom might, however, have been occasioned by his fall.

Having satisfied myself that he was in a fit of catalepsy, or some anomalous nervous affection, I went downstairs to see what had become of *her*. I found her in a deep sleep on the sofa, with the good landlady sitting on a chair beside her. She motioned me not to come in. I went into her bedroom, where she immediately joined me. She told me that the poor young lady had been raving dreadfully, and must have escaped from her keepers the night before, as she said she had walked that morning more than a dozen miles to London. It was the worthy woman's firm persuasion, that the gentle girl was deranged; she had consequently kept her in talk, as she said, with considerable doubt about her own safety, expecting that Mr. Johns would come home, and take her under his own charge, and have her put under her former restraint.

I do not think I ever passed a day in all my life pregnant with events of such a harrowing nature. I fervently pray Heaven, I may never again have to pass such another. I sat by the bedside all that night, watching my friend's pale, moveless, expressionless face, and thinking over the startling events I have narrated. I did this till a strange superstitious feeling crept over me; I was certain the glaring face of the galvanised corpse was behind my head, while an irresistible desire, and yet mortal dread to look round, possessed me ;—this feeling increased to torture—I could bear it no longer, but rushing from the apartment and out of the house, I walked up and down the street in front till day, and then re-entered. I ascended to his bedroom—I found Katherine sitting beside his head. She rose up as I came in, and, I assure you, I trembled as I greeted her.

She stood up quiet and calm before me. Her features had acquired a cold, stony-hard look; a Siddons-sort of expression, only real, not acted, that told me the bitterness of grief—of death itself, was already

past. I knew that now, though I were to thrust a knife into her flesh, she would shed no tear, utter no cry. My eyes sought the floor before her passionless gaze. I felt for her that peculiar feeling of reverence and awe which the old Greek tragedians so well describe, as hanging about the presence of Orestes, Œdipus, and others, whom the gods had visited with extreme affliction. My clothes felt cold and rough upon my skin as I heard her. She addressed me in the style of ordinary conversation, but slowly, and with effort.

"I see, Mr. ——, you know all. He has turned out to be a most atrocious felon whom I regarded as—*a father*. I never knew it till two days ago. My mother told me with her latest breath—she is dead now—she had known it all along. But my brother—my poor, dear, noble Elias, thought him a deity. Yes, we have been reared upon the wages of crime! It came upon me like lightning; I ran out of the house as I was, and found my way on foot to London. When I arrived, I was borne away by crowds of people, till I came to—*the place*. Yes, Mr. ——, with my own eyes I saw it—I saw the great dark prison, the black beams of the gibbet—I saw HIM! I heard the shouts and execrations that rose, an audible cloud, from the great sea of human beings that rolled hither and thither beneath. I heard him speak—I heard the rumbling crash of the hideous engine, and the one universal groan that burst from the vast multitude, at the offering up of the horrible sacrifice! I heard and saw it all; and my God! my God! I did not die!"

Here she bent her head upon her senseless brother's bosom, and continued in that attitude. I paced the room slowly in a state of mental agony, second only to her own.

After a time she rose. Her eyes were quite dry—her features unchanged. She intended to stay and be her brother's nurse, and desired I would not injure my prospects by neglect of my studies on his or her account, or bring disgrace upon myself, or wound my own feelings by keeping company with such characters as I had found them to be.

I left her for a time, and went and addressed myself to my medical pursuits, endeavouring to attend to the usual routine, though I thought for several days I felt my reason giving way under the trials to which it had been subjected.

I came continually twice or thrice a day to the house, and often sat alone reading by the brother's bedside at night, to let her get a few hours' rest.

He had now lain in the state I have described for many days, when one night I sat beside him copying out some short-hand notes. It was soon after midnight, and I had desisted for a moment from my writing, and was watching his face as it lay pale and cold in the light of my reading-lamp. A variety of thoughts were rapidly chasing each other through my mind, when suddenly I thought I saw his eyelids quiver. I rose in an instant to my feet, and stood over him, trembling with suspense. Gradually he opened his eyes, and turned his face round to me. His features slowly relaxed into a wan smile.

"Oh," said he, in a difficult whisper, "are you there, George?" He coughed. "Bless me, how weak I am! Have I been ill? what has been the matter, pray?"

"You have been ill, my dear Johns, very, very ill indeed," said I, my heart was so full.

"I have, have I. What was it, eh? A fit, I suppose, for I have no recollection of it. How unfortunate! I must be up to X——'s Theatre *to-morrow*. Has Q—— called? Send him here the moment he comes."

"I think," he continued again, "I must have been dreaming latterly. Could you guess what it was about?"

I expressed my inability.

"I dreamt *there was a God*, George."

I was thunderstruck, and continued silent; he went on—

"I have some singular doubts now about that point. It looks not so impossible to me now as it did. Will you oblige me by going to my laboratory, and bringing me a glass of solution of permuriate of mercury, and another of the volatile alkali?"

I did so.

"Now," said he, "would not one, from the analogy of every other experiment man has made, expect that on pouring these together, the *red oxyde* of mercury would be separated and thrown down, and yet you see, when you come actually to perform the experiment," (I did so,) "you find, that in direct contravention of every known chemical law, a *white substance* is formed, of which no man has yet explained the nature. Now suppose I believe myself, and teach others, that according to every known fact in science, there can be no such thing as a Supreme Being,—but upon coming to the last and only conclusive experiment, *death*, we find, when too late, that there is a white unexplainable precipitate, in place of a regular scientific red one, that there is an avenging God, in place of a system of nature."

I was much struck by this singular and most original sort of argument, so much in accordance with the usual strain of all he thought, said, and did. I knew not rightly what to think. Was this but what is vulgarly styled "a lighting up before death," or was it the first symptom of a return to health and vigour of mind and body."

He lay for a while still and silent.

"I say," said he to me, "there is a breath of cold air blowing upon my left foot, will you just cover it rightly with the clothes?"

"Why, man, your feet are both quite covered and warm."

"Are they?—why then," he shuddered slightly, "it is—it must be—I am going to have another fit—its the *aura*, George, the *aura*."* He trembled very much. "How strange! it is moving up my leg—give me

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* The Aura Epileptica, vulgarly called "the Warning," a peculiar feeling, which indicates to those afflicted with epilepsy and other nervous disorders, when a fit is about to come on. Every different patient has one of a different kind; sometimes it appears like an insect creeping along the skin towards the head; sometimes a breath of cold air, as in the tale; sometimes a wave of water; and in such instances, it generally begins from a finger or toe, and moves up the limb, rapidly or slowly, as the case may be. When the latter, it is often stopped and the fit actually prevented, by binding a ligature tightly round the limb, so as to *catch it*, as the patients say. But these are not the only forms it puts on. Some have it of a startling, or even terrific description, as a flash of lightning, or the appearance of a rock falling on their heads, or of an abyss suddenly yawning in the pavement. I knew one gentleman to whom it appeared as a dark, indistinct, armed figure, which moved rapidly before his eyes, launching a javelin at him as it passed, when immediately the fit caught him.

your hand, dear George." He clasped it violently. "It is on my thigh now, rising over my body, my breast, my neck, my ——"

Here a strong convulsion passed over his features, wrenching them into an expression of unendurable agony, presenting a most striking resemblance to the face of his father's corpse on that frightful day in the Anatomical Theatre.

The next instant the grasp on my hand was relaxed, and he was gone to his account. The last experiment was made, but he could never return to tell its result.

I closed his eyes, and composed his features as well as I could, and then went downstairs to the landlady's parlour, where I sat till morning. I was sitting musing by the fire, when the bell rang from the death-chamber. I started, though it was broad daylight, and as I ascended the stair, almost expected to find him sitting up and speaking—so different was he in every respect from ordinary men. On entering, I perceived Miss Johns standing by the bed. She looked at me with the same stony gaze as I stood with the handle of the door in my hand.

"He is changed," said she.

"He is dead, Miss Johns."

"Then God be merciful to him!"

"Amen."

"Leave me Mr. ——, leave me." I hastily withdrew, as the poor bereaved girl seated herself beside her brother's body, with the look of one on whose brow the thunderbolt had descended, to whom fate had done its worst, who had no more to fear or wish for now.

I went home to my own rooms.

Next day I received a note stating her wish that I should attend her brother's funeral on a particular day. I flew to the house, but the worthy landlady informed me she had shut herself up along with the body and could see no one. I retired.

The funeral, which was the most humble and private one I was almost ever concerned in, was hardly over when I sought her once more. Oh how I loved that poor distracted girl!—how I longed to take her to my heart, and hide all her disgraces and afflictions in my bosom—her, the fair and spotless child of the robber and murderer—the gem taken from the hilt of a dagger!

That interview shall never pass from my memory. I was deeply affected; she preserved the same cold soulless manner she had shown from the first. Alas my heart! How different from the light feminine grace, the gentle simplicity, and innocent warmth and cheerfulness, with which she shed light and love around her, as she moved, a happy and most bewitching woman, among the flowers and singing-birds of her father's garden,—herself a blind to divert suspicion, a hundred times more effectual than his active cunning could have ever expected even them to be. Her beauty still remained, but it was become like that of a marble Niobe, cold, heartless, and blasted!

We talked together for a considerable time. At length, in a frenzy of passion, I fell before her as she sat, and confessed to her the absorbing love that had shut out from my mind every other affection. I would do or suffer anything—go with her anywhere—labour for her bread, if I were but made happy in the heaven of her presence. What was it to me that her father was a felon? what did that detract from her

bright mental and bodily beauty. I would have taken her from the foot of the gibbet, and made her the wife of my bosom in the eyes of all men.

She answered me with the same stoical tone and expression, "It can never be, Mr. ——; your wife can never be Severn's daughter. I believe all you say is truth, for I feel it myself. Yes, if it be any satisfaction to you to know it, I have loved you fervently and truly, and never mortal, out of my own family, but yourself; and that with a love, growing from the first day I saw you led into my presence, blushing and distant, by my noble brother, who is in his grave. He loved you much, but never as I did—as I *do*, George, even now, while I sit here a seared and broken-hearted being. It is not womanlike to tell you so; but I have been tried as never woman was, and everything about me is changed now, nothing of old is left but my love for you."

As she talked, she sat, calm, and devoid of all apparent emotion. A mother giving advice to a young boy, is the only thing, that, to my mind, comes near to her manner. She gave me a long tress of her fair hair, and another of Elias's—then severed a lock from my temple, and, stooping forward, kissed my lips. I actually recoiled as she did this, so unmoved and statue-like she seemed. She rose and slowly withdrew. I never saw her face in life again.

On going to the house next day I found she had left it; not even the landlady was aware of her silent departure, but could hardly be convinced she was really gone. Everything of Mr. Johns's effects she had left untouched, and of these his creditors forthwith took possession.

I made every inquiry regarding the life of Severn that I could, without unduly attracting notice. I found that the robbery for which he was taken, was the very one by which he had supplied his son with the money necessary to complete his Galvanic apparatus. It had been committed upon a naval officer, a very active, determined man, who, trusting to his speed of foot, for which he was celebrated, had, after delivering up his money and valuables, suddenly drawn his sword, and hamstrung the gray horse, to the strength and speed of which, and its facility of disguise, its owner had so often owed escape from pursuit and from detection. After this he had managed to keep always about fifty yards distance between him and the robber, as he was a very slight person, and a very child, compared to his powerful adversary,—following when he went on, stopping when he stopped, and running when he chased. In this way he never lost sight of him till he had him secured in the streets of London, next morning, twenty miles distant from the spot where the crime was committed.

In the mean time I made a vow of bachelorhood; but when we make vows in early life, we little know what it is we are doing. I kept it, however, for twenty years, when I married my present lady, your old mistress, Charles;—but, alas! it is not years, nor an eternity, that shall efface the *bitter* love which a former period of my life had burnt into my heart."

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A plague of both your Houses.—MERCUTIO.

THE Contest for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, ought hardly to be passed over in silence by a Literary Periodical. Indeed it was our original intention to have gone into the subject, whilst it might have been treated as a cause pertaining solely to the Belles Lettres, and equally unconnected with the great bells that ring in Protestant steeples, or the little bells that tinkle before papistical altars. There was a classical seat to be filled; and it would never have occurred to us to examine into the opinions of either candidate on abstruse questions of divinity, any more than at the new-bottoming of an old chair, we should have inquired whether the rushes were to be supplied by the Lincolnshire Fens, or the Pontine Marshes. That any but poetical qualifications were to be considered would never have entered into our mind—we should as soon have dreamt of the Judge at a Cattle Show awarding the Premium, not to the fattest and best fed beast, but to an ox of a favourite colour. No—in our simplicity we should have summoned the rival Poets before us, in black and white, and made them give alternate specimens of their ability in the tuneful art, like Daphnis and Strephon in the Pastoral—

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;

and to the best of our humble judgment we should have awarded the Prize Chair, squabs, castors and all, to the melodious victor. As to demanding of either of the competitors what he thought of the Viaticum, or Extreme Unction, it would have seemed to us a far less pertinent question than to ask the would-be Chairman of a Temperance Society whether he preferred gin or rum. We should have considered the candidates, in fact, as Architects professing to "build the lofty rhyme," without supposing its possible connexion with the building of churches or chapels. In that character only should we have reviewed the parties before us; and their several merits would have been discussed in an appropriate manner. Thus we might perhaps have pointed out that Mr. Garbett possessed the finer ear, but Mr. Williams the keener eye for the picturesque;—that the Fellow of Brazen Nose had the greater command of language, but the Trinity man displayed a better assortment of images: and we might have particularized by quotations where the first reminded us of a Glover or a Butler, and the last of a Prior or a Pope. We might also have deemed it our duty to examine into the acquaintance of the parties with the works of the Fathers, not of theology but of poetry; and it might have happened for us to inquire how certain probationary verses stood upon their feet—but certainly not the when, where, or wherefore, the author went down upon his knees. We should as soon have thought of examining a professed cook in circumnavigation, or a theatrical star in astronomy; or of proposing to an Irish chairman, of sedantary habits, to fill the disputed seat.

The truth is, that unlike a certain class of persons who would go to the pole for polemics, and seek an altercation at the altar, we have

neither a turn nor a taste for religious disputation, and therefore never expected nor wished to find a theological controversy in a question of prosyversy. We never conceived the suspicion that the Père La Chaise of Poetry might become a Confessor as well as a Professor, and initiate his classes in the mysteries of Rome, any more than we should have feared his converting them to the Polytheism of the heathen Ovid, or that very blind Pagan old Homer. On the contrary, our first inkling of a division at Oxford concerning the Muses suggested to us simply that it must be the old literary quarrel of the Classicists and the Romanticists, or a dispute perhaps on the claims of Blank Verses to get prizes. At any rate we should never have committed such an anachronism as to associate Poetry, which is older by some ages than Christianity, with either Protestantism or Popery. It would have been like jumbling up Noah of Ark with Joan of Arc, as man and wife!

Our first intentions, however, have been frustrated; for even while preparing for the task, as if by one of those magical transformations peculiar to the season, the Chair has turned into a Pulpit, and the rival collegians are transfigured—pantomime fashion—into Martin Luther and the Pope of Rome! Such a metamorphosis places the performance beyond our critical pale; but we will venture in a few sentences to deprecate religious dissension, and to forewarn such as call themselves friends of the church against the probable interference of those hot-headed and warm-tempered individuals who seem, as the Irish gentleman said, to have been vaccinated from mad bulls. Such persons may, doubtless, mean well; but the best-intentioned people have sometimes far more zeal than discretion, even as the medalsome Mathewite, who thinks that he must drink water *usque ad nauseam* in lieu of *usque ad baugh*; or like that over-humane lady, who feels so strongly against Capital Punishments and the gallows, that she would like to "hang Jack Ketch with her own hands." Let the breach then be stopped in time. The fate of a house divided against itself has been foretold; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous and destructive practice than where a crack presents itself to insert a wedge. It is by a parallel process that many a magnificent Sea-Palace has been broken up at Deptford—timber after timber, plank after plank, till nothing was left entire, perhaps, but the Figure-Head, staring, as only a figure-head can stare, at the conversion of a noble Ship, by continual split, split, splitting, into firewood, chips, and matches.

Seriously, then, we cannot discuss the University Feud in these pages: but our rules do not preclude us from giving some account of a Little Go that seems to have been modelled on the great one, and which aptly serves to exemplify the evil influence of bad example in high places.

A ROW AT THE OXFORD ARMS.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us.
OLD SONG.

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle;
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—
Voices loud, and voices high,

With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by,
To scare the British Border;
When foes from North and South of Tweed—
Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
Met in hate to fight and bleed,
Upsetting Social Order.
Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
Attracted by that tumult loud,
And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
The cause of such disquiet.
When lo! the solemn-looking man,
First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
And then, with fluent tongue, began
His version of the riot:

A row!—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this to Garmany,
And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Harmony,
The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and tune,
And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June!
Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,
When Swiveller was President, a-knocking down a song;
But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned scholars,
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than any yokel,
But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour varies,
They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen canaries;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort of thing,
For a man may make a song, you know, although he cannot sing;
But lork! it's many folks belief they're only good at prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their composing;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by ev'ry little monkey,
It's chanted like the "Dogs' Meat Man," or "If I had a Donkey."
Whereas as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge neither,
No Ballad worth a ha'penny has ever come from either.
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots of dollars,
Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering job,
Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;
And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and spouters,
For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its touters;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you're dying for a Surgeon, you must fetch him from the "Arms;"
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;

Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,—
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they've damaged many Articles and broken lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and smother,
By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Standards* at each other;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em in the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and vipers, and what not,
For Pasley and his divers an't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing!—for there's one of them that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition 'busses;
For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul;
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob, or Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him!
Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their knives,
I'm bound ther'll be some milling yet, and shakings by the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his call—
And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
Why a cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws;
And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college-coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than songs,
And seldom turns a Poet out like Hudson that can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
But it's not the classic system for to propogate the kind,
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice;
Or a Poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch;
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and loude,
And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can compass,
Have twin'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho I can't see how it follers—
They want to be the chairman of the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that's the Row—and who can guess the upshot after all?
Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her House of call,
Or whether this here mobbing,—as some longish heads foretel it,
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must quell it.
Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,
For the hubbub keeps a growing, and defies the New Police;—
But if I was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of man,

Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a needle,
For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish Beadle,
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by proxy;
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;
Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictions hollers,
They'd lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

"THE GREAT NAPOLEON OF THE REALMS OF RHYME."

THE EXECUTION OF THE CONTROJANNI.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A BAVARIAN OFFICER.

After having commanded for several months a detachment in Laconia, I was returning, on the 20th of January, 1836, to my garrison town, Nauplia. It was evening when I approached the gate, through the suburb of Pronia, and turned my weary steed towards the fortress. My attention was strongly excited by an infantry piquet, which I perceived at the lower end of the glacis. A lofty object, at which various groups of persons were gazing with silent curiosity, seemed to be the cause of this military precaution. To see vedettes posted there, on the usual promenade of the Nauplians, denoted something extraordinary. I rode on, and found that the object in question was a guillotine. The sentries paced sullenly to and fro, and when I inquired the meaning of these preparations, I received this answer: "To-morrow morning the Controjanni are to be beheaded, and we are obliged to do duty here with loaded arms, lest the people should carry off yonder thing in the night."

At this time the name of Controjanni was but too well known in Greece. The seven brothers to whom it belonged were at the head of a formidable band of robbers, who, more especially in the years 1834

and 1835, were the terror of the Morea, rendering the roads unsafe, plundering whole hamlets, and murdering the inhabitants. Cruelties and atrocities, horrible as any that attended the persecutions of the early Christians, were perpetrated by the Controjanni upon their compatriots and the professors of the same religion with themselves. Women and aged persons were slaughtered with circumstances of infernal brutality, children impaled, men tortured, and the bodies of the victims often mutilated in the most revolting manner. Long did these banditti contrive to escape the hands of justice; but they were at last surprised by the gendarmes while plundering a house at Vostiza; and, after a desperate resistance, the seven brothers were secured alive by the conquerors. They were confined for some time in Fort Palamides, and brought to trial: two were sentenced to imprisonment for life in chains, and five condemned to die.

This sentence should have been executed several months previously; but Greek obstinacy and a Palikar point of honour had found means to defer the catastrophe, and even resorted to murder for the purpose of preventing it: for, great as had been the joy of the whole country at the capture of the Controjanni, and loudly and universally as their execution had at first been demanded, still, according to the notions of the Greeks, it was an affront to the national honour to doom these heroes to suffer by the guillotine. The Controjanni were all at once Palikari; they had fought for the liberation of the country; they had lived as free men; as such, as Greeks, they ought to die: they ought to be shot, not executed, like the contemptible malefactors of other countries, by the *carmagnola*—the name given by the Greeks to the guillotine.

These and similar expressions were current, more particularly at Nauplia, where the execution was to take place. Remonstrances were made; the authorities were solicited to change the mode of death: but, all being found of no avail, on the day previous to that fixed for carrying into effect the sentence of the law, the executioner brought for the purpose from Athens was assassinated by a Greek in his lodging. Owing to the fraternal sympathy of the Greeks, the murderer escaped detection.

In consequence of this Palikar feat, and for want of another executioner, the criminals gained a reprieve, but no alteration was made in their sentence. In spite of remonstrances, the government seemed now to persevere the more stedfastly in the fulfilment of its intentions. An executioner, however, was not easily to be found. Under the circumstances of the case, this will not appear surprising, especially to those who know the detestation of every Greek for this office. The want was at length supplied. A black living at Athens undertook to perform the task, if an adequate remuneration were offered, and he were allowed two assistants. He was promised one thousand drachmas (about three hundred and fifty florins); two criminals confined in the fortress, and Mahometans like himself, were willing to serve as assistants, on condition that, after they had done the duty, they should be set at liberty and allowed to go to Turkey. These terms were granted. At Athens the master made some experiments with the guillotine kept there, and soon afterwards arrived in a king's ship in the harbour of Nauplia, with his men, under a strong escort, to execute the Controjanni. Such was the purpose for which the fatal machine was erected before the gate of the town.

It was scarcely light on the morning of the 21st of January, before

I was outside the walls of the fortress, to be a spectator of the bloody drama. At the place of execution, as well as in the town itself, imposing arrangements were made for the maintenance of order and security. Two battalions of infantry formed a close square about the guillotine; a squadron of Hulans was stationed close by; and the mouths of the cannon protruded from the batteries of Fort Palamides. A prodigious concourse of people thronged the Place, but exhibited rather an anxious expectation of the event, than any feeling calculated to excite alarm. The executioner and his men, upon the platform of the guillotine, let down and drew up the axe, and examined the pit formed immediately behind the scaffold, and covered with linen, which was destined for the reception of the bodies.

The eyes of the multitude were intently fixed on the closed door of the fortress, at which the delinquents were to be brought forth one after another. At length there appeared a division of gendarmes, and in their midst a Controjanni heavily ironed. The troops opened their ranks to make way for the youngest of the five brothers, a lad of sixteen or eighteen, and of mild aspect, who entered and ascended the scaffold. An awful silence ensued. His irons were taken off, and he was delivered, with his hands bound behind him, to the executioner, who led him to the guillotine. The culprit walked to the fatal machine without hesitation, then turned his face towards the multitude, and broke the awful silence by the tremulous appeal: "Forgive me, brothers!"

Thousands of tongues replied, as with one voice, "We do forgive thee!"

"Forgive me, brothers! I have not been the worst. I was forced to do what I did. Forgive me, so will God forgive you!"

"We do forgive thee!" was again the thundering reply of the multitude, in which the Greek troops themselves joined, and were reprimanded for so doing. Meanwhile the plank to which the criminal had been bound was brought into an horizontal position; a slight movement of the black was followed by the rattling of the axe, and the dull sound of a falling substance; a stream of blood spirted between the posts of the guillotine—the wretched youth was no more. The body was loosed from the plank, and tumbled into the pit, into which the head had already fallen. The executioners jocosely made their remarks, wiped the blood from the fore-part of the machine, and carelessly awaited the second victim.

Again the space encompassed by the troops opened, and the next youngest of the brothers ascended with gloomy look the blood-stained scaffold. He too cried, "Forgive me, brothers!"

The black, with perfect indifference, let fall the fatal knife, and the second criminal had ceased to live.

The third, a mean-looking little man of about thirty, mounted the scaffold with a boldness which somewhat daunted the executioner himself. When, however, he was fastened to the plank, wet with the blood of his brothers, his audacity forsook him: he begged for a delay of a few moments, as he had important disclosures to make. An officer of justice and the commandant of the troops went up to him.

"The band of the Controjanni," began the criminal, "has hid prodigious treasures; I am ready to show you where to find them, if you will spare my life."

This exordium he repeated in the most verbose manner; but of course no attention could be paid to it. Amidst the most abject en-

treaties to spare his life were made preparations which brought his neck under the axe: he then begged leave to speak to a clergyman. A priest approached; the sufferer delivered to him a small purse, and whispered a few words which Father Dimitri thought fit to keep to himself. The black now grew impatient: to no purpose the culprit implored, to no purpose he repeated over and over again the word "treasures;" the executioner had no mercy, and away rolled his head to the corpses of his brothers.

Next came the fourth of this worthy fraternity, a hardened sinner, who would not hear of a clergyman. Without uttering a word, he stepped with a scornful smile upon the scaffold, spat in the face of the black, and was just about to place himself in the necessary position, when the sun majestically rose above the horizon into the serene sky.

So overpowered was the criminal by this sight, that he sank, as if thunderstruck, to the ground, and with his face turned towards the luminary, he addressed his last prayer to Heaven.

"So," whispered an eparch from Arcadia to me, "have many of his fellow-creatures knelt before him; so has many a mother begged the lives of her children, and many a maiden besought him to spare her honour—but in vain. Perhaps he may find the Almighty more merciful than he has been here."

In this manner did the people express their thoughts, and there was need of such recollections in order not to be moved to a pity which, in this instance, would have been thrown away. Presently, without having uttered a single word, the fourth of the brothers lay a corpse among corpses.

Once more the door of the fortress opened for the last of the Controjanni. This, the eldest of the family, a short, wild-looking man, from thirty-six to forty years old, was the real chief of the band, and, according to the accounts of the Greeks, in every respect a monster. The moment he appeared in sight, bitter execrations against him were heard among the crowd; but the profoundest silence soon ensued. The ranks opened for the fifth time, and, with light step, as though going to a dance, Controjanni entered the enclosure. The fetters were removed from his legs, and the executioner and his men stood ready to receive their victim from the hands of the gendarmes.

"What dost thou want?" said Controjanni, with an audacious look to the black who approached him.—The latter pointed mutely to the guillotine.—"I understand; I am to lay my head down there."

"If you please," replied the Moor, almost disconcerted, and offering to take him by the arm.

"Touch me not; when one has come thus far alone, one can surely get up there without help. Or thinkest thou that I am afraid of death? I tell thee, Controjanni has faced death oftener than any of these Bavarian blue-coats here."

The black, however, seemed to care but little about this contempt of death; he drew the hero towards the guillotine. During this dialogue, the words "Palikari," and "good," "very good," were frequently heard among the crowd.

Before Controjanni ascended the steps, he solicited permission to look at the *carmagnola*, as he had not seen such a thing before, and probably never should again. The request was granted, and the cri-

minal examined every part of the machine with as much attention as if he was going to make a drawing of it. When he came to the axe, which was pulled up, he begged that it might be let down, surveyed it, and, feeling his neck, asked whether it cut well.

"That thou wilt know in a few minutes better than I do," answered the black, with a devilish laugh.

Controjanni spat in his face. With moody look, the scrutinizing culprit went round the covered pit, rightly guessing what it contained. Then, firmly ascending the steps, he placed himself before the posts of the guillotine, and modestly requested leave to say a few words. The commandant of the troops, secure in the precautions which had been taken, and wishing to see how far the audacity of the criminal would carry him, and what impression his words would make upon the multitude, acceded to his wish. After a slight bow, the robber-chief addressed the people nearly in these words:

"Brothers, I have been a wicked man. I have robbed, I have murdered, I have made people wretched; and now I am to be punished for it: I am about to die by the hand of that black dog, under the *carmagnola*. Whether I deserve this punishment, unworthy of a free Greek, I leave you to judge."

No demonstration of sympathy was elicited by this appeal.

"I have never transgressed the laws of the church, never broken the fasts, never destroyed a convent—I have always been a good Christian."

At these words he drew a small crucifix from his bosom, and pressed it to his lips. No token of approbation was given by the crowd.

"Now, brothers, will ye suffer me to be butchered? You see I am not such a very wicked man. Three times I offered my submission, if government would give me an appointment: it was not accepted, so I was forced to turn robber."

Still the assembly continued quiet: the speaker now became furious.

"Greeks, I am to be sacrificed, while foreigners, who trample upon your religion, suppress your convents, and peril your liberties, carry all their own way without molestation. Exterminate these foreigners, these Bavarians—"

Here twenty drums began to roll, and drowned his voice: Controjanni foamed with rage; he hurled the crucifix far from him, and had to be placed by force beneath the axe. It was not till he was in this situation, that perceiving the bodies of his brothers, a human feeling for a moment gained the ascendancy.

"Ah! brother Georgi!" (the name of the youngest) he exclaimed, with emotion; but fury again got the better of him, and his head fell while pouring forth horrible imprecations.

The troops marched to their barracks with drums beating and music playing. The guillotine was taken down, and nothing left but five severed heads and trunks in the pit. Never shall I forget this sight: even the rude Greeks shuddered. The example had its effect. The multitude moved off quietly towards the gate, and amid the solemn silence were at times to be heard the words: "They have suffered their punishment: God have mercy upon them!"

The executioner and his assistants were conveyed by the cutter Karaiskaki to the Turkish Island of Samos.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

EXPEDITION TO SYRIA.*

THERE has been no achievement in the annals of warfare which can bear comparison with the results of the recent expedition on the coast of Syria. Whether our interference in the affairs of the feeble Sultan of the Turkish empire and his warlike vassal was judicious, we cannot now pause to inquire; but there can be no sort of doubt that the effect of our warlike demonstrations against the most powerful and most able ruler in the east, has produced a prodigious sensation in our favour in that part of the globe. The means with which this impression was to be effected were generally considered very inadequate,—the warlike resources of the Pacha of Egypt both for offence and defence being duly considered,—one of his fortresses, St. Jean d'Acre, in a state much less capable of withstanding an attack than it was at the commencement of the Syrian war, having baffled all the military genius of Bonaparte. But in a space of time that appears incredible, the superior intelligence of the commanders of the allied forces, aided by the extraordinary intrepidity of the men under their command, created such havoc in the principal fortified places along the coast, of which they made themselves masters, and so ably conducted their operations in the interior, that the power of the military despot Ali Pacha was completely humbled, and he was forced to acknowledge his obedience to the Porte, and put himself in a great measure at the mercy of the Four Powers who had been called in to make her revolted subject return to his allegiance. Although Austria took an active part in assisting the Sultan, joined by Russia, and Prussia, who afforded such assistance less prominently, though incurring an equal responsibility, as is usual in such alliances, England had to endure the whole brunt of the contest. How she bore herself throughout the affair is ably told by Mr. Pattison Hunter, who was an eyewitness of nearly all the warlike proceedings of the British admiral, and possessed extraordinary facilities for being well informed on every point that did not come under his own observation. Besides affording the most spirited descriptions of the capture of Gebail, Tripoli, and Tyre, the storming of Sidon, the battle of Calat-Meidan, and the bombardment and capture of St. Jean d'Acre, with all the minor details of the campaign, he made several excursions into the interior of Syria, which has enabled him to lay before the reader a vast deal of information, given in a lively and picturesque manner, respecting the people of that country, more particularly the Druses and Maronites, of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Hunter joined the expedition merely as an amateur, but he appears so well informed on matters connected with the art of war, that, unless we had been enlightened in this particular, we should not have thought his narrative had been written by a civilian. His entertaining volumes have the further recommendation of possessing excellent likenesses of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford and Commodore Sir Charles Napier, with views of several of the places now rendered famous by their brilliant achievements, and a map of the coast of Syria.

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* Narrative of the late Expedition to Syria, under the Command of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B. By W. P. Hunter, Esq. 2 vols.

THE TIMES AND SOCIETY OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.*

THE name of Madame de Sévigné possesses more literary attraction than that of any of the bright galaxy of her sex, who have greatly distinguished themselves by their talents and position in society; for this accomplished woman, although she displayed throughout her brilliant career no other talent than what was peculiarly social and domestic, has obtained a reputation for all that is most brilliant, graceful, and feminine, in the exercise of her intellectual qualifications, which must ever render her an extraordinary favourite with all classes of readers. She is the Horace Walpole of her sex, in regard to her epistolary talent, but was a far more sterling character than that most agreeable letter-writer. Her position was also superior, and the society in which she moved, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" was not only of a very superior grade to that from which he has furnished us with so many entertaining reminiscences, but it deserves to be considered as containing the most brilliant elements that ever were found forming one grand and harmonious whole. The court of France in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at the period when the lively marchioness was one of its brightest ornaments, possessed in its soldiers, courtiers, wits, ladies of fashion, princes, and statesmen, the most distinguished characters that ever existed in any country at one time. It is, to these interesting personages, with all the gallantry, diplomacy, adventure, magnificence, and talent, for which they are so celebrated, that the author of "Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries" introduces the reader; and we will venture to assert, that whilst forming their acquaintance, he will be ready to acknowledge he never before found himself in such company. Among the prelates who then contrived to possess so large a share in state affairs, he will meet the Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and De Retz, Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, Flechier, Bishop of Nismes, the Abbés Cotin, De Rance, Père Joseph, Bourdaloue, and Massillon; among the nobles, the Dukes of Orleans, de la Rochefoucauld, and de Saint-Simon, the Marquises de Louvois, de Dangeau, and de Villars, Vicomte de Turenne, Counts de Grammont, and de Bussy Rabutin; with whom are associated, Marie Louise, Queen of Spain, Marie Louise de Gonzague, Queen of Poland, the Princesses des Ursins, Anne de Gonzague, Princess Palatine, the Duchesses Henrietta d'Orleans, de Mazarin, and de Longueville, Madame de Maintenon, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier; Louis the Fourteenth, Charles II. of Spain, James II. of England; with several of the English nobility, such as the Dukes of Buckingham, Montagu, and Shrewsbury; the Earls of Ossory and Sunderland, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Of literary characters, we have Corneille, Racine, Molière, la Fontaine, Pascal, Boileau, and Fontenelle. Of political characters, Colbert, Fouquet, the President de Harlay, and the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, with that interesting mystery, "The Man with the Iron Mask." Such are a few of Madame de Sévigné's contemporaries, and we cannot

* Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries, 2 vols.

but welcome a work which brings such personages prominently before us. But, besides affording very attractive portraits of them all, the author has added to the store of pleasant reading to be found in her volumes, by introducing careful descriptions of several places and institutions, which were amongst the most remarkable features of the age—such as Versailles, Port Royal des Champs, and the Monastery of La Trappe. It is long since we have met with a production better adapted for school or family reading; for, with all the authenticity of history, its pages possess the charm of romance.

FERRERS.*

THERE are, we doubt not, very few of our readers who have not read that very interesting series of narratives called the State Trials—a work that abounds with materials for at least a score of effective romances. There is another publication of a somewhat similar nature, with which it is very probable they are still more familiar, known by the title of the "Newgate Calendar;" to the pages of which more than one of our most popular novelists owes considerable obligations; therefore it is scarcely possible that the story of Lord Ferrers can be unknown to them. Mr. Ollier, in selecting it for the exercise of his imagination, has probably been influenced by the great success obtained by Mr. Ainsworth, with subjects of a like nature.

The greater the sinner, the greater the saint,

is a proverb that, with one class of the community, used to have the force of a law; but with another, the phrase appears to undergo an alteration into—

The greater the scoundrel, the greater the hero;

for what else could of late years have brought so prominently in the public eye such characters as Jack Shepherd and Dick Turpin? Whatever pretensions these personages may have as the heroes of romance, there is no doubt in the world that Lord Ferrers is equally qualified to play the same *rôle*. Indeed, we are inclined to think from his lordship's superior position in society, that he might be made a much more interesting hero than either of the individuals just named: and Mr. Ollier appears to have thought the same; for he has, with a great deal of tact and talent, made the most of this circumstance. The murder of his own servant, whose only fault was his incorruptible honesty, by a nobleman, who afterwards paid at Tyburn the penalty of his crime, at least affords novelty in the way of incident—and no less original is the introduction into a work of fiction of such characters as Whitfield and Lady Huntingdon. With these materials, and a due use of such melodramatic machinery as burglars, ghosts, highwaymen, Bow-street officers, madness, murder, and methodism, the author of "Ferrers" has contrived to produce one of the best works of its class—a romance that also deserves to be read for the more legitimate merit of conveying an animated and singular picture of the state of English manners and morals about a century ago.

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* Ferrers; a Romance of the Reign of George II. By Charles Ollier. 3 vols.

THE MAN OF FORTUNE.*

Among the many features which distinguish the present age, both for good and for evil, from all others that have preceded it, the most remarkable, as well as the most alarming, is the universal spread of that hateful mammon-worship which has ever been the immediate curse, as well as the pregnant cause of future ruin to those states in which it has gained a marked ascendancy. That wise desire for individual as well as national wealth, which has helped to make England great, has been long degenerating into an insane passion for mere money—a passion which, more than any other, saps the foundation of all public and private virtue, and even of that true refinement which is their surest evidence and most graceful accompaniment.

Mrs. Gore, the most keen of satirists under the guise of the most easy and offhand of fashionable novelists, has no doubt long observed this vice growing into rankness among us, and marked it for her quarry; and never could she have chosen a fitter time for bringing it down than the present moment,—when mammon-worship seems to have reached its acme, and is spreading its detestable influence not only over every public institution of our society, but into every private house and heart that is not sternly shut against this prevalent idolatry of the hour. "The Man of Fortune" is as admirable and effective a satire on the vice in question as ever was put on paper; and it will be tenfold effective by coming as it does in the form of a tale of real life, full of intense interest, and teeming with those nice traits of character, deep touches of human passion, and brilliant sketches of existing society and manners, in which Mrs. Gore's novels are exceeded by those of no living writer. The main design of the work is developed in the successive changes wrought by wealth and its concomitants in the character of the hero—the "Man of Fortune." Reginald Cressingham, the child—well-born, but not born to wealth—enjoys all the healthful and happy attributes of a free and noble nature. Reginald Cressingham, the boy, become, by a piece of unlucky good-fortune, the heir to forty thousand a year, starts at once into the pet or the patron of all the precocious *roués* and predestined blackguards of Eton—then into the tool and laughing-stock by turns of the hereditary statesmen and senators of Oxford, and the dupe and pigeon of the noble blacklegs of Crockford's: in short, he presents us with a new version of the fable of "The Heir and many Friends."

And finally, Reginald Cressingham, the Man, presently finds himself without a friend, almost without a guinea in the world; an exile, an outcast, a by-word of contempt and obloquy. And all this is brought about by steps so natural, and so naturally told, that the whole thing reads like a record of something that has really happened—like one of those romances of real life growing out of this very mammon-worship, the details of so many of which have filled our newspapers during the last twelve months.

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* The Man of Fortune, and other Tales. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols.

And how has Mrs. Gore contrived to turn all this to "the favour and the prettiness" to which everything does turn which she touches?—how, but by her usual happy, woman's expedient, of a woman! The little humble playmate of Reginald Cressingham, the good and happy child, loves him through all his splendour and through all his degradation, and is the instrument of restoring him to himself and to happiness at last; and the reader is made to feel at least, though not to see, that his life and that of his good genius, Justina, will end where it began—in the bosom of those homely virtues, and that home-bred peace, which wealth may impair or destroy, but can in no case create.

We are almost afraid the fair authoress of "The Man of Fortune" will complain of us for treating her rather as a moralist than a novelist, and will protest against our discovering more solid and sterling matter in her light and sparkling pages than she intended them to contain. But if a lady's works are fuller of wisdom than she wishes them to be, it is really no fault of ours, and we must speak of them as we find them. Everybody knows that Mrs. Gore is one of the most brilliant, the most graceful, and (what is more to the purpose than all) the most entertaining of our existing novelists. But if, into the bargain—or *en revanche*, if she like that better—we must insist that she is one of the most moral, and the most instructive, it is, we repeat, no fault of ours, and she must bear to be told of it.

These charming volumes contain other tales besides "The Man of Fortune;" but though all of them are full of cleverness, and teeming with interest and entertainment, they are "brief" as the "woman's love" on which most of them turn, and we have exhausted our space on that which occupies the lion's share of the work.

NEW EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.*

We should have thought another edition of Shakspeare unnecessary, had the one announced in this pamphlet sought public patronage under other auspices than it does; Mr. Knight's beautiful edition, now nearly concluded, having been in many respects so satisfactory, as to supersede the labours of all his editorial predecessors; but with such an editor as Mr. Collier, to whom the Shaksperian scholar is already so largely indebted, and with the facilities he possesses for properly illustrating his subject, we cannot but regard a new edition of our great poet's works as an invaluable addition to our already somewhat copious Shaksperiana, and therefore we have perused his "Reasons" with more than ordinary attention and interest; fully satisfied that he has made out a case worthy of public consideration, and can safely recommend his undertaking to the very large circle of readers to which he appeals.

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* Reasons for a New Edition of Shakspeare's Works, containing notices of the defects of former impressions, and pointing out the lately acquired means of illustrating the Plays, Poems, and Biography of the Poet. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. Author of "The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," &c.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.*

If there be one period of English history of more engrossing interest than any other, it is undoubtedly those troublous times which led to the execution of Charles the First. Although there had previously been civil war in its worst form, ravaging the land from end to end, it never possessed the peculiar features which marked the great struggle that distinguished the seventeenth century. In all other cases it had either been a struggle for the throne of two rival claimants, or an agrarian outbreak without any feasible plan—like the insurrection of Jack Cade. The dispute between Charles the First and his Parliament was of a very different nature, and was settled after a very different fashion. We are not disposed to state how much honesty there was on either side; but whatever may have been the amount of hypocrisy possessed by the Cavaliers or Roundheads there cannot be a question that both fought for the cause they had taken up with a vigour that showed them to be thoroughly in earnest. The principle so fiercely contended for must ever render the history of this period unparalleled in interest, and every authentic illustration of it will be sure of receiving a more than ordinary degree of attention. Such a publication, therefore, as "Memorials of the Great Civil War," carries in its title a recommendation which cannot fail of finding multitudes of eager readers, and the vast mass of historical information to be found in its pages in the most authentic form in which it could be given, will amply repay the trouble of perusal. This information is given by the very parties who beheld and took a prominent share in the transactions here mentioned. There is scarcely an individual of any note at that eventful time who is not found in the Rev. Mr. Cary's volumes, giving his peculiar views of the state of affairs. The manuscripts from which the work has been produced are preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and their authenticity can no more be doubted than their historical importance. We have not space sufficient to give the names of all the distinguished characters who have furnished these "Memorials," but some conception of their exceedingly interesting nature may be gained by knowing that among them are to be found Charles the First and Second, Queen Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Bohemia, Prince Rupert, Prince Maurice, and Prince Charles Lodovic. The Dukes of York, Buckingham, and Hamilton. Lords Arundel, Bristol, Derby, Digby, Goring, Grey, Clarendon, Jermyn, Inchiquin, Lauderdale, Leicester, Leven, Northumberland, Savile, Stamford, Warwick, Wentworth, Willoughby, and the Marquis of Worcester; with Ladies Stanley and Dalkeith, the Archbishop of Armagh; the Bishops of Exeter, London, Oxford, Rochester, and Salisbury. Sirs Jacob Ashley, Thomas Bulstrode, H. Cholmely, Thomas Dacres, Simonds Dewes, Kenelm Digby, John Evelyn, Thomas Fairfax, John Finch, Thomas Glemham, Thomas Hanmer, Arthur Haslerig, Thomas Hoogan, Thomas Knyvett, William Lewis, Henry Lingen, Tho-

* Memorials of the Great Civil War in England, from 1646 to 1652. By Henry Cary, M.A. 2 vols.

mas Littleton, Samuel Luke, Robert Meredith, Dudley North, Walter Strickland, William Strickland, Peter Wentworth, and Trevor Williams. Admirals Blake, Deane, and Rainsborough. Major and Lieutenant Generals Harrison, Lambert, Massey, Monk, Mytton, Poyntz, and Skippon. Colonels Birch, Cooke, Fleetwood, Fowlis, Gunter, Hammond, Hewson, Harley, Ireton, Jones, Langhorne, Lidcott, Robert Lilburne, Morgan, Payne, Rich, Rigby, Sinnott, Robert Stapylton, Ralph Weldon, Whaley, and Roger Whitley. Oliver Cromwell, Jeremy Taylor, Prynne, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. As these documents describe events occurring between 1646 and 1652, they may be said to convey a picture of the most interesting period of the revolution, which deserves to be considered one of the most valuable contributions to our national history that has appeared. Every historical scholar will, we are certain, fully appreciate the labours of Mr. Cary; and having given this slight notice of the character of his production, we cannot do better than leave it to their attentive consideration.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Republic of Texas from its discovery to the present period; with the cause of its separation from the Republic of Mexico. By N. Doran Maillard, Barrister at Law, of Texas.—The recent work of Mr. Kennedy on Texas, attracted a great deal more attention to this new state, than was warranted by the circumstances on which it founded its claim to the notice of Europe; but the exceedingly favourable account of the country and its inhabitants, given by this author (after only a few weeks' acquaintance with them, by the way) was very likely to produce the impression on the minds of the reading public in this country which it has. The delusive speculations which have made their appearance in the commercial world in consequence, cannot but lead to great disappointment. We hope that the work of Mr. Maillard, who resided in Texas a considerable period, and travelled over a great extent of it, will speedily disabuse the people of England of the erroneous impressions that have been so studiously created to assist the designs of the jobbers and adventurers who are offering such enticing prospects to the emigrant. We think this it is very likely to do; for it conveys a picture of Texas and the Texans—and no doubt a faithful one—which ought, among sensible people, to excite a complete horror of them. There is much too, in this volume, which we should recommend to the careful perusal of Lord Aberdeen.

Rambles in Ceylon. By Lieutenant de Butts.—We have had no lack of books on almost every corner of the Indian continent, but not one publication has appeared pretending to do justice to the beautiful and productive island of Ceylon. This office, Lieutenant de Butts has essayed, and the result is an agreeable and welcome volume, that sketches every remarkable feature among the Cingalese, from an elephant hunt to a mosquito bite. We have been much entertained with the book throughout, and have no doubt that the same result will follow perusal in every instance.

Lee's Book for all Seasons. A Holiday Offering for Youth of both Sexes.—Both in the animal and vegetable world there exist other animals and vegetables called Parasites, that cling to and live upon them. We have long noticed a similar class of depredators among that species of the *genus homo* called publishers. These are the originators of

penny publications that exist entirely upon works of merit, which have cost the author and publisher a very large amount of labour and expense. No sooner has such a production obtained the degree of popularity likely to repay the expense of publication, than out come the parasite pennyworths; in which, at the most trifling cost the whole of the popular work is piratically given. But of all the impudent and unprincipled attempts of this kind we think this "Book for all Seasons," alias "The Penny Forget-me-not," alias "Parley's Penny Journal," is the least creditable. We suppose the fulsome dedication to Charles Dickens, in this volume, is employed with a view of getting him to tolerate the extraordinary extent to which this most voracious parasite has preyed upon him: Parley having managed to eat up his labours for the last two or three years. Here is "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," nearly entire; and "The Lamplighter's Story," from the Pic Nic Papers condensed. Other popular writers are devoured after the same fashion, among whom we find the author of Valentine Vox. Horace Smith, (his tale of "Esther," in "The Pic Nic Papers,") Mr. Johnson, and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. While we call the attention of authors and publishers to this wholesale plunder, we trust the public will entertain a proper feeling for the plunderer, and treat his parasitical labours with the contempt they deserve.

The Tower, its History, Armories, and Antiquities, before and since the Fire. By J. Hewett, Esq.—A work like this has been much wanted by the visiter to the Tower of London, who cannot readily get access to the expensive work of Bayley on the same subject. It is a brief history but written quite sufficiently at length to satisfy the general reader of this most attractive of "the lions;" albeit, the feature in the establishment that had the best pretensions to the name, has for some time ceased to be found there;—with historical notices of its armories and antiquities, and a description of the crown jewels, which is stated to be compiled from original documents, and published by the authority of the Board of Ordnance. The volume is illustrated with very good engravings of several of the most interesting objects preserved within its walls, and is in every respect well worthy of the moderate price at which it is offered to the public.

The Adventures of Mr. Oldbuck. Tilt and Bogue.—A series of graphic drolleries, of French origin, and intended to tell a story with very little help from the pen. Our neighbours across the channel, are, however, so much more remarkable for wit than for humour, that it did not surprise us to find the designs abundantly extravagant and grotesque without being particularly comic. The fun of them is, indeed, of that kind which is as broad as a spade, and has no more point:—the very horse-play of the mind;—in fact, the subject of one of the pictures is, "the horse of Mr. Oldbuck bursting with fat," so as to throw the rider and his dog some yards into the air! An event too purely impossible and absurd to be ludicrous; for there ought to be a certain degree of plausibility even in the incidents of a farce. Nevertheless, the book will serve, to our knowledge, to amuse the younger boys and girls; and may, perhaps, entertain those children of larger growth, who, like the French, enjoy a large share of animal spirits, and are fond of practical jokes. In point of drawing, and as samples of "Gypsography," the plates decidedly belong to the Unfine Arts.

The Songs of Charles Dibdin, chronologically arranged; with Notes, Historical, Biographical, and Critical, and the Music of the best and most Popular of the Melodies, with new Pianoforte Accompaniments. Part I.—This undertaking deserves and bids fair to be popular—at least if the unpretending minstrelsy of Dibdin has not been thrust out of favour by the more attractive muse of Moore, and other favourite lyrists since his day. It consists of selections from this wonderfully prolific writer's operas and dramatic pieces, with his best melodies for the first time furnished with pianoforte accompaniments worthy of them. The public taste may have undergone a great change since Charles Dibdin influenced it; but there are many of his compositions which are not likely to be soon forgotten, and several of his airs are among the choicest things of the kind that ever were composed, any one of which is worth more than all the contemptible trash published as music at the present day.

Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge.—One of Le Keux's illustrative works, as excellent as it is cheap. It is published every month in a series of shilling numbers, of which eighteen have been issued. The engravings are in Le Keux's best style, from

drawings by Mackenzie and Bell, and are a series of views of the colleges, halls, churches, and other public buildings of the University and town of Cambridge, with historical and descriptive accounts by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., of Trinity, and the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, M.A., F.S.A., late of Magdalene. We are much pleased with this work as far as it has proceeded, and hope it will continue as satisfactorily to the conclusion.

The History of the British Empire in India. By Edward Thornton, Esq. Author of "India, its State and Prospects." Parts I. to V.—Histories of India appear to be multiplying very rapidly. We have but lately expressed our admiration of the elaborate work of the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, and now Mr. Thornton puts before us his labours on the same subject, but we cannot acknowledge his undertaking to be of the same pretension as that of his predecessor: nevertheless, we believe it to be of a more popular character, and as far as it has proceeded, the narrative flows on clearly and with increasing interest. The history of British India presents so many romantic features to the reader, that he is not likely to tire of the subject; and Mr. Thornton seems so well qualified to make an agreeable use of the very entertaining materials the subject affords him, that we cannot but encourage him to proceed, and recommend his labours to public patronage.

FINE ARTS.

THE name of De la Roche has for the last few years been rapidly gaining upon the admiration of all true lovers of art, and the magnificent result of his labours covering the walls of the Hemicycle at the palace of the Fine Arts, which has thrown all Paris into enthusiasm, and received critical justice from the able hands of M. Délécluse, seems to have placed him in the opinion of his countrymen on an elevation with the Great Masters. This extraordinary production contains seventy-four figures, the most prominent being a third larger than life, who represent the most distinguished painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects. of the principal periods and schools of art, with the most careful attention to the characteristics of time, person, and place. They are thrown into groups and attitudes singularly striking and picturesque, with allegorical figures, one of whom is represented kneeling before a heap of crowns, throwing one at the spectator. Although in this delineation of the congress of the Great Masters, we find Greek, Roman, German, Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, and Spanish artists from the age of Pericles to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, no English painter, sculptor, or architect appears there. There was certainly no great English painter or sculptor existing during the period selected by M. de la Roche, but both Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren ought most certainly to have found a place amongst the group of architects. This exclusion, however, must not induce us to omit one word of the high praise we think due to this great undertaking. In every respect it will stand a comparison with the fresco achievements of Cornelius and Schnorr at Munich, and will bear to be looked at with admiration even after regarding those wonders of art, the Italian frescoes. We have great pleasure in adding that, besides the enthusiasm of Paris, M. de la Roche is to be rewarded with a peerage.

It is not, however, with so extraordinary a monument of his genius that we at present have anything to do. We have merely taken the opportunity afforded us by being called upon to notice a clever mezzotinto by Saunders of this distinguished artist's charming picture, "King Charles the First in the Guard Room," in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, to give the reader a brief notice of a work which is now the subject of conversation with every student and connoisseur of art. The touching representation of the unfortunate monarch, after sentence had been passed upon him, mocked by his gaolers, must be fresh in the memory of all who have beheld it. The merit of the composition has lost nothing in the hands of the engraver, and, as might have been expected, it forms one of the most attractive prints we have seen for some time.

A collection of the portraits of the Duke of Wellington would form a tolerable volume,—one as singular as it must be interesting. He has been portrayed in characters as various as extraordinary, when considered as belonging to one individual holding the most distinguished offices talent and worth could aspire to—Principal Secretary of State, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Ambassador, and Field Marshal. The beautiful engraving now before us is executed by Wagstaff in the first style of mezzotinto, from a portrait, for which the Duke sat to Mr. Pickersgill, the royal academician, which was painted for the members of the Oriental Club in 1836. He is represented at full length, in the costume of Field Marshal, and the artist and engraver have succeeded in placing before us the best and most characteristic portrait of his grace we have yet seen. The size of the print is 16 by 26 inches—an admirable size for framing, for which purpose we expect it will be very generally purchased.

The New Zealand Company have put forth a strong inducement to emigration in the shape of a beautiful tinted lithograph from the press of Hullmandel, from a drawing by Charles Heaphy, of "Mount Egmont, from the north shore of Cooke's Strait, New Zealand." The country is exceedingly picturesque, to which no slight addition is made by the artist's introduction of the natives burning off wood for potato-grounds; and the engraving must be considered an acquisition to the portfolio.